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- ART. I. — 1. *Orazioni Panegiriche e Discorsi Morali*, del Revo. Sig. Canonico GIOVANNI FORNICI. 8vo. Firenze, 1828.
2. *Panegirici e Discorsi Sacri*, dell' Abate Don IGNAZIO VENINI. 8vo. Venezia, 1822.
3. *Esercizj Spirituali*, del nobile e Rev^{mo}. Monsig. Canonico GIO. SERGARDI BINDI. 8vo. Firenze, 1817.
4. *Il Povero ed il Ricco, Orazione detta nella Chiesa della Pia Casa di Lavoro di Firenze, nel giorno 3 Ottobre, 1829*, dal Professor Abate GIUSEPPE BARBIERI. 8vo. Milano, 1830.

It is recorded of Albert Lollo, a Ferrarese gentleman, in the sixteenth century, that with the view of encouraging the study of eloquence amongst his countrymen, he caused the walls of his villa, where he entertained several learned men as his constant guests, and daily received the visits of great numbers of others, to be hung round with likenesses of the most celebrated orators, in the expectation that the sight of the resemblances of these great men on canvass would stimulate the emulation of the Ferrarese youth to rival them in that art which had rendered their names immortal.

Similar good effects might be anticipated, from the contemplation of the intellectual and moral resemblances of those who have obtained the palm of sacred eloquence, amongst a people distinguished, as the natives of Italy have always been, by the quickness and brightness of their conceptions, and the harmony and elegance of their diction. It is our intention to hang up a series of such portraits, which we shall be obliged, in a few instances, to

fetch from the dusty garret, where they had long lain neglected. In order to give unity and interest to our plan, we shall notice only those preachers who employed the *modern*, not the *ancient*, language of Italy, and who were distinguished by, or had the reputation of popular talents, not controversial theologians; and lastly, we shall only rapidly glance at earlier periods, in order to dwell on the present century, and especially on the results of personal observation during a residence for the last few years in various cities of the Italian peninsula.

As a specimen of four different styles or schools of Italian preaching, we have selected the four sacred orators whose names stand at the head of this article. Of these, *Giovanni Fornici* still tells in the nineteenth century the "old wives' fables" which were scarcely believed in the ninth, and actually talks with a grave face of the sacred follies of San Filippo Neri, "who made himself a mountebank as an act of holy humiliation, dressing like a beau, and dancing and leaping in the public places, in order that he might conceal his extraordinary wisdom and grace!" Don *Ignazio Venini* is a serious, often dull, but always orthodox preacher. *Sergardi Bindi*, now bishop of Montalcino, in Tuscany, is the declared enemy of the modern French philosophy, which he attacks, however, far too much in the spirit of bitter and indiscriminate hostility. *Giuseppe Barbieri* is the consummation of every thing that is elegant and persuasive,—about to be the founder, as we would fain hope, of a new and infinitely superior school of pulpit eloquence in Italy.

It is a subject of controversy, among learned Italians, at what period popular religious addresses in the vulgar tongue were permitted by the Church of Rome. It is evident that this mode of address, when first introduced, labored under some stigma, since about the year 1300, the date of the earliest recorded discourses in Italian, we find that they were confined to out-of-door preaching, in gardens and orchards, churchyards, and public squares: that which was delivered within the walls of the Sanctuary being still uniformly pronounced in the *sacred* language of the Church. The nation at large, however, having ceased, probably from A.D. 1100, familiarly to employ and generally to understand the Latin, the exposition of the Gospel of the day (a practice handed down from the very earliest period) was, from the twelfth century for some time forward, translated or abridged for the people in Italian by an officer of the Church as soon as delivered.

The first purely Italian preacher, parts of whose discourses are preserved to us, is FRA GIORDANO DA RIVALTO, born A.D. 1260. His learning and eloquence were very celebrated, and he travelled indefatigably to preach, erecting his little pulpit, with a still hum-

bler box at his elbow for a *scribe* who took notes, — as we have seen him, with his pen behind his ear, represented in a very ancient Venetian wood-cut. The flaming cross represented as perching on his nose whenever he mounted his ecclesiastical tub, will probably deter our readers from looking into his discourses; yet they would find Fra Giordano's moral exhortations plain, simple, and heartfelt, reminding them of the best of our Puritans, and with the additional attraction of being written after the purest dictates of the yet infant and virgin Italian tongue. His sermons appear to have been chiefly delivered to congregations of females, the gardens of convents being thrown open for that purpose. In Catholic churches there are certain "spiritual exercises" set apart for the instruction of the female sex, to which no male is admitted. There are also certain preachers, whose services are attended by so few men, that they are called in some parts of Italy, *predicatori delle donne*. We have been present at the sermons of some of this class at Naples, and when we compared the nearly incredible quantity of nonsense then poured forth, with the excellent sense, the pious and energetic exhortations, of which the "women of Faenza" had the benefit when Fra Giordano addressed them "in their garden," we were tempted to recall with our wishes the *aureo trecento*.

If FRA. DOMENICO CAVALCA too (who died in 1342) be somewhat fanciful in his conceits, it must be allowed he knew how to make affecting appeals to the best feelings of the human heart. JACOPO PASSAVANTI, in his "Mirror of True Repentance," reminds us of our own Bishop Hall, and sometimes even of our Jeremy Taylor. The fourteenth century was the golden age of the Italian pulpit; yet the fifteenth has to boast of its SAVONAROLA, a man to whom posterity has not yet done justice; who was not, we believe, a pretended, but a genuine enthusiast, and that in the behalf of the two noblest causes that ever inspired the tongue and pen of mortal, national freedom and reformation of morals. His discourses melted his Florentine hearers, during a most sanguinary period, to compassion and forgiveness of their (domestic) enemies, kept alive the flame of freedom, and prompted them to destroy in the public square every licentious book or picture which their houses contained.

There is, we apprehend, only one sermon preserved of SISTO DA SIENA,* the bright star in the dark period of the sixteenth century, when the Italian pulpit was greatly on the decline. This discourse was delivered before the magistracy of Genoa in 1556,

* Parte Prima delle Prediche di illustri Teologi, raccolte per Tommaso Porcacchi. Venezia, presso Giorgio de' Cavalli. 8vo. 1665.

and has for its title, "Of the Means of Preserving a Republic." It abounds with the noblest sentiments in favor of freedom and abhorrence of tyranny, and on the glory and durability of republics, illustrated from classical history with much taste and research.

FRANCESCO PAMIGAROLA, who died in 1594, is justly reckoned an able preacher. BUONAVENTURA CONTI is gorgeously and untastefully showy. SEGNERI, who died early in the last century, is in far better taste, and was styled by his contemporaries, "the Christian Tully." Many other names deserve to be noticed; but we must hasten to times of more stirring interest and nearer our own.

During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Italian language had been purified from the corruptions which, in the course of the two preceding, had crept into it, and the style of its writers brought in general to the highest pitch of elegance. As was naturally to be expected, however, in those who, whatever were their accomplishments, were deficient in sound original sense, this elegance degenerated into refined prettinesses. This defect we discovered in several of the preachers at the beginning of the century of which we are now to speak. Bettinelli, for instance, in discoursing on the character and actions of David, gives a long, minute description of the beauties of his person, in the course of which the main object of moral instruction from his actions is forgotten. Sebastiano Paoli describes the character of a man fitted to be raised to the exalted post of magistrate or ruler, under the allegory of an *image* (of a saint we presume) *of wood*. In order to convey to his hearers the idea of what qualities he would have in his magistrate, he sends forth the image-maker into the forest, and describes the various qualities of different kinds of wood fitted or not fitted for being formed into an image. Francesco Martignetti, in speaking of the coronation of David, first compares his coming forth to the sun at his rising, of which, with all its attendant circumstances, he gives so full an account, that poor David is quite forgotten; and then, to make amends, he gives a detailed description of his dress, crown, sceptre, &c., which would furnish forth a gazette of fashion. Led away by their powers of animated and pictorial description, they forget the main object of *instruction*, for the sake of which such matters *may* be occasionally and lightly touched. The most respectable preachers of the first half of this century were Tornielli, Evasio Leone, Venini, and Valsecchi. But in general the Italian pulpit slept in mediocrity until the ecclesiastical reforms under Leopold in Tuscany, and the French Revolution, awoke its slumbers. It was this last event which with its stirring trumpet called forth, in defence of the

Church, whose walls echoed and threatened to split with the sound, the Abate GIUSEPPE PELLEGRINI.

In order to enter into the spirit of the extract we are about to give from a discourse addressed to the populace in the public square of Verona, on occasion of the planting of the tree of liberty there in the year 1796, it will be necessary to bear in mind with what dispositions the French Republicans were received by the friends of the old system of things in Italy, and particularly by the Catholic Church. Wherever they had come, along with their visionary principles of equality and the extreme of democratic freedom, they had disseminated, if not atheism, yet an utter contempt for all the forms of religion, and unbounded libertinism in domestic life. Within a short period these evils in a great degree corrected themselves, from their very excess. While we allow the French due praise for what they *subsequently* did for the amelioration of the condition of the Italians, in amending their civil codes, in promoting men of real talent, instead of those who made hereditary pretensions to posts to which they were unequal, in curbing the exorbitant power of the clergy, and even, notwithstanding their spoliation, in *encouraging the fine arts*, we must not forget in what character they *at first* appeared, what disorders they gave rise to, what exactions they made, how they called forth the scum and dregs of the Italians themselves, that no female virtue was safe from their seductions, and that no institutions, political or religious, seemed likely to be able to withstand the principles they inculcated. The Cisalpine Republic, of which Verona formed a part, had already fraternized with the invaders, the church services were neglected, and the lowest class of the people, carried along with the enthusiasm, were mad with joy on the occasion of the new era which had begun, and which had been announced by the usual ensign of republican liberty being raised in the centre of the city, when the Abbé Pellegrini, in the eightieth year of his age, a man respected for his character and his eloquence, stepped forth and thus addressed the people :

ORATION TO THE PEOPLE OF VERONA, ON THE ERECTION OF
THE, SO CALLED, TREE OF LIBERTY, 1796.

"It is too true ! They have erected in Verona also the tree of liberty. In saying this, every thing is said. It is said that this was the signal for every species of licence : it is said that this was the standard under which were to be enlisted, all of you Veronese, to whom it was promised that you should be made sovereigns. The high-sounding promise, the insolent pomp of the pageant, the preconcert of the actors in it, the largesses of those who were in *command*, and the impunity of crimes in the *subject*, might well have drawn together an immense concourse of the people, which is al-

ways desirous of novelty, and *there* enters most freely, where danger is the least and the hope of spoil the greatest. And in other places so it happened. But here not.* And what held you back? Your religion, O Veronese! Your religion showed you what costly tributes were to be paid to this tree. Protestations of adhesion to perfidious constitutions, oaths of hatred to lawful sovereigns, and of revenge against innocent citizens who dissented; extortion practised on the rich, execration poured on the nobles, whose only crime was their rank, persecution of pious ecclesiastics, the desertion of the church, the oratory, the altar, the convent. These were the trophies she showed you appended to that tree; and at its roots she showed you the sacred Scriptures lying neglected, pious books torn in pieces, and solemn vows dissolved; while from its accursed trunk she showed you distilling the tears of unhappy prisoners and the blood of your fellow-citizens. She showed you moreover what rites were to be practised underneath its shade. The most impious doctrines preached, or the profoundest ignorance assuming to be an instructor, the shouts of insane clamor, or of drunken folly, dances not of rustic merriment but of shameless licence, indecent songs and horrid curses. . . . But it is said we are now free. We free! How? We, who are exposed to the accusations of abandoned men! We, the servants of furious ruffians! We, who have hardly time to dine without fear of sudden citations, or to sleep without fear of sudden imprisonment, and of being dragged before the tribunals and condemned to the musket! We free! Our tyrants taken away! But what tyrants, and where? Where were the tyrants before *they* came? Where the suspicions, the proscriptions, the cruelties? Perhaps in the effeminate Venice? Who were our Mezentii, our Attilas, our Ezzelini? Perhaps the senators? O blessed *tyranny* of those indolent Fathers! O accursed '*liberty*' of these monsters! A tyranny loved at home and esteemed and desired even by strangers; a liberty execrated by the good, and dreaded even by their own party; a tyranny which patiently suffered the delay of tribute justly due, a liberty which rigorously extorts the payment of unjust imposts! a tyranny which opened its bosom in compassion to the unfortunate; a liberty which spurns the tears and cries of the wretched; a tyranny which consisted in leaving us in our houses, in our enjoyments, in our customs, all but an independent people; a liberty which has made us slaves in our own dwellings, stripped and naked of every possession! I call God to witness that my gray hairs were descending

* The French were received with the same demonstrations in Verona as elsewhere, and we imagine there is something of rhetorical art in this representation of the Abbé. He would persuade his hearers, by representing them as already on his side. The religious part of the community would no doubt keep within doors, and many had taken flight to Venice. Bonaparte entered Verona June 1st. This speech must have been disregarded as the ravings of a man in his dotage.

in peace to the grave, and that in the lengthened period of my life I never knew that I was a subject, except from the grateful sentiment of respect with which, while I dwelt in Venice, the presence of the august senate or the honored magistracy inspired me. For the rest, not a fear, not an inquietude, not a grievance did I experience at any time."

"O better, far better, if having already led long enough a useless life, I had slept on the dust of my ancestors, than that this liberty which is risen up should have spread before my eyes, in eight single days, a series of horrors which sixteen lustres had never shown me. But since Heaven has willed to reserve this punishment for my age, I am thankful that at least I have heard numerous followers of this mad delusion themselves confess their delusion, in words accompanied by actions which could not be mistaken. For as they descended, locked together and half naked, from our Alps,* to swell the armies of the seditious, I heard them cry out to any that lagged behind, 'Behold our liberty,' and showed their rags, 'Behold our liberty,' and shook their chains." — *Orazione al Popolo Veronese, &c. Squarci di Eloquenza raccolti da Fratelli Cavanis*, Vol. II. 16mo. Livorno. 1823.

The Lent discourses of Pellegrini have also been published. They contain fine passages, but are full of fanaticism as regards the saints of the Romish Calendar.

ADEODATO TURCHI, Bishop of Parma, and Placenza, was originally a Capuchin Friar, who solely by the fame of his eloquence attracted the attention of the Duke of Parma, Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, who made him tutor to his sons, the eldest of whom, Louis, was afterwards King of Etruria, and promoted his tutor to the bishoprick of Parma in 1788. Here, during the French revolutionary period, he was the determined and powerful opponent of the "new philosophy." It was probably through his influence, that in the Dutchy, which coincided with his diocese, the convents were spared during this whole period, and enjoyed their lands and all their privileges to the last. His attacks are often unfair, his representations of the dangers to society from the principles he opposes somewhat exaggerated, and his imperious oburgatory tone cannot be approved in a follower of a meek and lowly master. But he is often not only powerful and eloquent, but persuasive. The following is a favorable specimen, though not free from objection.

HOMILY ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF PARMA, AT THE FEAST OF
PENTECOST, 1796, BUT WHICH COULD NOT BE DELIVERED
ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.

..... "The world is full of books which exalt the century

* This is no exaggeration of the zealous Abbé. The French conscripts in Italy were chained together on their road to join the army.

in which we live as the age of illumination. Our descendants will take it for granted on their testimony. Who can tell, however, whether this homily of mine being discovered in a dusty corner of a wretched library, some one may not read it and be undeceived? The theme is worthy of your religion and my exalted ministry. It will be a great blessing if my discourse can excite in your minds abhorrence and contempt for this age. We must be just. It cannot be denied that our age has made great discoveries, rapid and wonderful progress in sciences and arts. All has been collected together into one work,* which is proclaimed as a compendium of wonders, an immortal monument to the glory of the age in which we live. But with respect to the sciences, allow me one short observation. Thousands of years before our time, the greatest geniuses studied nature, made systems, had those who praised and followed them. In our age of illumination some extraordinary men have arisen who have overturned these systems, have formed a new world, and have found those who constructed the old one to have been all ignorant blockheads. But who can assure us that these very individuals shall not, after the lapse of some period of time, be treated as ignoramus like their predecessors? Who knows but our grandchildren may look back with pity on their fathers for having with too eager facility adopted systems whose sole merit was their being new? But enough: Let the recent discoveries be immutable truths. Are we any happier for them? They are truths, for the most part, which remain in the minds of the scientific and the learned, rather to satisfy their vanity than to fill the void of their hearts. What influence have they upon the common good of the whole society? What advantage arises from this immense collection, this undigested and unapplied mass of philosophical knowledge? In the midst of all that is yet to be known, I fear that it has no better tendency than to introduce Atheism, and to propagate impiety. Ah, my children, in order to be happy, men have need, not to know the exact number of the stars, nor the precise revolutions of the planets, nor how to calculate infinite space. Shall I tell you what they want? They want a wise government, good morals, and a *holy religion*. And, upon these subjects, what an immensely illuminated age is this of ours! Fix your eyes upon these lights, unawed by the fear of being dazzled, and let us speak to you as brethren, with our usual apostolic freedom.

"What brilliant lights have been cast upon us, to extend our commerce, to perfect arts, to introduce manufactures, to cultivate sciences! Never had such been beheld in our horizon. But what shall I say! We have had lights on the one hand to extend commerce, and lights on the other to show the way to chain and oppress it with so many burdens as to reduce it almost to nothing: without saying any thing of those lights which have been directed to corrupt and annihilate good faith, the animating soul of com-

* We presume the Bishop means the French *Encyclopédie Méthodique*.

merce. All arts and all manufactures were to be established in all places, as if to show the inutility of that beautiful provision of Providence, which has divided and apportioned among the various nations, wants and industry, in order that, by a mutual necessity and reciprocity of interests, men might be indissolubly bound to each other. It was pretended that every nation must be made sufficient to itself, and all were wretched. What a truly philosophical radiance; what a light of humanity shone in those innumerable laws and edicts, which when examined proved to have begun with "*human happiness*" and to have ended in human misery! There is not an university which has not its chair of jurisprudence, from which the great torch of public rights has been brandished to instruct both sovereigns and people in their reciprocal duties. But this torch wanted the sacred fire of Nehemiah, and what was the consequence? Princes saw nothing by its light but the duties of subjects, nor subjects but the duties of princes, and every one began to think about reforming the people. Hence arose mutual rancor and hatred, a perpetual struggle between the rival parties, which in some places inundated the land with crimes and slaughter. The philosophers, the illuminators of the world, were not sovereigns: and for this reason *sovereignty* became the subject of their attacks and the theme of their paradoxes. All governments were found out to be bad, and the Iroquois and the Hurons were pronounced to be the best constituted people on the earth, who know no happiness but that of pursuing wild beasts in the chase, and men in war. Yet still in our societies, as actually constituted, some kind of government was found to be necessary. And what form of it think you was pointed out by the beneficent lights of the present age? That which of all others is the most perilous, unstable, and mischievous. If for my part I had to reply to all those magnificent eulogiums which we hear every day dealt out on this glorious *democracy*, it should be in these few words: 'If the democratic is superior to all other forms of government, — if it is the 'most suitable, honorable, and useful to man, let the heads of families begin by setting up a democracy in their own houses.' A social contract has been imagined, which never had any existence, by virtue of which the people were pronounced to be sovereigns, and the sovereigns to be subject to the people. This was letting loose lions and tigers to devour their keepers first, and then one another. No matter. Of all mankind so many kings were made, and all unexpectedly started up with the imperial diadem on their heads, like those crowned locusts which you read of in the Apocalypse.* Dazzled with all this light, the multitude was misled, and, with enthusiasm, rose up against authority and laws, and, driven

* Rev. ix. 7. "And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared to battle, and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men." 10. "And their power was to hurt men five months."

forward in confusion, committed without remorse all the atrocities to which its leaders directed, and all those greater atrocities which the leaders themselves would have prevented if they could. They wrote to one another, and they cried out when they met, '*We are all brethren,*' and by way of closely knitting together these bonds of fraternity they cut one another's throats! '*We are all equal*'—and to verify their words they fell upon the goods of all who possessed any. '*We are all free*'—and to prove this they yielded themselves to as many tyrants as there were enlightened philosophers. In those ages which *ours* calls dark and ignorant, it was otherwise held. Public order was respected, and, to save society from greater evils, princes were tolerated even although libertines or tyrants. If they commanded things contrary to the laws of God, the maxim of our fathers was, 'Disobey and die.' But they deemed it horrible sacrilege to put forth their hands upon the Lord's anointed. Governments during this time were preserved in security and society in peace. . . .

"If in the *concerns of government* these new lights have proved such malignant planets, have they been more propitious in regard to *morals*? It seems somehow the destiny of the human race that when the duties of morality are most talked and written about, they should be the least practised, as he who has perpetually in his mouth maxims and lectures of economy is generally a shameless squanderer of his property, and talks about saving till he ends in bankruptcy. Never was there an age in which so much was written upon morals as the present. Volumes without number have been sent into the world upon the nature of man, upon the passions and sentiments of the human heart, upon virtues and vices, and duties and properties. And what have we gained? An infinity of systems, a mass of definitions altogether inapplicable to the conduct of life. Ah! my brethren! good morals are not the fruit of metaphysical subtleties. They are established by training men to the practice of them, and by interesting their most powerful feelings in their favor. Religion, which is the sole and regulating spirit of good morals, has been dis severed from them. The ancient virtues have been represented as vices, and what were once vices have been turned into so many virtues. The new light tells man that he owes every thing to himself, and comprehends every thing in himself. Oh, light! Oh, age! Oh, philosophy of ours! . . . And women too, they cry out, 'Why are not we capable of acquiring the sciences? And why cannot we become instructresses to our children in the current philosophy?' Alternately seduced and seducers, while they badly studied Des Cartes and Newton, they despised the catechism, and with it, domestic economy, fidelity, and modesty. Under the guidance of these lights, wives became the implacable enemies of their husbands, indifferent to their offspring, the pest and ruin of the families into which they settled.

"In the concerns of religion these (pretended) lights of the present age first gleamed upon our eyes from the very bosom of the

Catholic Church itself.* They crowded thickly upon us, and it was pretended, for the first time, to prove to us that in order that our religion should be pure, it was necessary to strip it of all external worship; that in order to make it flourish, the first thing was to persecute its ministers, and reduce it to the most abject state; that the revenues consecrated to the service of God were no longer God's, but the people's, to dispose of at its pleasure — (a doctrine never broached even by Pagans), — that the Christian was not free to choose for himself a state of evangelical perfection, and that vows, if made only to God, were of no obligation. But at length the age threw off its mask, and openly proclaimed that all religions are indifferent, and that the best of all was to have none; that the time was come when religion was no longer suited to men of genius, to men of literature and science, and that it was an act of humanity to take it away from the weak, superstitious, and ignorant vulgar, and God was spoken of as Lucian once spoke of the heathen divinities.

"We have been inveighing hitherto against the age in which we live. But what is an age, my children? It is a period of years, one succeeding another, in themselves neither good nor bad. It is we who by our conduct and our maxims render these years either the one or the other. An age, if measured by a virtuous generation, is called good; if by a perverse one, it is called bad. We live in an age of ill-omened light: but from what star did it proceed? Who diffused, who propagated this light? The philosophers of the eighteenth century have been men, for the most part, of vigorous minds, well versed in human sciences, capable of conferring the greatest good on humanity, had they not abused their powers. How then did they fall into so much weakness and impiety as to make it an age of confusion, disorder, and crime? Ah! my children! never, in any age of the world, were they great talents which advanced the happiness of man when destitute of religion. They have been men of real worth, often of the most moderate talents, who have effected this. Sometimes indeed great geniuses, but always animated by religion. Our philosophers knew every thing except that which it is of most importance to know, — the weakness of man, and the greatness of God. They ascended like Moses into the mount, but they disdained to enter into the cloud from whence divine revelation issues. This is the true source of illumination. Run to this fountain of light: there you will discern the economy of human salvation; the invariable rule by which our judgments should be guided; the surest direction for the reformation of our manners. If doubts arise, let us not combat them with reason, nor enter into controversy with them, but decide

* The admission that in the last century Atheism and Deism sprung from the very bosom of a corrupted church (for such it is allowed by Catholics to have been, at least with respect to *discipline*), affords matter for serious reflection to the members of that body.

them by faith. To moderate our passions, — to flee seductive pleasures, — to put in practice the Gospel, — this is the only way to overcome temptations against the Gospel."

The third homily, delivered in 1798, "On the Inconsistencies of Unbelievers in the 18th Century," is a very powerful piece of reasoning, as is likewise the ninth, delivered in 1800, on the question "Are unbelievers any happier for their unbelief?" The zealous prelate's rage against the French had then abated, and he reasons more calmly than he did in 1796, within the sound of the French artillery.

Passing over the first twenty-five years of the present century, in which no new preacher arose having any pretensions to the title of an orator, although Sergardi, Fornici, and Donadoni are respectable, we come to a period in which, having been resident successively in various cities of Italy, we are enabled to lay before the reader the results of personal observation: viz. the years 1826, 27, 28, and 30.

It will be desirable in the first instance to give a brief account of the present state of moral and religious sentiments in Italy, in order that it may be seen whether the pulpit is in arrear or in advance of the age in knowledge and liberality.

At Milan and Venice, and in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom generally, we found the ceremonies of the church kept up with great pomp of both military and sacerdotal attendance, without any sparing of expense, but with very little appearance of the enthusiasm of the people going along with the show which was acting by their ecclesiastical and political superiors. A total indifference to the ceremonies, dislike of the discipline, and skepticism respecting the doctrines of the church, joined with republicanism in politics, are making rapid strides throughout that portion of the Austrian dominions. And the government at home, from whence the supply of bishops and the higher order of ecclesiastics chiefly comes, has never lost that tendency to liberality, in regard to religion, which it acquired under Joseph II. In such a building as St. Mark's, at Venice, so surrounded, so adorned, and connected with such associations, it were impossible to witness *any* solemn service without deep interest, and there is perhaps more appearance of devotion in the *worshippers* than in any other church in this portion of the Italian peninsula. Yet the Patriarch Ranieri and his attendant dignitaries appeared to view with indifference and weariness the pageant of High Mass, which consists in a great degree in the adorning the person of the said Patriarch with a series of vestures, each of which is said, by the old Catholic writers, to have a symbolical meaning, conveying some important religious instruction. Even in the midst of the buffoonery of the carnival

we observed that no one passed a shrine without genuflection, and sometimes crossing himself, although the laugh was scarcely suspended for the purpose. But we consider this as no proof of a real regard for the more important parts of even the *exterior* of religion.

In the dominions of the King of *Sardinia* we imagine superstition to have rather a deeper root. Modern miracles are gravely talked of by persons in the rank of respectable shopkeepers at Turin, and appear to be credited, or at least not absolutely rejected. There is perhaps no city in Italy, however, which possesses so noble a band of patriots and rationalists in religion as Genoa.

In the "Eternal City," which seems doomed to be the everlasting seat of priestcraft, bigotry, and slavery, the two extremes meet. There is a party which eulogizes the reigning pope, whoever he may chance to be, as "il più dotto degli uomini ed il più *savio de' principi*," which glosses over or "knows nothing of" the enormities of the purple court, believes all that the church requires, and weeps at its affecting ceremonies. And there is another party which pours uncompromising and unbounded contempt and ridicule upon the church and all that belongs to it,—its rulers, its doctrines, its ceremonies, and, not least, its miracles. We should think this last (reinforced by the resident foreigners and other strangers) the most numerous party. Indeed the presence of strangers is an awkward impediment in the way of the performance or rather of the efficacy of some of the ceremonies of the church. In the month of May, 1827, a great crowd was assembled in the church of Ara Cœli, at the foot of the Capitol, to witness the casting out a demon; but the priest, after some ineffectual attempts, declared, that "*there were too many foreigners present for the miracle to be performed!*" That even the lower class of Romans themselves do not yield implicit homage to the "most learned of men and the wisest of princes," is evident, from a circumstance which occurred at the time above referred to. Leo XII., while engaged in what is called "visiting the Seven Churches" in Rome, stopped at one in the midst of the Trasteverini, the poorest and most superstitious portion of the citizens. On returning to his carriage he was surrounded by a crowd of wretched beings who were clamorous for the alms of the holy father. Leo, who was notorious for his covetousness, immediately began to make a sign of the cross with his thumb and two fore-fingers in the air, in token of his freely bestowing upon the famished multitude his *paternal benediction*! "*Che benedizione!*" "*Santo Padre.*" "What is the use of blessing us, holy father," exclaimed they, "we have neither shoes, nor shirts, nor bread."

The pope, who was to the full as timid as he was avaricious, apprehensive of what this might end in, mounted his carriage and drove hastily off.

At *Naples* we found the submission to spiritual dominion apparently more abject, and the devotion employed in the ceremonies of the church, and in the services voluntarily imposed on themselves by individuals, of a more noisy and impassioned description. Penitents were heard in public with loud cries lamenting over their sins; and so great was the eagerness to obtain a share of the benediction of the archbishop (which the irreverent Trasteverini thought of so little value as it came genuine from the sovereign pontiff himself), that druggists flung down their spatulæ in the midst of making up a prescription, and rushing to the street door dropped on one knee to receive it. Yet we could perceive that the public mind was on the advance.

Our attention was more particularly directed to *Tuscany*; and here every thing indicated, not only great comparative advancement, but a continued and rapid progression. For its present state of intellectual, moral, and religious advancement, *Tuscany* is mainly indebted to the Grand Duke Leopold I. (afterwards Emperor of Austria), and to his able, faithful, and disinterested adviser Bishop Scipio de' Ricci, the latter of whom planned, and the former of whom gave the sanction of the supreme authority to the most extensive reforms in the Tuscan Church, which humbled in the dust the "Roman Babylon," as Bishop Ricci was wont to call it, and summoned to the exercise of their reasoning faculties on the subject of religion, those whose intelligent spirits had been long bowed down by authority which refused to reason itself, or to allow others to do so. The memory of these great men, their recorded deeds and treasured sayings, is a patrimony for the Tuscans of untold wealth. Florence abounds with anecdotes of the golden days of the "great Leopold," the "immortal Leopold," calculated to illustrate the superiority of merit to title, wealth, and place, — to expose the pretensions of hypocrisy, and to humble the pride of ecclesiastical tyranny. The sayings of that prince were apophthegms of wisdom, and his deeds were wiser than his sayings. We shall content ourselves with citing a single instance of his spirited conduct, bearing immediate relation to our present subject. Archbishop Martini, of Florence, was a man of considerable learning, and had performed an important service to the church by translating a part of its Latin offices and the whole of the Vulgate into Italian; and on Leopold's general principle of advancing men of talent, he was promoted by that sovereign to the primacy of *Tuscany*. But his pride as a churchman partook too much of the old school. His commands were seldom unrea-

sonable, but he would never allow them to be questioned, or condescend to give a reason for his arbitrary decisions. He had one day forbidden a poor and worthy priest any longer to exercise his ecclesiastical functions, and when humbly asked the reason, he replied, "*La ragione ho quà dentro*," — (The reason is *here within*, — in my own bosom). The priest, conscious of his integrity, presented a petition to the Grand Duke, that his case might be taken into consideration. Leopold observed to him, "And pray how do you feel *here within*?" The reply was, that he was conscious of innocence, and asked not to be pardoned or acquitted, but only to be informed what offence he was charged with. The archbishop was at this moment sitting in his court, with his chancellor, second in authority to himself, at his right hand, transacting business, when a police officer was sent into the court with orders to arrest, not the archbishop (as his person was sacred), but his chancellor, in the name of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke. Upon the archbishop inquiring with astonishment the reason, the officer replied, pointing, agreeably to his instructions, to his breast, "His Royal Highness says, 'I have the reason *here within*.'" "Oh, I understand," said the archbishop: "go to such a priest, and tell him that he is restored to his functions, and that no further molestation shall be given him." It is of such spirited anecdotes as these that the daily wisdom of the Florentines is made up; and while the memory of Leopold remains, there is no danger that priestcraft should recover its sway over them.*

Is then the pulpit in the present day what it ought to be, the leader of national improvement, or is it a drag upon its progress? Not like Fra Giordano's note-taker, with a pen behind our ear, but with the intention of taking notes of any thing remarkable on

* * The late Grand Duke Ferdinand III. and the present Leopold II. have not shown themselves behind their great predecessor in putting a curb in the mouth of ecclesiastical pretension. The former being about to attend a public service at the Cathedral of Siena, it is said that the archbishop informed the prime minister, that when sovereign princes attended that church, it was the custom for them to take the left side of the altar, leaving the right to the archbishop, as an acknowledgment of the superiority of religion to the state; and that the Grand Duke replied, that "although religion was superior to civil government, yet as religious establishments were the work of the civil power, he thought the archbishop ought to be on the left side of the altar, to denote his dependance on the state for his preferment." The late archbishop, who was a proud churchman, was "indisposed" on this occasion, and appointed another bishop to take the left side of the altar in his place. On a like occasion, when we were present, in 1828, the sovereign sat constantly on the right, and the archbishop had seats on both sides, passing from one to the other. Such was the compromise between church and state.

our return to our lodgings, we passed through Italy, observing the style of preaching in the different countries, in order that when we reached our native land again, if asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" we might be able to give a full, if not a satisfactory answer to the inquirer.

In Piedmont, the priests, who partake largely of the harsh, disagreeable pronunciation of the natives in general, are often respectable, but seldom pleasing preachers. Amongst the Waldenses, where the Protestant pastors are remarkable for the good sense and patriarchal simplicity of their address, the Catholics are distinguished by the vehemence of their gesticulation and the loudness of their voices. At Genoa something beyond mediocrity is absolutely necessary to obtain an audience. The Venetians devote a great deal of their leisure time to the church and its services, but during several months' residence we met with only one preacher of eminence, the parish priest of St. Luke. We heard him on the text, "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment." He has the advantage of a striking figure, and standing in the commanding attitude of a Roman senator, with the neck completely exposed, and freely turning with every change of address and emotion, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence. When he spoke of the enormous vices of men, and of their foolhardy neglect and forgetfulness of a day of judgment, he bent his head down, hid his face with his hands, and wept aloud. Another Venetian preacher was of a very different description,—the extreme of childishness. He proposed to deliver a set of lectures on the spiritual interpretation of the history of Sampson. His first lecture began the subject with the history of Manoah, Sampson's father! From the circumstance of Sampson's mother being forbidden the use of the fruit of the vine and spirituous liquors, he took occasion to remark, that the abuse of these had become very common of late, and that even delicate females pleaded that it gave them strength, as an excuse for indulgence; but here they found the mother of the strongest man that ever lived wholly abstaining from potent liquors. At this happy hit, as they seemed to regard it, whatever may be thought of its decorousness, the audience laughed aloud, and made remarks to each other expressive of their satisfaction. The preachers here are very much in the habit of making amusing stories out of the Old Testament history, which they humor with their national dramatic narrative and conversational gesticulation.

At *Rome*, there are several preachers who make themselves remarkable by the vehemence with which they declaim against the corruption of manners and the prevalence of heresy in the present day. They particularly inveigh against the carnival; and

one of them gave notice, with reference to the commencement of the popular festivities of this season, that Satan was about to be let loose on such a day. The Roman preachers are generally well trained in the management of the voice, and the proprieties of action in accordance with the national taste. Being required to fill immense churches, they have an interest in studying to do this gracefully and without effort, and in this they are successful beyond any parallel. The full and manly sounds, and dignified pause of the Roman accent, add much to the charm of their delivery; and they are particularly skilful in conciliating the favor of the audience by an elegant, and somewhat complimentary, introduction. So far, to hear them is one of the greatest treats which a stranger who understands the language can enjoy. But when we come to the matter of their discourses, there is, perhaps, no part of Italy where more extravagance is indulged in, or more sheer nonsense is talked. We were recommended to go to hear a young man who was reckoned to be one of the best preachers in Rome, who was delivering what is called an "*istruzione al popolo*," not sermons with texts, but a set of familiar lectures on moral duties, which may be heard in the month of May in the chief Catholic cities, in honor of the Virgin Mary, to whom that month is sacred, and each of whose virtues is taken successively as the theme of eulogy and the foundation of instruction. A stage of about fifteen feet in breadth was on this occasion raised against a wall of the church, and covered with green baize, on which the preacher paced to and fro, occasionally sitting down on a chair which was provided for him. He was discoursing of the *modesty* of the Virgin. To know when to be silent, he observed, was an important branch of this virtue; and he took occasion to launch out against the inordinate loquacity of females, which, he said, led them to lose half of that time which they ought to be employing in domestic duties, and to go from house to house picking up something that was bad in the habits of each, and thus evil example became the more contagious. Another exemplification of this virtue was the wearing of decorous apparel, and here he inveighed against the modern fashions of the ladies with all the zeal of a covenanter. The third branch of this virtue was the government of the thoughts. But in all these respects, the theatre, he said, was the great corrupter of the female character. However pure might be the compositions they heard recited, the evil was scarcely less, and Corneille and Metastasio might ruin the morals of a family as well as the most licentious author! — the mischief lying not in the words uttered, but in the seductive nature of theatrical representations, in consequence of which, as he affirmed, the purest words might

raise in the mind the most criminal thoughts, and the most modest expression be immodestly interpreted.

We shall here make once for all, and with pain, it being only extorted from us by the love of truth, a general remark on the mode in which Italian preachers attack vice. We introduce it in this place, because it is to the preachers residing in or coming from Rome that it is more preëminently applicable. They warn men against the plague with lips diffusing the pestilence. They declaim against licentiousness in the very terms of licentiousness itself. They deal forth their invectives with a flippancy, a detail, a familiarity with that which they ought to hold up as an object of abhorrence, that point them out as having been brought up in its atmosphere.

At Naples and in its neighbourhood we heard several preachers, but with very little edification, as they were either prolix and tedious, or full of misplaced drollery and folly. We heard the history of Abraham described in the same ludicrous manner, with the same dramatic style of narrative and humorous action, as we had before heard the history of Sampson's father at Venice; and, as in the last mentioned instance, the preacher, when he would represent the surprise of Manoah's wife at the visit of an angel, and her anxiety that her husband should witness it, stretched up his head at the furthest extent of his little pulpit, and called out, "O Manoah! O Manoah! here is an angel," &c.; so the other was equally busy in getting every thing ready for the sacrifice of Isaac. In a word, they seemed to consider themselves as talking to *children* of from five to six feet high. At Sorrento we heard the panegyric of the Madonna del Carmine. It was stuffed full of exaggerated similes and mystical applications. Every passage in the Old Testament in which any allegorical personage, wisdom, the church, &c., appeared to be referred to, was eagerly caught at and affirmed to be true of Beata Maria del Carmine. The only interest the preacher afforded us was by exciting us to speculate as to whether the Madonna he was celebrating was the identical Madonna *della Neve*, whom we often met with (particularly in Switzerland, on the sides of the Righi), or the Madonna *di Loreto*, and a hundred others. And this question gave rise to another of analogous description, — Were Jupiter Capitolinus, Jupiter Stator, and Jupiter Penninus, precisely the same Jupiter? From the care the preacher took constantly to remind his hearers that it was the Madonna del Carmine (of Mount Carmel), the founder of his order, whose praises he was celebrating, he did not *discourage* the idea of the vulgar, that she is somehow or other distinguished from *the* Madonna. We once propounded our doubts to a pious Catholic lady in the following

terms:—"You have in your city a Madonna del Voto, a Madonna del Fonte Giusto, delle Grazie, and a great many more. Now are these different Madonnas, or one?" She replied, "The Madonna is one,—the Madonna is in heaven; but there are a great many on the earth, some good for one thing, and some for another. Our Madonna del Fonte Giusto, for instance, is good against consumption, and when we pray to her to be cured of consumption, she prays to the Madonna in heaven, who obtains the grace for her son Jesus Christ."

The first preacher we heard in *Tuscany* was the parish priest of Santa Felicita, in Florence, who was delivering a course of lectures preparatory to Advent, on the Apostles' Creed, called "Il Simbolo degli Apostoli." The first lecture which we heard (the second of the course) was entirely occupied in repeating what he had said before by way of introduction, respecting the various significations of the term *symbol*, which, he said, denoted sometimes a compendium, and at other times a standard or ensign, which served as a rallying-point. The twelve Apostles, he told his hearers, all met together in order to form this compendium, or to set up this standard and rallying-point in the Christian church. It might be said to constitute the marrow of Christian divinity. These thoughts he continued to repeat and to dwell upon for about thirty-five minutes, and then concluded. The next lecture was still but introductory, and he considered the question, whether each of the Apostles had written an article, there being twelve; or whether all had combined their light and inspiration in the composition of each. He dwelt on the great advantage of such summaries of faith, as the means of at once stopping the mouths of heretics, and remarked that the prevalent heresies of the times had given rise to all the creeds which the church enjoyed. The Gnostics, for example, gave occasion for the drawing up of the Apostles' Creed. In the fourth lecture he got as far as the word "credo," and observed, that this being the first word, gave rise to the term by which this symbol was denoted, the *credo*. He then observed what a sacred subject this was, and that we ought to enter upon it with reverence. He distinguished two kinds of belief, that which was the result of evidence, and that which rested solely on the authority of God and the Church. If a person for whose character we had no particular respect told us any thing, we should doubt, and inquire into the evidence. But if a person in whose veracity we had the highest confidence, such as our own *parish priest*, were to tell us any thing, we should at once believe it to be true! Now as we receive the Christian religion from God, who cannot lie, we may believe it at once. He then told a story of a modern miracle, according to his custom, and

concluded. In the fifth discourse (we beg the reader will have patience with us; he cannot be prepared to estimate the *best* unless he has some clear idea of what materials the *worst* is made) — in the fifth discourse he recapitulated what he had said upon the word *credo*, and went on to the second word in the Creed, which happened to be “*in*”; and he pointed out the difference between believing God and believing *in* God, as believing God implied reliance on all that He said as true, believing *in* Him merely assenting to his existence. His miracle for to-day was the story of our British King Canute commanding the waves not to wet him, which he related in the following most extraordinary terms:

“Canute, King of Denmark and England in former times, was the proudest monarch on the face of the earth, and listening with complacency to the voice of his courtiers, who hailed him Lord of the earth and ocean, he went down in great pomp one day to the sea shore to put to the test his fancied dominion, and placing himself in a chair of state, with his sceptre in his hand and his crown on his head, close to the margin of the water, he impiously commanded it to retire before him. But, to rebuke his pride, a tempest immediately arose, and lifting the sea suddenly out of its bed, compelled him and his court to fly precipitately to save their lives. Humbled by this divine portent, the monarch retired to his chapel, and flinging his crown and sceptre at the foot of the crucifix, cried out, ‘Thou, O Jesus, art the only King of Heaven and Earth.’ He became a penitent and led a holy and austere life, and did a great deal for the Church.”

The worthy *parroco* having heard this story, and not knowing any thing about tides, of which there are none at Leghorn, or at least, despairing of being able to give an intelligible account of the theory of flux and reflux to his Florentine hearers, invented the tempest, we presume, to get out of his difficulty. In the sixth discourse he spoke again of the great value of the Creed, and of the attachment shown to it in all ages by the orthodox. In confirmation of this he related a story of a saint who was a zealous defender of the doctrines of this Creed against the Manicheans, from whom he received much ill treatment. “Being one day assailed by them with stones on the *place* opposite to the church in which the preacher was then speaking, he contented himself with repeating to them the words *credo*, &c.; but, oppressed by repeated blows, and becoming soon too faint to speak, he dipped his finger in his own blood, which flowed profusely from his head,” (here the preacher imitated the action by putting his fore-finger on the crown of his head), “and wrote in the dust the word *credo*. Dipping it again,” (here the preacher re-

peated the act, amidst the dead silence and anxious observation of his audience), "he wrote the word *in*; and dipping his finger "again," (to denote which the priest again affected to dip his own finger in the supposed wound on his head), "he wrote *Dio* and "*Onnipotente*," with a repetition of the same ceremony, amidst the gaping of his audience; "upon which," he said, "the saint "could do no more, and his soul was *visibly* exhaled into Paradise." The story we suspect to be a confused version of the martyrdom of one of the Paterini, who are related to have suffered on the place of Santa Felicita, in Florence.

But who can wonder that persons of taste and information are not in the habit of attending on the sermons of the priests in the highly cultivated city of Florence?

On the 22d of June, 1828, in the parish church of Ogni Santi, in the same city, we heard the panegyric of St. Antony of Padua, from a Franciscan monk of the convent *del Monte*, in that neighbourhood. The text was, "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted." — *Epist. of James*. Being near the preacher, we heard the words of his text repeated as by some one mocking him, and sometimes heard a similar repetition during the discourse. Upon inquiring into the cause of this singular circumstance, we were told that the young abbé, whom we had seen attend the preacher up the pulpit steps, and conceal himself behind the curtain, had during the whole time been reading aloud the manuscript, with which he had been furnished by the preacher, in order that should his own recollection fail, he might be instantly assisted by hearing the words of the reader behind him. It is obviously not intended that the audience should be able to hear this echo of the voice of the preacher; but it is a contrivance to which those who have weak memories commonly have recourse, in a country where any kind of nonsense may be *spoken* or *recited* from the pulpit, but must not be *read* on pain of the departure of the audience.

After some introductory observations, the monk remarked that these words were particularly applicable to the prophet and great worker of wonders (*gran taumaturgo*), of whom he had undertaken to declare the praises.

"For never was such humility in any mortal before, nor was it ever rewarded by being so highly exalted. Before he had attained to mature age he was called on to attend a council of *my* seraphic order," said the friar, pointing to his own breast, "and displayed more human learning than the whole chapter, in addition to that supernatural illumination by which he discerned the thoughts of the assembly, and delivered prophecies which were afterwards fulfilled. While he preached in an open plain to from

twenty to thirty thousand persons, he was heard by each individual with equal distinctness, although some of them were at the distance of two miles from him; and what was more remarkable, to whatever country the hearer belonged, the voice of the Saint reached his ear in his native tongue. He likewise possessed the power of being seen and heard at distant cities at the same time; for while he was preaching at Florence, he was equally seen and heard preaching at Lyons; and while he was in the cathedral at Milan, he was equally present at Lisbon, to vindicate the innocence of his father (who was unjustly accused), by raising from the dead one of the most material witnesses to disprove the charge. At the voice of Jehovah, we are told in the sacred pages, the cedars of Lebanon are shaken, and bow down their lofty tops; and at the voice of Antony the loftiest and proudest potentates of the earth bowed down their heads to receive the yoke of the cross. When Jehovah spake, the mountains were moved out of their place, and the rocks were melted. And when Antony spake, the proudest heretics were shaken and moved out of their self-confidence, and the rocky hearts even of the avaricious were melted; for we are told when he was preaching against avarice once, at Florence, he directed his words particularly to a hardened miser then present, telling him that his heart was in his chest; and upon some persons going to the house of the miser and examining the box, they found Antony's words to be true, for there was the miser's heart; who upon this, prayed to have his heart restored to him, and Antony obtained for him his request. His heart was restored to its place, and he became a sincere convert. But why do I speak of other miracles performed by Antony, all of which are nothing compared with that to which thou, O Rimini, wast the astonished witness? When Jehovah speaketh, the stormy waves of the sea become instantly calm; and when Antony spake, the *fishes* of the sea leapt from their watery beds and listened with attention to his sermon. For do you not remember what is recorded of that far-famed discourse of his on the sea-shore to the heretics? and that when these refused to hear his words, Antony exclaimed with a loud voice, *listen, at least, O ye fishes of the deep.* And he had no sooner said, than the most frightful marine monsters, forming a joyful circle (*lieta corona*), their fierce natures being laid aside, listened with devout attention. And when the most holy object in all nature, the Sacramented Jesus himself, was presented to them," (here the monk crossed himself, and the whole congregation bowed their heads), "they prostrated themselves before him, to the shame and confusion of the heretics, who were endowed with the gift of reason, yet made so bad a use of it.

"We read in the Book of Proverbs that Wisdom (in the mystical sense the Virgin Mary) *diverted herself* (so easy was the act of divine energy) (*scherzava*) in the creation of all things, Prov. viii. 30, 31. 'Cum eo eram cuncta componens: et delectabar per singulos dies, ludens coram eo omni tempore; ludens in orbe terrarum.'

So, in like manner, to Antony it was but sport to perform the most stupendous miracles (*scherzava a far prodigi*). Thus Antony lived an object of astonishment to the human race; but the highest proof of Divine favor had not yet been given him. For the Mother of God herself, with her infant son folded in her maternal arms, often came to visit their favored prophet, who dandled his Creator on his palm.* But as by reason of his remaining upon earth, Jesus could not bestow favors upon him to the full extent he desired to do (*a suo talento*), he took him to himself, and the next place to his Divine mother, above all the celestial hosts, he assigned to Antony. What miracles he has performed since his death it is unnecessary for me to relate to you. For those numberless offerings which I now see before me in this church, and the numberless others which are appended to his altars in every other city in the Christian world, what are they all but so many testimonies to the miracles performed by Antony in Heaven? To this great protector let us all devoutly commend ourselves."

Here the monk gave the trine benediction, which has the appearance of making three bows to the audience, (and is usually mistaken by strangers for this), and the abbé, who had been behind the curtain, came forward and assisted him to descend.

If mingled emotions of pity and disgust have been excited in the minds of our readers by this passage in our notes, taken immediately after hearing this discourse, we will assure them that as we were induced to sit patiently to *hear*, only in order that we might ascertain the true state of the case on the subject of our inquiry, so also in the *publication* of that which we have laid, or are about to lay before our readers, we have been swayed solely by the principle, that, with a view to some important conclusion, the *whole* truth, however offensive, (decency and good morals being safe) may and ought to be *occasionally* and *reverently* spoken.

On the three evenings preceding Ash Wednesday, the commencement of Lent, a service, for the purpose of preparing the minds of the people for that solemn period, is held in the Church of San Giovannino, at Florence. The preacher for 1828, who was a man of some powers, took for his subject the humility of Christ, which he illustrated on the successive evenings under three heads. 1st. The humility of Christ in "consenting to be born." 2dly. In "living among his own creatures, and submitting to death "at their hands;" and 3dly. In "*sacramentalizing* himself after "death, and being perpetually received by the faithful in the eucharistical bread." Upon the last head he said,

* Here the friar held up his right hand, and moved it up and down, imitating the act of a nurse in dandling an infant.

"The other proofs of his humility were astonishing, but this exceeds them all, and was necessary to give effect to all. For to what purpose would he have taken upon himself flesh and blood in the womb of the Virgin for our salvation, and have offered himself up a sacrifice to the Divine justice, if there were no means by which his creatures could obtain the benefit of this sacrifice? It would have redounded to the honor of God, but to man it would have remained null and useless, and they might have said, who shall ascend up into heaven to bring Christ down from thence? But now he is very near unto us, continually presenting himself on the altar, in the eucharistical bread, so as to appropriate to each individual believer that which he had done in behalf of the general body. Oh, what an adorable prodigy of humility is Christ in the sacrament! What an incredible proof of his affection! It was doubtless a convincing proof which he had afforded of this, when he who is infinity reduced himself into a span, and omnipotence condescended to become infantile weakness, the All-knowing to *learn*, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords to become subject to a woman. That the eternal Jehovah should die, nay, should even condescend to receive succour from an angel in his agony, are still more astonishing things. But all these are nothing compared with the eucharistical offering of the bloody divine sacrifice. In the first instance Divinity became incarnate, but in the last Divinity and humanity both combine in a piece of bread, that which *is* animate enters into and becomes that which *was* inanimate, — that which exists for ever in heaven is swallowed by man on earth. He became obedient unto death at the word of the first person in the Holy Triad; but he converts himself into bread at the word of one of his own creatures. Great was his condescension in quitting the blessed abode to converse familiarly *amongst* his creatures; but in the eucharistic bread he unites himself infinitely more closely to them, and dwells *in* them, ministering to them of his own flesh, thus fulfilling again continually the office of the good shepherd who lays down his life for the sheep."

At the commemoration of the patron saint of the pious confraternity of the Misericordia, San Sebastiano, soldier and martyr, the panegyric was pronounced by a preacher who enjoys great celebrity in Florence, Salvi. Elegance here seemed to be the object chiefly aimed at, and it was successful. It was a highly polished oration, but had too much of display in it. After setting forth the virtues of his saint by a number of poetical comparisons, he excused himself from enlarging on his miracles, performed during his life, or after his decease by means of his remains, on the ground that these were so numerous and wonderful, that it was difficult to select any from amongst them. It would be impossible, he said, to enumerate them, still less to give a description of them. And with this well-turned compliment to the saint, he dismissed him.

At Easter, 1830, at the cathedral at Siena, a preacher appeared for the first time, whose manner of descending upon moral subjects was mild and persuasive. Although he did not possess any talent as a public speaker, the great purpose of preaching seemed to be answered by his gentle admonitions. Speaking of the dangers of temptation, especially to those of weak virtue, he said, "The cedars of Lebanon have fallen, and how can you, weak reeds of the Jordan, expect to stand?"

At the latter end of the month of April the faithful of both sexes were invited to attend daily at the church of San Gaetano in Florence, during the month of May, to honor her, who, by her sublime *fiat*, began our redemption, "col suo sublime *fiat* dette principio alla nostra redenzione." The evening discourses were announced under the startling (were it in England, we should have said astounding) titles of "*La Eternità di Maria Vergine*," her omniscience, her omnipotence, &c. Thinking it right to ascertain what all this meant, we attended some of the lectures. The sublime *fiat* of Mary we found referred to the words she spoke to the angel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." In the Latin Vulgate, *fiat*, &c. Luke, i. 38. "And this *fiat*," the preacher observed, "was much more precious to us than that of the Creator at the beginning, because by that the world was only *created*, by this it was *redeemed*." The eternity of the Virgin was explained to mean her eternal existence in the counsels of God, because from all eternity God intended to create and to redeem the world, and in this redemption Mary was a necessary instrument, as without her consent God would not redeem the world by her son. Her omniscience and omnipotence were explained by saying that it was not possible that so affectionate a son should conceal any thing from his mother, and that *he* knew every thing; that he refused nothing to her prayers, and that *he* could do all things. This seemed but a very lame vindication of such bold assumptions. But he helped it out by observing, that what was said of the eternal wisdom of God, (Prov. viii. &c.) was true *in senso mistico* of the Virgin. This only tended to confuse our ideas, and we confess that we are to this day unable to understand in *what sense* the Virgin Mary is eternal, omniscient, and omnipotent. We are astonished at the unmeasured effrontery of the pretension that these attributes are in *any* sense possessed by her.

We have hitherto purposely kept back the mention of the only preacher whom we heard in Italy with entire approbation and satisfaction. At the beginning of Lent, 1823, at Florence, we had heard several friars who displayed a certain kind of eloquence, and had resumed our hitherto not very profitable employ-

ment of taking notes of sermons, when we were informed that a preacher of S^a. Felicità was more to be admired than any of the friars whom we had heard. We attended, and found a church thinly filled, but with rather a superior class to the great body of the frequenters of Lent preaching. The orator appeared by his habit to be not a preaching friar, but a secular priest, who devoted himself to public instruction. His age, about fifty, did not promise much of the vivacity and exuberant fancy of more youthful orators. We soon missed much that we were accustomed to and disapproved, and observed much that was new to us and to be admired. The following points of difference between him and other preachers immediately struck us. 1st. The Abate BARBIERI was sparing in his action, and used no exaggerated and ridiculous gesticulation. A young "Canonico" who had just begun to preach, had informed us that it was a rule given by the instructors in sacred eloquence at Bologna, "that the words of a preacher should only be a *help*, and not necessary for understanding him, every sentiment of any remarkable character being *acted* in such a manner as that persons at a remote part of a large church who could not hear, might still understand what was being said." Accordingly, the Italian orator now stamps and raves, — now hides his face with his hands, and flings his arms in every direction, — now weeps, — now reckons on his fingers, — now takes off his scull-cap in token of extraordinary reverence, — now beseeches, and now threatens, by gestures. All this, which may be regarded as extravagant even when compared with the Italian *conversational* manner, and quite inconsistent with the gravity of the pulpit, was exchanged by the Abate Barbieri for a modest and well-regulated action, serving to aid the expression only of those powerful emotions of the soul which the true orator will always sparingly bring into exercise. Even *his* action would be thought extravagant in the pulpit of an English Cathedral, but it must be allowed that we go into the opposite extreme to the Italians. 2dly. The Italian preachers in general, in the course of their sermon, say, "After the present discourse I beg of you the charity of an Ave-Maria according to my intention," (*secondo la mia intenzione*), i. e. not as it is my intention to do for you (that we may be performing the same act of charity for one another), but do *you* pray, and *I* will give a direction to your prayers to the spiritual benefit of such objects as are at this moment in my *intention*, but which I do not choose to disclose to you, and reserve to my own bosom. This piece of superstition, which implies the power of the priest to direct the mental prayers of the congregation to the benefit of whomsoever he pleases, is, we presume, discarded by Barbieri, as on twenty-eight occasions

when we heard him during the daily sermons in Lent, nothing of the kind occurred. 3dly. Other preachers, during a particular part of their sermon, daily and uniformly make a direct attack upon the purses of their hearers, by urging them to give alms to the poor, with a degree of importunity which is thoroughly offensive. When it is considered that a third part of this collection goes to the priest himself, their pertinacious exaction is particularly disgusting. Many of them, by way of keeping the givers in good humor, tell jokes, but the stalest and the poorest, on this occasion, and one preacher we heard always took that opportunity of telling a story of a miracle. The panegyrist of San Pasquale, in whose honor sermons are preached in Florence for nine evenings successively, took the opportunity to relate a miracle of the saint every night, most of them of the profanest and most ridiculous kind, and to draw from it an argument for giving alms to the poor (the poor *priest* included). Nothing of this kind soiled the lips of Barbieri. Although he was obliged by the regulations of the church to make a daily collection, he contented himself with a few modest words on the occasion, and when he was remonstrated with by his less scrupulous brethren for his forbearance, he still only related this circumstance to the audience, adding, that he hoped their voluntary and unprompted bounty would justify his omission. And this had a very good effect. 4thly. All the other Italian preachers we ever heard overloaded their discourses with quotations from the Latin fathers, and from Latin translations of the Greek fathers, as well as from the Vulgate version. By this means they got the credit of learning with the vulgar, at the expense of breaking the delightful harmony of the Italian period, spoiling the continuity of discourse, and giving an air of barbarism to the most polished and elegant of languages. Barbieri, on the other hand, quoted nothing but Scripture, and this always appropriately, and in an elegant translation of his own into Italian. 5thly. He never pushed any of the doctrines of the Catholic church to an extreme, nor stated them in that broad and unskilful manner which is calculated to expose them to the contempt and ridicule of men of sense. Yet there were evidences of his being a believer in the principal dogmas of the church, modern miracles excepted. 6thly. There was not a single trait of buffoonish humor, nor a single old wives' story told in the whole course of his sermons.

All Florence soon came to the determination to hear Barbieri, and none but him, during the remainder of Lent. Few persons knew any thing respecting him at the time of his coming. He had been professor of sacred eloquence, first at Pavia, and then at Padua, under the French *régime*; but, on the establishment of

the Austrian government, being deemed too liberal, he was displaced, enjoying, however, for life one third of the salary, which perhaps might amount to about £25 per annum. Scantily provided with this world's goods, but unambitious, he retired to cultivate a small vineyard and farm on the delightful Euganean hills above Padua, celebrated in Ugo Foscolo's "*Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*." He employed himself in writing a volume of poems on the Seasons, and several satires, and in a more exact study of the Scriptures. Although a priest, and nearly fifty years of age, he had never yet preached, but was prevailed on to do so in the year 1826, at Padua, when his merit was soon discerned; and this circumstance led to his being applied to, to preach at Florence in 1828, but not in one of the principal churches of the city, nor was any thing very extraordinary anticipated from him. One, however, described to another the pleasure enjoyed in hearing him, until nearly every person of consequence, including many who had through disgust wholly discontinued their attendance at the sermons of the Italian clergy, had been amongst the number of his hearers. One of the other preachers (for it should be remembered that during Lent there is a daily sermon in every Catholic parish church), finding no one present to hear him, went himself to the church of *Sa. Felicita*, where he found his old hearers. On the three last days, the fame of the new preacher having reached the Grand Duke, he took his Dutchess incog. to hear him, forsaking his own daily preacher in the private chapel of the court. Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, a professed free-thinker, the celebrated advocate and fort-esprit *Collini*, and many others of the same class, who had never perhaps voluntarily heard a sermon before, were amongst his constant hearers and warmest admirers. But the greatest triumph of Barbieri's eloquence was yet to come. On the last day of Lent, the Archbishop of Florence himself, finding his curiosity too great for the decorum of his high station, forsook his throne in the cathedral, and came in a private manner, without pomp, to listen to the parting exhortations of a humble, and hitherto unknown priest. The presence of the Grand Duke and the Archbishop of the diocese, together with all that is enlightened and cultivated in a city, which, in proportion to its population (about 120,000), certainly contains more men of taste and refinement than any other in Europe, was too much for the feelings of the Abate, who is a poet, and a man of genuine sensibility. When he came to take leave of the Florentines, by giving them his benediction, according to Catholic custom, by waving a large crucifix over their heads, the big tears chased each other down his already furrowed cheeks, and, unconscious of what he did, he gave himself a severe blow on the fore-

head with the crucifix. All our countrymen then residing in Florence, partook of the general enthusiasm.* In calmly reviewing our emotions at the distance of nearly three years, we are of opinion that we felt no more than any one not destitute of sensibility must have felt, yet we despair of conveying to our readers by any extract, the delight and admiration we experienced in hearing him; first, because they have not probably, like ourselves, waded to the pellucid springs of Barbieri's eloquence through the foul and turbid streams of modern Italian preaching, and especially had not previously listened to the trumpery of the *parroco* of the same church of S^a. Felicita; and secondly, because in addition to his appeals to the best feelings by which the human breast is capable of being alarmed, tranquillized, or melted, there is an indescribable charm in the harmonious and almost musical cadence of his periods, of which in the most eminent degree none but the divine language of Italy is susceptible, and to which *vocal utterance*, and by a native, is necessary to give it its full effect. So sensible to this charm were his Florentine hearers, that unlike an English audience in church, who rightly judge that they have nothing to do but to listen, they expressed aloud their admiration of some of his most harmonious periods, exclaiming "Bella, bella, bella, è una musica." Charming, charming, 't is a piece of music.

We are happy to learn from the pen of the elegant Campanoni, in a preface of his to a translation of Sterne's Sermons into Italian, published at Milan a few months ago, that Barbieri, having preached in that city during Lent of the year 1831, has excited several of the preachers to study, and with some success, to imitate him. May he be the founder of a new era in the history of the Italian pulpit, more brilliant than any of its predecessors, and chasing away the Egyptian darkness in which it is *at present* involved!

ON BENEFICENCE.

"Amongst the infinite perfections of Him who is all-perfect, those which reflect the greatest light on our regards are these three, Power, Wisdom, and Goodness. *Power* displays its triumph in the lofty, the profound, and the vast of earth, seas, and skies. It deafens in the thunder, rives in the lightning, crashes in the tempest; in the earthquake shakes the pillars of nature,—in the

* As a testimony of the gratitude of Florence to its eloquent preacher, a valuable gold snuff-box was presented to him, with the insignia of Florence, and the motto,—

..... "Resplende
Nello Intelletto tuo l'eterna Luce." — *Dante, Parad. 5.*

whirlwind rolls onward insatiable destruction. Power displays its triumphs in the impenetrable recesses of the aged forest, — in the fathomless whirlpools of the abyss, — in the peerless summits of the mountains, — in the eagle which pierces the clouds, — in the lion which stalks majestically over the desert, — in the leviathan who lashes in sunder the waves of the deep. *Wisdom* shines in the infinite number and infinitely diversified nature of created things, — in their counteracting properties of force and resistance to force, movement and repose, combining to one effect, like the innumerable threads of a skilful storied tapestry, or like the notes of music, from which, with their apparent discord of varied sounds, striking one upon another, yet all conspiring to the same end, results the charm of harmony. . . . But whether it be *power* that awes, or *wisdom* that dazzles us, *Love* is conspicuous in them both; for it is love which causes all that is vast and varied and beautiful in the creation to be adapted to the capacity of our senses, and to be placed within the reach of our faculties, so as not, either by defect or redundancy, to become useless or injurious to us. And how easily might this happen by the slightest change of their order and proportions. So that the light, for instance, should blind us with its radiance, or the shade leave us in utter and hopeless darkness; or cold strike us dead, or heat consume; the air fail altogether, or suffocate us; the aliment of life be insufficient, or overwhelm us with its abundance; the earth itself which supports us totter under our feet, and go to ruin! Ineffable Goodness, which, with an infinite love for our welfare, frail and wretched as we are, contrives that His works, in all their grandeur and variety, should but the more effectually minister to the necessities, the comforts, the delights of our being. Wherefore, thus sings the poet of God, 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him, O Lord, or the son of a woman, that Thou deignest even to visit him? Thou hast placed under him all the works of thy hands. Thou hast subjected to him all created things.' Ah, yes! We see the love of God everywhere, we feel it on all sides. We see it in the sun, where it placed its pavilion, and whence it pours down upon us light and heat, and life and power. We see it in the moon, which is its footstool, and whence it illumines our darkness, and keeps watch over our repose. We see it in the eternal circle of the seasons, — in the provident influence of the meteors, — in every drop of rain, — in every globe of dew, — in all that nourishes, comforts, beautifies our existence. Of this the birds of the wood sing to one another in the returning cadences of their responding melodies. Of this speaks the lily of the valley in its mute language, which, without labor of its own, is clothed in a more splendid garb than Solomon on his royal throne. Of this the ocean speaks to us in the hoarse murmur of its waves, when it vainly lashes itself against those shores which eternal love has prescribed to it, impassable. Of this the forests and the deserts speak to us with the mysterious eloquence of their silence itself. What shall I say more? We feel

it within ourselves, in the inmost recesses of our nature, — in the very hidden and secret movements of the heart, — in the quick beatings of pity, — in the tears of tenderness; whenever we stretch our arms to relieve, or bend them in affectionate embrace, — whenever we see or hear of a noble and generous action. . . .

"Oh, who can tell, who can worthily describe the excellencies of this queen of the virtues? Seest thou that plain on which the burning rays of the solstitial sun are reflected? Every green herb burnt up, — every plant languishing, — every living creature gasping for breath? Stified with thirst, consumed with drought, all nature seems in mourning. When, behold! the benignant Eurus unexpectedly springs up; heaven veils its face in clouds; the thunder rolls, the rains descend, and on a sudden the drooping leaves and flowers lift themselves up, — the mountain and the plain grow green again, — the flocks and herds run to slake their thirst in the swollen river, and sport joyfully in its recovered waves, — nature returns to life, and sends forth a thousand echoes of joy and gladness. And is not this a faithful image of what beneficence can do for the wretched? For too true it is that human bosoms are liable to be scathed and burnt up by long and cruel droughts. Look again at the distant part of the picture: Ocean roars, the waves blacken, the breakers ride aloft, the maddened winds drive along in furious blasts, and already the wretched sailors are lifted up to the heavens, and are plunged into the abyss. Their soul sinks and dies within them in the conflict. Tossed to and fro, they stagger like drunken men. All their art is the sport and scorn of the ruthless tempest. But what do I see? The storm is changed into a gentle breeze, — the waves are mute, — the sea is a plain, — the navigators, assured and tranquil, ply their oars, and reach in safety the haven of their desires. And is not this, in like manner, a lively image of that beneficence which carries with it serenity and calm into the disturbed and afflicted soul? For alas! human bosoms are liable to fierce and terrible tempests. O beautiful and amiable virtue of beneficence! What other imparts so great satisfaction to our minds in its exercise? What so elevates and ennobles our being? See then, O ye rich, what a harvest of merits and of consolations is given you to gather! It is certain that without your intermediacy He could and would have provided for the wants of those who bear His august image stamped on their foreheads. But He has rather chosen to associate you in the merit of His munificence, and to veil His love in part from the eyes of your poorer brethren, by placing you as clouds in the midst, that you might pour down on them the dews and fertilizing rains which you have received." *

The discourse from which this extract is made was delivered on the anniversary of a pious foundation. The custom of appealing to the public beneficence through the medium of the pulpit on

* Barbieri, *Opere Scelte*, Milano, 1827, pp. 313, &c.

such occasions is gaining ground in Italy, and will probably be the means of improving the style of preaching, by leading the orator to forsake the low grounds of tradition, miracle-mongering, and scholastic common-places, for the elevated fields of Christian philanthropy and moral philosophy, the universal nature of man, and the unadulterated precepts of the Redeemer.

In conclusion, it is obvious to remark how powerful an instrument in the elevation of the national character the Italian pulpit is calculated to become, and how little it has hitherto effected. Amongst the natives of this interesting country, the majority feel an indifference to its success or failure, which there is too much in its past history to excuse. Hope beats high in the bosoms of the few.

[From "The Quarterly Review," No. 94.]

[We have for some time seen nothing of more interest in "The Quarterly Review" than the following article. No good account of Diderot, such as is furnished by it, has, as far as we recollect, previously appeared in our language. He was an individual conspicuous in his day, and one whose history must occupy a considerable space in that of French literature during a period when it waged an unprincipled and indiscriminate warfare with established opinions, with errors the most injurious, and with truths the most essential to human happiness. His character, though certainly not his works, may be worth our study. In the original article the extracts are given in French, so that many readers may be deterred from its perusal. We have laid it open to a great part of the public by furnishing a translation of them. EDD.]

ART. II. — *Mémoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inédits de DIDEROT*. Tomes 4. Paris. 1830, 1831.
Memoirs, Correspondence, and unpublished Works of DIDEROT.

THE voluminous correspondence, which passes under the name of Grimm, with the episodical volumes of the fair votaries, the Espinasses and D'Épinays, who encouraged with their smiles, and rewarded with unscrupulous prodigality the labors of the French philosophers in enlightening mankind, long ago introduced us to an intimate acquaintance with the social state of Paris during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The *noctes cœnæque*, — we must not add *Deum*; the ease, the pleasantry, the cleverness, the genuine wit, the conversational eloquence; the coarseness and indelicacy, the petty jealousy and intrigue; the cool heartlessness, (not, indeed, that kind and even generous feelings were altogether wanting, or that some of them would not have

made any sacrifice for a friend, except that of their own personal vanity; they would have spent their last livre one day for a companion, whose reputation they would have slain with an epigram, or with whose mistress they would have intrigued the next): — into all this, to say nothing of many circumstances utterly revolting to every well-regulated mind, we had been freely admitted; all the mysteries had been laid open before us with such truth, and life, and reality, that personal familiarity scarcely seemed wanting to complete our knowledge of the whole fraternity, from the patriarch of Ferney to the humblest contributor to the collective wisdom of the *Encyclopédie*.

However free and unrestrained the tone of society, however slight the disguise which individual character would wear in the small circle of intimate friends, who formed these separate coteries, in comparison with the stiff and artificial full-dress, which is so often put on in more general and formal intercourse with the world, we have now seen most of these remarkable men in a more complete state of nature still; we have more than once been admitted into yet closer intimacy with them than in their convivial meetings and most select *petits soupers*; we have found our way behind the scenes of this brilliant comedy, and become acquainted with the actors, when entirely careless of stage effect, with their minds and their manners in perfect dishabille, and not even condescending to wear the very thin mask, which is commonly assumed even among the most domesticated acquaintance, — among every-day familiars.

The result has not been altogether favorable to the authors of the new code of human virtue and happiness. Man is no more a philosopher than a hero to his *valet de chambre*. The Bourriennes and Madame Junots who have disclosed the privacy of the great despot of French literature during the last century, have been as little friendly to his fame, as they who performed the same treacherous office to the master of the imperial throne. Both have alike paid the penalty of greatness; their meannesses, their small jealousies, the coarse, and low, and vulgar parts of their characters have obtained equal notoriety with their better and nobler qualities. The hands which raised the veil and laid open the most intimate secrets of Voltaire's philosophic retirement in the country-seat of Madame du Châtelet, not merely displayed a connexion offensive to severer moralists, whose condemnation Voltaire himself would have treated with indifference; — they have lowered him in the estimation of less scrupulous persons, by the display of so many miserable acts of domestic baseness and tyranny, such as those who might have endeavoured, for a time at least, to forget the author of the *Pucelle*, and the

bitter foe of religion, in the poet of *Zaïre* and *Tancrède*, and in the defender of the family of *Calas*, could not but read with shame and sorrow. Whatever palliation for his irreligion might be suggested by the calmer survey of the state and opinions of his age, nothing can soften or excuse this total want of dignity of character, this inveterate selfishness, this condescension to the basest means of gratifying his spleen or feeding his insatiate vanity. The humane and charitable spirit of Christianity, which Voltaire professed to admire, was as entirely obliterated from his heart, as the belief in the doctrines, which he openly despised, from his understanding.

Even his own party shrunk aghast at the moral suicide committed by Rousseau in his "Confessions." Others had sacrificed on the altar of personal vanity (that universal household god to which each individual in the whole circle paid, either in public or more secretly, his unbounded homage), not merely all moral and religious, but even almost all the generous and lofty sentiments of our nature; as a last holocaust Jean Jacques boldly threw himself. This autobiography is the most painful book in the whole range of literature; the contrast between the cold, the serious, the labored obscenity of parts (for there were sentences in the earlier editions too gross even for the unfastidious eyes of his own age and country), and the glowing, the impassioned diction of others, — the base treachery and ingratitude by which the favors of his earliest benefactors are repaid, — and the *αἰσχρολογία* of women, which, whatever their weaknesses and vices, ought to have been sacred at least to him, all unblushingly laid open to the public gaze, — these abandon the man to universal disgust and detestation; while, at the same time, we have a disagreeable consciousness, that we are not yet disenchanted from the spell of his inimitable style. No other book generates in the same degree that painful mistrust of genius; that chilling sense of the insincerity, the falsehood of all the fire, and energy, and passion of language, to the contagion of which we have at once surrendered ourselves; the withering suspicion, that the noblest bursts of poetry come not from the heart of the poet; that all the vehemence, the moral indignation of the orator may be but factitious and mechanical. In Rousseau, there is not even that comic and playful turn, which, in the worst parts of Voltaire and in *Don Juan*, in some degree prepares us for the jar upon our high-wrought feelings; with them, the jest which breaks in upon us during an exquisite description or a burst of deep passion, is unwelcome and ill-timed, but still it is a jest; and, though grieved and revolted, we make some allowance for the temptation, and admit the plea of wayward-humor in the poet, and his uncontrollable disposition to see things in a

ludicrous light, as some, however poor and imperfect, extenuation. But in Rousseau all is alike serious, earnest, intense; that which is mean, and profligate, and obscene seems to come from the very depths of his heart as much as the most intense sentiment; or rather, the imagination has so completely brought itself to speak the language of the feelings, that even when our eyes are opened, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that all those eloquent dreams of unattainable virtue, those wild and distempered, but still eager yearnings after what is great and ennobling, are the mere creations of an ardent fancy, without any real kindred or communion with the moral being of the man.

The autobiography of Rousseau was a deed of deliberate self-murder; the Life of Diderot, which at present lies before us, we might almost describe as an act of unintentional parricide. We can scarcely believe that some parts of these volumes have seen the light under female auspices; that the daughter of Diderot is answerable for more than the "Mémoire," — either for the larger and more important correspondence with an unmarried mistress, at the perpetual indelicacy and grossness of which, it will be impossible for us to do more than to hint; or for one paper particularly, at the close of the work, which we should have hoped that even the least scrupulous part of the Parisian press would have hesitated to publish. We would not, indeed, bring too heavy a charge against Madame de Vandeuil, but we must confess that, in this yet imperfectly enlightened country, we could scarcely conceive a daughter exposing to the world even those questionable passages of his private life, which are contained in this lady's brief memoir of her father; his ingratitude and unkindness to her mother, his claim to the authorship of some of the most licentious books in the language; and all this with the most perfect *sang-froid*, apparently without the least suspicion that she is doing dishonor to the memory of him, for whom she appears to have entertained the warmest filial attachment. We regret this the more, because the Memoir, brief as it is, is written with singular ease and vivacity, and gives, especially when illustrated by the correspondence with Mademoiselle Voland, altogether a very curious picture of the progress of a literary adventurer, who, commencing with the lowest book-making drudgery, at length rose, to be if not the head, at least a distinguished member of the most influential literary society in Europe. As editor of the *Encyclopédie*, Diderot obtained a most powerful, however perniciously misused, authority over the mind of his age; and was courted, invited to the capital, and received on terms of familiar intimacy by the great female autocrat of Petersburg. A sketch of such a life will scarcely be unamusing or uninteresting, particularly if

contrasted with the same kind of literary career in England; as it may throw light on some of those circumstances, which caused the public mind, especially among men of letters, to diverge so far asunder at the great crisis which closed the last century.

Denis Diderot was born in the year 1713, at Langres, in Champagne. His father was an honest cutler, a branch of trade which had been followed by his family for two hundred years. He was a man of some ingenuity, having attracted notice by inventing a particular kind of lancet; and of strict integrity, and plain good sense, which showed itself in his conduct towards his wild and unmanageable son. Young Denis was intended for an ecclesiastic; an uncle in the church was to vacate a canonry in his favor. The boy, according to his biographer, gave early proofs of the sensibility of his disposition; at three years old he was carried to see an execution, he returned sick, and was attacked by a violent jaundice. At eight or nine years he commenced his clerical studies under the Jesuits of his native town; and at twelve received the tonsure; but of this part of his life he had related to his daughter but few anecdotes. Once, on account of a quarrel with a fellow-student, he was excluded from competition for the prizes at the public examinations. He could not endure the disgrace of staying at home with his parents; he went to the gate of the college, was refused admittance, rushed in with the crowd, and passed the porter, who struck at him with his halberd; took his place, and carried off all the prizes; returned with his crowns round his neck, and his arms loaded with books. His mother received him with open arms, and it was not till the next Sunday that it was discovered that he had received a serious wound from the porter's pike, which either, in his excitement, he had not felt, or, from pride of spirit, he had determined not to complain of. But young Denis loved "la chasse" better than his studies. The tutors remonstrated, and Denis determined to give up his learned pursuits. "You must be a cutler then," said his father. "With all my heart," replied the boy; but after some days' confinement, and after having spoiled some of his father's best pen-knives, he exclaimed, "I like what vexes better than what tires me," took up his books again, marched off to his college, and ever after followed his studies with the utmost perseverance. Nothing is more remarkable in the memoirs of those times than the vigilance with which the Jesuits seem to have watched all the seminaries of education, and endeavoured by every artifice, wherever promising talents and rising character were developed, to enroll the humble, but perhaps ambitious youth, in their own body. In the life of Marmontel, there is a curious account of their attempt to ensnare him, and they did not overlook the opportunity

of securing Diderot. They inflamed the imagination of the boy with their praises, encouraged the desire for freedom and for travel, and at last arranged his elopement with one of their body, to whom he had formed an attachment, in order to carry him off to Paris, and fix him, if possible, for life, as a member of their community. This deep-laid system, which, at an earlier period, was, no doubt, singularly effective in recruiting their ranks with talent and activity, now, probably, revolted the public mind against them; where they succeeded, it gave them perhaps a repentant, and, too often, a discreditable, associate; where they failed, excited a deep sense of contempt and hatred. All this manœuvring seems to have been conducted in the coldest spirit of worldly partisanship; there was no deep religious enthusiasm, as of old, by which they bound their proselytes, soul as well as body, to their service. And who knows how far the seeds of that implacable hatred to religion, as well as to its ministers, which, at an after period, possessed the whole soul of Diderot, may not have been implanted at this time, when his young mind could not but detect the dishonest and unprincipled artifice, through which a son was thus to be stolen away from a father, by men of religion in whom he had placed the most implicit confidence?

The worthy cutler detected the plot, but, instead of thwarting his son's inclinations, prevented only his clandestine proceeding; he himself carried the boy up to Paris, and entered him in the Collège d'Harcourt. The good old man remained for fifteen days at an inn in the capital, at the end of which he visited his son at his college, and inquired whether he was content with his situation;—"If you are not comfortable," (these were his parting words), "if you are not happy, we will return together to your mother. If you prefer remaining here, I come to give you my advice, my embraces, and my blessing." The lad chose to remain. The first scrape of young Diderot in his new situation was on account of his "giving" a copy of verses to a fellow-student "on the discourse that the serpent made to Eve, when he wished to deceive her;" a strange theme, observes Madame de Vandeul, for young collegians. At this college Diderot formed an intimacy with the future poet and cardinal, De Bernis; they used to have merry dinners at a neighbouring *traiteur's* at six sous a head.

His father, when he had gone through his course of studies, obtained him a lodging with a M. Clément, a procureur. After a certain time he was offered the choice of the professions then open, and was to decide whether he was to be *médecin*, *procureur*, or *avocat*. Young Denis, having been allowed time to consider, replied with great *naïveté*, that, as to being a physician, he had

no great desire to be the death of any man ; a procureur's was a very difficult office to fill with propriety ; he would willingly be an avocat, but he had an invincible repugnance against meddling with other people's affairs. " But," said M. Clément, " what will you be ? " " Faith, nothing : — nothing at all. I love study : I am very " happy, very well contented ; I want nothing more." His father, to starve him into doing something useful to society, and to get his living, or to return home, suppressed his pension ; Diderot left the house of M. Clément, and took a furnished lodging. The more tender-hearted mother could not maintain the well-intentioned, even if not altogether judicious, severity of the good old cutler ; and here is a touching instance of that warm attachment of domestics to the families in which they had passed their lives, which is among the amiable traits of the French character before the revolution, and which relieved even the terrors of that dreadful epoch with many incidents of almost romantic fidelity. A maid-servant three times walked sixty leagues to Paris and as many back, to carry to the young prodigal a few louis from his affectionate mother, to which she secretly added all her own trifling savings.

Diderot was now left his own master, and dependent on his own resources in the dissolute and crowded capital. In this state " he passed ten years, sometimes in good, sometimes in indifferent, not to say bad company, given up to toil, to suffering, to famine, to *ennui*, to want ; often intoxicated with gayety, often plunged in the most bitter reflections ; having no other resources but the sciences, which had brought upon him the anger of his father. He taught mathematics : if his pupil was lively, endowed with a profound understanding, and quick perception, he would continue his lesson the whole day ; if he found him a fool, he never returned to him. He was paid in books, in furniture, in linen, in money, or not at all, — it was all the same. *He wrote sermons ; a missionary gave him an order for six for the Portuguese colonies ; he paid him fifty crowns a-piece.* My father thought this business one of the best in which he had ever been engaged."

He was received, among other changes and chances of this period, into the house of a M. Randon, a financier, as tutor to his children, at a salary of fifteen hundred francs a year. At the end of three months he gave warning. M. Randon remonstrated, and offered him his own terms. " Look at me, sir," replied the " thoughtless and independent tutor ; " I am as yellow as an " orange ; I am making men of your children, and am becoming " a child myself ; I am a thousand times too rich and well off in " your house, but go I must ; I have no desire to live better, but " I had rather not die." He returned to his miserable lodging,

and his reckless and necessitous companions. "His chamber began to longed to the first who took possession; whoever wanted a bed threw down a mattress in a corner, and there established himself. He did much the same with them; he went to dine with one of his comrades; he had to write a little, he supped there, went to bed, and remained till he had finished what he was about." His father all this time wrote frequently to him, urging the simple alternative, "either take to some profession, or return home." He made no answer.

A new attempt was now made to secure a youth, so admirably qualified by his disposition and habits to become a valuable member of the clerical body. The Jesuits were not the only religious fraternity who were on the look out for recruits. A certain "Frère Ange," a barefooted Carmelite, was possessed with the ambition of raising the consideration of his order. His vows of poverty did not prevent him from turning his house into a bank, and, by lending money to young men in distress, he obtained such influence over their minds, as to induce them to fly from the deceitful world to the monastic life. Frère Ange was a native of Langres, and, on pretence of seeing his library, Diderot paid his townsman a visit. He dropped a few words, hinting at his weariness of the world, his desire of a calm and peaceful life. The Carmelite took the bait; interview followed interview. Diderot acted his repentance, his incipient piety, to the life. The friar offered his mediation with his father,—a retreat in his convent,—but Diderot could not in conscience leave the world till he had earned by hard labor twelve hundred francs. He had misled a hapless creature, who would have no other resource but vice! "it was painful enough for him not to be able to leave her without regret; he wished at least to be free from the pangs of remorse." The Carmelite knew the danger of delay; he feared that his prey might escape. He offered Denis the twelve hundred francs, expressing himself confident that his father would gladly repay the sum, and exhorted the promising neophyte instantly to break off his dishonorable connexion. Diderot departed with his fifty louis, and paid his real debts instead of his imaginary mistress. On pretence of paying these debts, he obtained eight or nine hundred francs more from the yet unsuspecting friar; but when he returned to the charge, and demanded a third sum to provide himself with books, linen, and furniture, because "being of a respectable family, he was unwilling to enter a religious order as a beggar," (by the way, it was a mendicant order,) the Carmelite offered to provide him with every thing necessary, but insisted on the immediate performance of his agreement. "Brother Ange," said Diderot to him, "will you not then give me any more money?" "Cer-

"tainly not." "Very well, I have no longer any wish to be a Carmelite; write to my father and make him pay you." The friar was in a terrible passion; he wrote to the father, who laughed at him for his folly, but paid the money. Such adventures, however, did not happen every day. Diderot suffered at times utter destitution; sometimes, in his bitter melancholy, he thought of abandoning his favorite studies, but a line of Homer, a problem to be resolved, or some thought of Newton's, restored the serenity of his mind. One day he was actually in a state of starvation; — the mistress of the house where he lodged relieved him with a piece of toasted bread steeped in wine; he then made a vow never to see a fellow creature in the same state of misery without succouring him, — "a vow," says his daughter, "which he frequently and most religiously observed."

Our adventurer, being now about twenty-eight, must needs improve his situation by marrying a wife as poor as himself. The romantic adventure which, in an evil hour for Madame Diderot, led to this union, formed, at a later period, the ground-work of his sentimental drama, the "Père de Famille." Mademoiselle Champion was the daughter of a ruined manufacturer, by a woman of family, whom he left a widow in very needy circumstances. The mother and daughter lived in the utmost seclusion in Paris, maintaining themselves in decent comfort by their needle. Diderot accidentally took a lodging in the same house; the difficulty of forming an acquaintance with these retired females inflamed his imagination. Not being very scrupulous of truth he represented himself as preparing for the ecclesiastical state; and, when he had succeeded in exciting some interest in the young lady, who possessed a very agreeable person, he made known his real circumstances. They removed their lodging; but *accidentally*, as Madame de Vandeul assures us, they soon found themselves again under the same roof. On Diderot's offer of his hand, the more prudent mother in vain opposed "the gilded tongue," which had quite overset the brains of her daughter, and Diderot at length returned in the character, but not much in the spirit, of the prodigal son, to his father's house. The good old cutler, who had hoped that he had come to lead a steady and respectable life, stood aghast at this new proof of thoughtlessness and folly; and on his return to Paris, his high-spirited mistress resolutely refused to enter into a family by which she would be disclaimed. They parted, and Diderot fell dangerously ill. Mademoiselle Champion heard of this, and sent a servant to make inquiry. She received for answer, that he was lying in a room like a dog-kennel; that he had not even a "bouillon," no one to take care of him, that he was wasting away, and in a state of total despondency.

The noble girl immediately made her determination, — she visited him, — promised to marry him, — the mother and daughter watched his sick-bed, — and, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, she fulfilled her engagement. And this was the woman whom Diderot, with the cant of virtue and humanity on his lips, Diderot who thought the morality of the New Testament not sufficiently pure and exalted for his enlightened mind, treated with such neglect and infidelity, that her temper was soured, her health broken; of whom her heartless husband does not scruple, when writing to his mistress, to speak with indifference approaching to contempt; to make the most indecent disclosure of her personal infirmities, and to hold her up as a subject of unfailing ridicule.

The conduct of this admirable woman after marriage was in the same spirit of self-devotion. The jealousy of Diderot made the mother and daughter give up the trade which occasionally brought them into intercourse with strangers. In the more necessitous situation to which they were thus reduced, Madame Diderot performed all but the most menial offices, — often, when her husband was dining abroad, she was making her solitary meal on dry bread, and derived the utmost pleasure from the thought that she was saving a few sous for him to pay his ordinary the next day. Coffee was too great a luxury for their humble establishment; but she regularly gave him six sous for his “tasse” at the “Café de la Régence,” where he enjoyed the luxury of *seeing people play at chess*.

The expenses of this lowly household were furnished by Diderot's literary labors, and it was at this period that, according to his daughter, he first suggested the plan of the *Encyclopédie*. So far from being, in its origin, an organized and deliberate confederacy of the whole philosophical school against the institutions and the religion of Europe, it seems, in truth, to have been the scheme of a single needy adventurer, fostered by the speculative turn of the Parisian booksellers. Much light had been already thrown on the secret history of the progress of this work; but in the present volumes we find new and very curious information respecting the perpetual strife between the editors and the proprietors of this great undertaking. The booksellers, who had no objections to as much “philosophy” as might serve to excite the public attention, and promote the sale of the work, began to be seriously frightened when there was a prospect of the whole impression being seized by the government, and they themselves were in danger (for the imprisonment of authors and booksellers did not in those days shake kings upon their thrones) of making acquaintance with the interior of the Bastile. Every now and then, therefore, they “took base counsel of their fears.” By the

help of the scissors of some less audacious literary drudge, they privately cancelled or softened off the more questionable matter; so that the editor, when the volume was at length sent forth, "big with the fate of monarchs and of priests," amid the applause of the initiate, and the terror and confusion of the bigoted, with indescribable, and, we must confess, most ludicrous dismay and indignation, discovered that it was shorn of half its terrors, and had been sobered down to a comparatively quiet and harmless publication. All this, however, was at a later period of the work, after Diderot had been joined by the more profound and scientific D'Alembert: for neither was this vast undertaking *started* as the result of the matured studies of men who had already obtained a great name in science, and with a ready stock of knowledge at command: Diderot "thought only of the supreme felicity of employing his talents upon a great and splendid work, and of acquainting himself with all the arts, by being obliged to *give an account of them*." His first contract with the booksellers was to receive twelve hundred francs a year, as editor.

Madame Diderot was far advanced in her second pregnancy, before the news of this clandestine and dubious connexion, for Diderot had passed as the brother of Mademoiselle Champion, reached the town of Langres. The father wrote severe and menacing letters. The way which Diderot adopted to put an end to the scandal, and to satisfy his worthy relatives, as to the blamelessness both of the manners and character of his wife, was curious enough. So soon as her confinement was over, he dispatched her with her child to his father's house, merely warning them by a brief letter, that she would arrive in three days. But though introduced in this strange and questionable fashion, the conduct of this excellent woman was so discreet; her manners so gentle, respectful, and even affectionate to the good old father; she accommodated herself with such ease to the quiet, regular, and industrious habits of the family; her prudence and her piety so won on all, that she became an angel of peace to a divided household. She remained three months, and returned to Paris with the blessings of all, and with more substantial marks of their kindness.

But to her own peace this expedition was fatal. During her absence her heartless and unprincipled husband made a connexion with a profligate woman, a Madame de Puisieux. His love for his own wife, — for the woman who had made such sacrifices to her passionate devotion, — to whom he had been united, not as an affair of family arrangement, not, as is so often pleaded in extenuation of conjugal infidelity in the southern countries, without previous acquaintance, or mutual affection, but, as we have seen, after a long and romantic attachment, — his love to Madame

Diderot had lasted two or three years, — he remained for ten the faithful slave of Madame de Puisieux ! To maintain her extravagance, he degraded himself still further ; he became the rival of the younger Crébillon, in purveying the most licentious novels for the Parisian press, and only broke his bondage, on discovering that the lady's affections were transferred, while he was in "durance vile," on account of his zeal for enlightening mankind, to an equally worthless and more youthful rival. Madame Diderot, in the meantime, had lost her own aged parent : in the touching language of her daughter, who still seems scarcely aware how black a stain she is branding upon the reputation of her father, by every word which heightens the exemplary virtue of her mother, —

"My mother lost her only companion ; my grandmother died, and she remained without society. The estrangement of her husband made her sorrow for this loss more poignant ; her disposition became melancholy, her temper less sweet. She continued to fulfill her duties as a mother and a wife with a spirit and perseverance of which few women would have been capable. Had she felt less affection for my father, her life would have been happier ; but nothing could for a moment weaken its strength ; and *since his death, she regrets the sufferings which he caused her, as another might regret the happiness she had enjoyed.*"

The editor of the *Encyclopédie* soon became a marked and important personage ; but, according to Madame de Vandeul, he might have gone on unmolested, alarming the clergy with the "hardiesse" of the metaphysical and philosophic principles of that work, and defending the theses of liberal abbés, which happened to deny the existence of God ; but unfortunately, in an article relating to a successful operation performed on a child born blind, which for the benefit of science seems to have been *twice* repeated, he hazarded some reflections on the "beaux yeux" of a certain Mademoiselle Dupré de St. Maur, who was in the good graces ("paraissait aimable") of the minister M. D'Argenson. The virtuous and religious indignation of the minister took fire ; his eyes were opened to the dangerous character of Diderot ; an order was issued for his imprisonment at Vincennes. Diderot obtained permission to go and acquaint his wife with his misfortune, — she was dressing and playing with her boy. His heart failed him ; he made an excuse for his absence, and the first information which his wife received of his arrest was by accidentally looking out into the street, where she saw him in the custody of the police, vainly attempting, from the window of a *fiacre*, to catch a proof-sheet from the hand of a printer's imp, whom the officers, not then under the salutary awe of every thing connected with the press, knocked aside without the least ceremony. A domiciliary visit

followed, the main object of which was to seize a certain tale, called the "Pigeon Blanc," which had been read to some of his friends by Diderot, and not only might injure the morals of the nation, but, more inexpressible offence! was supposed to contain covert allusions to the King and Madame de Pompadour. Poor Madame Diderot, who, probably, was not much in the secret of her husband's literary darings, protested her ignorance, and that they would find neither white pigeons nor black pigeons; as for his writings, she added, "He values honor a thousand times more than life, and his works must breathe forth the virtues which he practises." Alas! in this "magnanima menzogna," the fond wife little suspected the bitterness of her own unintentional sarcasm. His imprisonment was, however, neither very severe, nor very long, and it had the advantage of delivering him from Madame de Puisieux, in how amusing a manner we cannot pause to detail.

From that time Diderot was left to work undisturbed at the *Encyclopédie*, but it was a life, if of fame and distinction, of no slight disquietude and difficulty. The perpetual conflict with the fears of Le Breton the publisher; the abandonment of D'Alembert, who, sensible no doubt of his own superiority, struck for higher terms, and apparently the editor's own want of method and regularity, perpetually endangered the continuation of the undertaking. He attempted to write for the stage, but the nation was not yet so far disenchanted from the beautiful verses of Racine and Voltaire, nor so far gone in morbid sentimentality, as to relish his sickly imitation of Lillo and the English domestic tragedy, without their real homely simplicity. His "Père de Famille" barely languished in 1758 for a few nights;—ten years after, partly from its being better acted, but still more, we conceive, from the rapid degeneracy of the public taste, which was beginning to take delight in that kind of false excitement, the same piece met with almost unexampled success.

Diderot had been unfortunate in his family,—he had successively lost three children. After the afflicting death of the last, which fell from the nurse's arms on the steps of the church where it was carried to be baptized, and was killed on the spot, Madame Diderot, whose devotion took perhaps a stronger turn from the circumstances of this accident, vowed to dedicate to the Virgin and St. Francis the first child which she should bring into the world. How far Madame de Vandeul, whose existence her mother always attributed to this vow, ratified her mother's pious designs, may be conjectured; but it is strange enough to hear of a daughter of Diderot's consecrated to the Virgin.

Madame Diderot retired to Langres on the occasion of the last

illness of the good old cutler; and during the three months she remained in Champagne, her husband formed a new connexion with a Mademoiselle Voland, the daughter of a financier, to whom he continued attached during the rest of his life. The greater part of these volumes consists of his letters to this unmarried lady, with whom, whenever they were at a distance from each other, he kept up a regular correspondence. This part of the work, in some points, reminds us of the Journal to Stella, though we are far from comparing Mademoiselle Voland with that unfortunate victim of the caprice or vanity of Swift. Before, however, we enter on this correspondence, we must find room for one or two characteristic anecdotes from the Memoir, of certain persons with whom Diderot formed an acquaintance during his literary career.

To him it seems, every needy adventurer, every literary charlatan flocked either in hopes of employment, or, at all events, from the well-known generosity of his nature, of relief. One day a young man left a manuscript for his inspection and advice; on opening it, Diderot found a furious satire on himself and his works. On the youth's next visit, Diderot quietly remonstrated with him for making him read a satire for the first time in his life. "I want 'bread,'" said the young man, "and thought you would give me 'a few crowns to suppress it.'" Diderot answered, that he might do much better; "the brother of the Duke of Orleans is 'dévot,' and hates me; dedicate your satire to him; have it handsomely bound, and stamped with his arms, and some morning wait upon 'him with it.'" "But the dedicatory epistle?" objected the author, — "Don't distress yourself about that, — sit down." Diderot penned off-hand a suitably pious dedication, and dismissed the poor author, who got twenty-five louis from the anti-philosophic prince. He then returned to thank Diderot, who quietly advised him to take to some less dishonorable calling. Another story relates to a certain M. Rivière, who was young, handsome, eloquent, and played the fashionable sensibility to perfection. He also came to Diderot in his distress, and told him that he had a brother, a rich ecclesiastic, to whom unfortunately he had given inexpressible offence, by preventing his being made a bishop. "A bishop! and how so?" The Abbé had preached a splendid *Carême* to the universal admiration; but his profligate brother had not only turned the rising churchman's talents into ridicule, but had given out that he had himself written the sermons. Diderot was persuaded to intercede with the Abbé. The commencement of their interview was most unpromising. At the name of his brother the ecclesiastic betrayed great emotion, his eyes kindled, and he asked Diderot if he was acquainted with his protégé's real character. He then began to detail a catalogue of villainies so

black and horrible, that our philosopher was at first utterly confounded, and began to look for his hat and cane, as if meditating a precipitate retreat. The Abbé, however, was rather prolix in his history, and Diderot, having had time to recover himself, at the close of his harangue, coolly replied, "I am aware of all this, but you have not yet named the most dreadful atrocity." "Good heavens, what can you know worse?" "You have not mentioned the day when you found him at your door with a poniard in his hand, ready to plunge it in your heart." "I have not mentioned that, sir, for it is not true." Diderot arose, approached him, took his arm, and said, "And if it were true, you ought not to allow a brother to starve." The ecclesiastic in his turn was confounded, and, after some hesitation, promised to make his brother an allowance. Diderot returned home, and having reproached M. Rivière with his detestable villany, and given him some good advice, communicated the Abbé's bounty. Rivière was all gratitude, talked for a quarter of an hour on indifferent subjects, and then took leave.

"When they reached the staircase, Rivière stopped and said to my father, 'M. Diderot, are you acquainted with natural history?' 'But slightly; I know an aloe from a lettuce, and a pigeon from a humming-bird.' 'Do you know the history of the *formica leo* [ant-lion]?' 'No.' 'It is a small insect, very industrious; he hollows a place in the ground in the shape of a tunnel; he covers the surface with fine light sand; he draws heedless insects into it; seizes them; sucks their blood; and then he says to them, M. Diderot, I have the honor to wish you good morning.' My father laughed excessively at this adventure."

He met Rivière afterwards in a *café*; Rivière would have claimed his acquaintance, but Diderot indignantly repulsed him.

"'Away! you are so wicked and corrupt a man, that if you had a rich father, I should not think him safe in the same room with you.' 'Alas! unfortunately I have no rich father.' 'You are an abominable man.' 'Ah, philosopher, you take things too tragically.'"

The moral, however, of this adventure does not seem to have occurred to M. Diderot. It did not strike him that, while he was laboring to rid mankind of certain old-fashioned checks upon human wickedness, the being of a God, the dread of future retribution, the immortality of the soul, to say nothing of some female virtues entirely exploded in his Epicurean school, Rivière was only going a few steps further, and throwing honor, and honesty, and natural affection into the general heap of antiquated prejudices, unworthy of an enlightened age.

Throughout the correspondence with Mademoiselle Voland, nothing is more remarkable than Diderot's complacent assumption of moral superiority. To us, who are still of opinion that domestic morals constitute some part of virtue and happiness; that in the husband of a wife, still, notwithstanding all neglect and infidelity on his part, fondly attached to him, and in the father of a young daughter; in a man arrived at the age of forty-six, when the "heyday of youth is over," a *liaison* of the closest nature with an unmarried female may somewhat detract from the character even of a philosopher, — to us there is something which would be irresistibly diverting, if it were not painful, in the contrast between the dignity of conscious virtue, mingling up at one moment with expressions of passion, it must be acknowledged, of the most glowing and fervid eloquence, but, for all that, not a whit the less immoral, — the next with the most scandalous indecency. The following appears to us the perfection of philosophic Tartuffism.

"How much I shall dread vice when I shall have only my Sophia as my judge. I have placed in her heart an image which I wish never to destroy. What sorrow for her, if I were to commit an action which would debase me in her eyes. Is it not true that you would desire to see me dead rather than wicked. Love me then always, so that I may always dread vice. Continue to support me in the path of virtue.* How delightful to open one's arms to clasp in them a virtuous man."

The mother of Mademoiselle Voland was not altogether pleased with this intrigue, which was not exactly according to the rules even of Parisian "bienséance." But, adds Diderot, in a tone of the most amiable and *Christian* meekness, "Why should they persist in troubling two beings whose *happiness heaven takes pleasure in beholding*? They do not know all the evil that they do; *we must forgive them*." Mademoiselle Voland herself was not unworthy of initiation in the greater mysteries of the

* The *naïveté* with which Madame Vandeul asserts the morality of her father is so exquisitely ludicrous, that the severest virtue cannot but be betrayed into a smile. — "My father's morals were always correct; never, during his life, did he attach himself to actresses or courtesans." (Some confidential passages to Mademoiselle Voland do not quite agree with this.) "He was, at one time, enamoured of La Lionnaise, an opera-dancer; one of his friends lived opposite to this girl; he saw her through a window while she was dressing; she put on her stockings, took chalk, and rubbed it over the spots on them. My father said, as he related this to me, 'As each spot disappeared my passion diminished, and by the time her toilet was completed my heart was as free from blemish as her stockings.'" What would Swift have given for this specimen of paternal communicativeness!

new faith. She was apparently little embarrassed either by feminine timidity or feminine delicacy ; according to Diderot's expression, she was "very decided and very clear upon the great "prejudice;" and speaking of her friend the Baron d'Holbach, whom *he* compares to a satyr, he adds, "he would neither have "offended nor embarrassed my Sophia, for my Sophia is either "man or woman as she pleases." From this perfect accordance and congeniality of character between Diderot and his fair correspondent arises the interest, as well as the detestable grossness of the book, — its truth and completeness as a picture of manners, — its loathsome repulsiveness to the moral feeling. It is the whole mind of the author poured forth without restraint, without disguise, — "naked but not ashamed."

The earliest letters are from Langres, whither Diderot repaired upon his father's death, to wind up the family affairs, and to make a final division of the property with his brother and sister. The sister was warmly attached to Diderot, the only person she ever loved, — gay, active, careless, free in her actions, still more free in her conversation, a kind of female Diogenes. His brother, an abbé, is described as a man of talent, but rendered scrupulous and pusillanimous by his religion. "He is constraining and constrained : — a sort of Christian Heraclitus, always ready to weep "over the folly of his fellow creatures." Diderot had, at one time of his life, as the condition of reconciliation with his brother, promised to write no more against religion. The Abbé insisted on a public declaration to this effect, and a disavowal of his former opinions. To this Diderot would not consent, nor could he have done so without a flagrant effort of mendacity. Thus the Abbé gave up the good which he might have done, by attempting to make his brother add hypocrisy to his other faults. Such, we fear, was too often the case in France ; where men like Diderot came in contact with Christianity, it was harsh, monastic, inflexible, with little of the wisdom and winning gentleness of its Divine Author.

The greater number of the earlier letters are from Grandval, a country-seat of the Baron d'Holbach, where the cleverest and most *enlightened* of the whole philosophic circle met in select conclave ; there they ate and drank, and wandered in the woods, and enjoyed the natural beauties of the place, and played at piquet, and talked wit, and blasphemy, and anecdote, and indecency ; and discussed the virtues of the Chinese, and the vices of the clergy ; and the philosophy of the Mahometans under the caliphate, and the last new tragedy at Paris ; and the constitution and manners of the English, and the rapid progress of deism in that country, with its unaccountable obstinacy in rejecting the

still more liberal tenets of atheism ;* and the amorous adventures of themselves and their friends, the ever-shifting turns and vicissitudes of Parisian intrigue. The presence of the females caused no restraint, for old Madame Aine, the mother-in-law of the Baron, fairly beat the whole party in the utter shamelessness of her conversation ; and all this is conveyed by the graphic pen of Diderot to his absent mistress, apparently with the most scrupulous fidelity,—not a jest, not a *polissonerie* escapes ; it is all poured, unfiltered, into the male ear of Mademoiselle Voland, while into the female are distilled, at the same time, the most glowing expressions of admiration, at the purity, the decency, and the delicacy of her thoughts and manners.

We presume that Mademoiselle Voland was to consider herself the original of the following picture, by which Diderot justified the superiority of his taste over that of a dissolute youth.

“A young libertine walks in the Palais-Royal ; he sees a girl with a little turned-up nose, smiling lips, a bright eye, and a firm step, and he exclaims : ‘How charming she is!’ As for me, I turn my back in contempt, and fix my eyes upon a countenance in which I read innocence, candor, ingenuousness, nobleness, dignity, modesty ; think you it can be very difficult to decide which is wrong, the young man or I ? His taste amounts to this : *I love vice* ; and mine to this : *I LOVE VIRTUE*.”

As, however, the English public is apt to be more fastidious on these points than philosophical Parisian females, we shall endeavour to glean such few anecdotes, illustrative of the characters, and opinions, and literary history of the times, as may be extracted with due respect to the decency and propriety of English manners. Besides the Baron himself, the author of the most flagrantly infamous works against religion and morals which issued from the fraternity, and who passed with them for a miracle of erudition, the ordinary *habitués* of Grandval, were Diderot, — his friend the gay and brilliant Grimm, — the Abbé Galiani, inclined to prose about that subject, fatal to mirth and wit, — political economy ; a certain M. le Roy, a profligate, of almost too audacious libertinism even for this unscrupulous circle ; a remarkable personage, who passes by the *soubriquet* of “le Père Hoop” (no doubt Hope), a Scotch

* “An Englishman undertook to publish a work against the immortality of the soul : a severe answer was made to him in the public prints ! ‘We , highway-robbers, assassins, revenue-officers, ministers, and sovereigns, present our most humble thanks to the author of the treatise against the immortality of the soul, for having informed us, that if we are cunning enough to escape punishment in this world, we have none to fear in another.’ And this strangely enough concludes a discussion on the old text, “*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*.”

gentleman, part of whose family, on account of pecuniary losses and embarrassments, had settled in Spain, and who had been a great traveller. But almost all the other distinguished names of the period are introduced, or incidentally mentioned, and anecdotes perpetually occur of their works or characters, colored of course either by the deliberate opinion, or by the momentary humor of Diderot. Of Voltaire we have the following curious sketch :

"This incomprehensible man has written a piece which he calls a *Eulogy on Crebillon*. You will see what a pleasant eulogy it is; it is truth; but truth offends us from the mouth of envy. I cannot pardon such meanness as this in so great a man. He bears a grudge against all who are raised above the rest of men. He is laboring upon an edition of Corneille. I will engage that the notes with which it will be crammed will be so many little satires. He may do what he pleases, and degrade whom he pleases; I see a dozen men in the nation, who, without standing on tip-toe, will always be a head above him. *This man is only second in all kinds of writing.*"

The most interesting of Voltaire's tragedies, the "*Tancrède*," was now at the height of its success. We have this witticism in his most pointed style :

"Madame d'Épinay receives charming letters from M. de Voltaire. In one of the last, he says that the devil assisted at the first representation of *Tancrède*, under the figure of Fréron, and that he was recognised by a tear which fell from one of the boxes upon the end of his nose, and which *hissed* as if it fell upon hot iron."*

Of Rousseau we have no great deal; in fact Grimm and Rousseau had quarrelled about Madame d'Épinay, according to a note by the editor of this work :

"Rousseau, always in a state of suffering, had refused to accompany Madame d'Épinay to Geneva, where she was going to be brought to bed, privately. Grimm, who was the cause of this accident, conceived an implacable hatred against Jean Jacques, and inspired the good Diderot with it also, who, soon fancying that he had equal reason to complain of Rousseau, indulged himself in a thousand acts of injustice towards him, which his excitement explains, and, to a certain degree, excuses. Thus, he afterwards drew a frightful picture of him in his *Life of Seneca*. Rousseau,

* The Ettrick Shepherd, by the way, in one of his wild but highly entertaining pieces of *diablerie*, has a fancy of the same sort. The Prince of the Infernals is introduced as dining in disguise in a Scotch castle,—he calls for a glass of small-beer, and is betrayed by the hissing of the generous fluid as it descends his throat. To the *humor* of this Voltaire's satirical application adds *wit*.

on the other hand, spoke of Diderot as of an old friend whom he esteemed, and whose credulity and blindness he deplored."

If this was the real cause of hostility, poor Jean Jacques was assuredly more "sinned against than sinning"; and as we do not hear that Diderot had requested Rousseau to escort Mademoiselle Voland, on the occasion of any similar *accident*, it was not quite fair to mix himself up with Grimm's quarrel. But probably there were other causes of this fierce "odium philosophicum." The jealous and sensitive temper of Rousseau never could have endured the *persiflage* of Grimm; how deeply his vanity resented a jest at his expense is shown by his fury at Horace Walpole's wicked pleasantry; and Grimm could no more refrain from a jest, than Rousseau could bear one. Besides all this, with the ultra-liberal school, Rousseau's occasional tributes to the beauty and the moral sublimity of the Gospel were inexpiable offences. This lingering attachment to Christianity was *Platonic* enough, and, like the rest of his better and nobler feelings, purely imaginative: still he would sometimes cast, what Byron has called

"his heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, kindling as they past,"

over the inimitable morals of the Christian faith and the character of its Divine Author; and these repeated acts of apostacy could not but draw down upon him the sentence of excommunication from the philosophic divan. Diderot thus expresses their contempt for this deplorable weakness. "I see Rousseau creeping "all round a Capuchin convent, where he will steal in one of "these days. There is no consistency in his ideas; he is always "in extremes, bandied about from atheism to the baptism of bells. "Who knows where he will stop?"

But Jean Jacques was not the only example of inconsistency among these profound and unprejudiced thinkers. What will our readers say to Helvetius, so severe a game-preserved, as to live with the windows of his *château* barricaded, and in fear of his life from the peasants, whom he had prevented from poaching, and whose cabins, built on his manor, he had destroyed? Yet, perhaps, we are wrong in accusing him of inconsistency, for the village tyrant was but exemplifying the truth of that great principle, the inherent and universal selfishness of man, which he had developed with so much pains in his work "*De l'Esprit*," — his *magnum opus*, which, according to the wicked wits of the day, only wanted that which its title promised.

"Madame de Nocé is a neighbour of Helvetius. . . . She tells us that the philosopher is the most miserable man in the world, when at his country-seat. He is there surrounded with

neighbours and peasants who hate him. They break the windows of his château; destroy his property during the night; cut down his trees, demolish his walls, and tear down his escutcheons. He dares not shoot a rabbit without an escort to protect him. What is the cause of all this? you will ask. I answer, an extravagant jealousy in preserving his game. M. Fagon, his predecessor, had two men and two muskets to guard his estate. Helvetius has twenty-four, who are insufficient for the purpose. These men have a small compensation for the arrest of every poacher, and there is no kind of vexation which they do not practise in order to increase it. They are, besides, so many salaried poachers themselves. The skirts of his forests were inhabited by wretched people living in small cottages; he has had them all destroyed. His repeated acts of tyranny have raised against him enemies of every kind, and, as Madame de Nocé said, enemies the more insolent, as they have discovered that the good philosopher is a coward. I should not desire his fine estate of Voré on condition of living in such perpetual terror."

We cannot refrain from extracting, though at some length, a very amusing anecdote of a writer, whom no one will confound with the school of Diderot, the President Montesquieu. The anecdote is new to us, and probably to our readers:

"Here is the second anecdote that I promised you. President Montesquieu and Lord Chesterfield met, while they were both making the tour of Italy. They were just the men to unite readily; so that an intimacy between them was soon formed. They were always disputing about the superiority of the two nations. His Lordship granted that the French had more wit (*d'esprit*) than the English, but denied that they had common sense. The President admitted the fact, but then there was no comparison to be made between wit and good sense. The dispute had lasted several days, when they arrived at Venice. There the President was much abroad, went every where, saw every thing, inquired, talked, and, in the evening, recorded the observations which he had made. He had returned to his lodgings, and had been engaged in his usual occupation for an hour or two, when a stranger was announced. It was a Frenchman, rather shabbily dressed, who said to him: 'Sir, I am your countryman. I have lived here twenty years; but I have always retained an affection for the French, and I have sometimes thought myself too happy in having an opportunity of serving them, as I now have of serving you. A person may do any thing in this country, except meddle in state affairs. One rash word respecting the government costs a man his life, and you have already spoken more than a thousand. The state inquisitors have watchful eyes upon your conduct; spies are placed upon you; your steps are followed; they take note of all your plans: no doubt is entertained that you are engaged in writing. I know, for a certainty, that you will receive a domiciliary visit,

perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow. Consider, sir, if it be true that you have been writing, and reflect that an innocent line, wrongly interpreted, may cost you your life. This is all I have to say to you. I have the honor to take my leave. Should you meet me in the streets, the only recompense I ask of you, for a service which I regard as somewhat important, is, not to appear to recognise me; and should it happen that I have been too late to save you, and you should be taken, not to inform against me.' Having thus spoken, the man disappeared, and left the President in the greatest consternation. His first proceeding was to go directly to his desk, take his papers, and throw them into the fire. This was scarcely done, when Lord Chesterfield came in. It was not difficult for him to perceive the terrible discomposure of his friend; he inquired what had happened to him. The President gave him an account of the visit which he had received, of the burning of the papers, and of the order which he had given to have his post-chaise ready at three o'clock in the morning; for his intention was to quit, as soon as possible, a place where a moment's delay might prove so fatal to him. Chesterfield heard him quietly, and then said to him: 'This is all very well, my dear President; but let us consider a moment, and examine your adventure with calmness.' — 'You are jesting,' said the President to him. 'How can I possibly be calm when my life depends upon a single thread?' — 'But who is this man, who so generously exposes himself to the greatest danger in order to save you? This is unnatural. Frenchman though he be, love of country does not lead men to engage in such dangerous proceedings, particularly in favor of a stranger. This man is not a friend of yours?' — 'No!' — 'He was poorly dressed?' — 'Yes, miserably.' — 'Did he ask you for money, for a single crown as the price of his information?' — 'No, he asked for nothing.' — 'That is still more extraordinary. But how is he informed of all that he has been telling you?' — 'Upon my word, I do not know . . . From the Inquisitors themselves.' — 'That council is the most secret in the world, and, in any case, this is not the sort of man to have access to it.' — 'But perhaps he is one of the spies in their employment.' — 'I cannot think so. Would a foreigner be employed as a spy, and would this spy be dressed as a beggar, while engaged in a trade vile enough to be well paid, and would this spy betray his masters for you, at the risk of being strangled, should you be taken and inform against him, or should you escape, and he be suspected of having given you notice! This is all nonsense, my friend.' — 'But who then can it be?' — 'I am trying to think, but in vain.'

"When they had both exhausted all possible conjectures, and the President persisted in his intention of setting out immediately, to ensure his safety, Chesterfield, after having walked about the room for a short time, rubbing his forehead like a man engaged in deep thought, suddenly stopped, and said: 'President, stay, my friend, an idea strikes me. Suppose . . . now . . . perhaps . . . this

man . . . ' — ' Well ! this man ? ' — ' If this man . . . yes, it is very possible, it may be so, I have no doubt of it. ' — ' But who is this man ? If you know him, make haste and tell me. ' — ' If I know him ! Oh, yes ! I think I know him now. . . If this man should have been sent to you by . . . ' — ' Spare me, if you please ! ' — ' By a certain man who is sometimes mischievous, by a certain *Lord Chesterfield*, who may have wished to prove to you by experience that one ounce of common sense is worth more than a hundred pounds of wit, for with common sense . . . ' — ' Ah ! rascal,' cried the President, ' what a trick you have played me ! And my manuscripts ! my manuscripts which I have burned ! '

"The President could never forgive his Lordship this piece of pleasantry. He ordered his chaise to be kept ready, got into it, and went off the same night, without bidding his companion adieu. Had I been in his place, I should have thrown myself upon his neck, embraced him a hundred times, and said to him : ' Ah, my friend, you have proved to me that there are men of wit in England, and perhaps I may some time find an opportunity of proving to you that there are men of common sense in France. ' I tell you this story in haste : add to my recital all the graces which it needs, and then, when you relate it to others, it will be charming."

The Baron (d'Holbach) pays a visit to England. Before, however, we inform our readers of his discoveries in those then unknown and barbarous regions, we must divert them with the utter amazement of Diderot at the account of our parliamentary proceedings, which he receives from his friend the "Père Hoop:"

"I have asked him a hundred questions about the parliament of England. It is a body composed of about five hundred persons. The place in which its sittings are held is a *vast* (!) building. Six or seven years ago every one was free to enter, and the most important affairs of state were discussed under the very eyes of the nation assembled and seated in *large galleries* (!) raised above the heads of the representatives. Do you think, my friend, that a man would dare, in the face of a whole people, to propose an injurious measure, or to oppose an advantageous one, and thus publicly to proclaim his wickedness or stupidity ? You will undoubtedly ask me why the deliberations are now carried on with closed doors. It is, as Father Hoop told me (for I put the same question to him), because there are many measures, the success of which depends on secrecy, and it was impossible to preserve it. We have, said he, men who practise an abridged mode of writing, and whose pen outstrips the most voluble tongue. The speeches in our chambers appeared here, in a foreign country, word for word, as delivered. *This was found very inconvenient.*"

The Baron returned from England, where he had met with a most agreeable reception, and had enjoyed excellent health, alto-

gether disappointed. He makes the usual complaints of our fogs and our want of taste, our barbarous and gothic buildings, and our gardens, where "the affectation of imitating nature is worse than the monotonous symmetry of art"; of our amusements, which have the air of religious ceremonies, of the pride of the higher orders, and the insolence of the lower; in short, of the total want of gayety, sociability, and friendliness. Our singular propensity to suicide could not escape the notice of so accurate an observer of national manners, and, to confess the truth, his information on that head was so fearfully confirmed by an incident which came within his knowledge, that we must not be surprised at some exaggeration. He had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of highly polished manners, gentleness of character, wealth, and attainments, to whom he was writing a letter of thanks for his obliging attentions, when he received the intelligence that the unfortunate man had blown out his brains. Still we must confess our ignorance, that before the magic hand of Mr. Nash, as tasteful in laying out grounds as he is barbarous in architecture, had broken into life and beauty the straight sluggish Dutch canal in St. James's park, a particular pool in those suicidal waters had been set apart where ladies had the "exclusive privilege" of drowning themselves. We omit, as less interesting from the total change of our social state, the political observations of the Baron, though by no means wanting in acuteness, nor, we fear, in those days, altogether without truth. He was struck with the immense incomes of the aristocracy, and of the great commercial men; and, what to a Frenchman, at that time, seemed extraordinary, their equal contribution to the public burthens; with the power of the crown, which, he says, exercised by means of corruption as complete a despotism as other courts by their acknowledged arbitrary authority; with the universities where rich *fainéans* slept and got drunk half the day, and employed the other half in educating "quelques maussades apprentis ministres." Our universities have long shaken off whatever traits of likeness they might once have had to this broad caricature, and under the "Saturnia regna" of William IV., the last reminiscences of the good old Walpolean days,

"When secret gold sapped on from knave to knave,"

are, or are to be, so entirely obliterated as to become matters of by-gone and forgotten history. But we cannot resist the temptation of the following description of an English garden, and of Ranelagh, the delight of our mothers; of Westminster Abbey, then, according to the Baron, as crowded a promenade as the *Cimetière du Père de la Chaise* in the present day, and where

we cannot help wondering how the "Spectator," not many years before, could find an opportunity for his sublime and solitary meditations; nor are we displeased that our extract should end with a characteristic enough glimpse of Garrick:

"Whether from the effect of climate, or from the use of beer and strong liquors, of gross food, of continual fogs, or of the smoke of mineral coal which constantly envelopes them, this is a gloomy and melancholy people. Their gardens are intersected with winding and narrow alleys; you often see the owner stealing away among them and wishing to be alone. Here you behold a gothic temple; there a grotto, a Chinese cottage, ruins, obelisks, caverns, tombs. One rich individual has planted a large space with cypresses: he has disposed among the trees busts of philosophers, sepulchral urns, antique marbles, upon which you read, *Diis Manibus*: 'To the Manes.' What the Baron calls a Roman cemetery, this individual styles Elysium. But what may give a complete idea of the national melancholy, is their deportment in those immense and sumptuous edifices which they have erected to pleasure. You might hear a mouse trot in them. A hundred upright and silent women walk round an orchestra made in the centre, and in which the most delicious music is performing. The Baron compares these circuits to the seven processions of the Egyptians round the mausoleum of Osiris. They have public gardens which are little frequented: but to make amends for this, the people are not more crowded in the streets than at Westminster, a celebrated abbey adorned with the monuments of all the illustrious personages of the nation. It was finely said by my friend Garrick, that London is good for the English, but Paris is good for every body. When the Baron paid a visit to this celebrated actor, the latter conducted him by a subterranean passage to the extremity of an island washed by the Thames. There he found a dome raised upon pillars of black marble, and, under this dome, in white marble, a statue of Shakspeare. 'There,' said he to the Baron, 'is the tribute of gratitude which I owe to the man from whom I derive my eminence, my wealth, and my talents.'"

One person, however, joined Diderot's society in Paris, who formed a brilliant exception to the general torpidity of the English, and redeemed the character of the nation for spirit and liveliness,—no less than the celebrated John Wilkes. A strange adventure with a Neapolitan Circe, related at length in these volumes, on the authority of a letter from the Abbé Galiani to Grimm, introduced the future yet untried patriot, and yet unbought chamberlain of London, with the greatest possible *éclat* to the philosophic brotherhood. His unrivalled wit and careless profligacy confirmed the favorable impression, and he took rank accordingly in the Parisian circle.

We must now, however, return to the life of Diderot, and explain the manner in which he provided for the expenses of this gay and easy career. He had given up his little patrimonial income to his wife, and provided, by his fertile pen, for his own personal expenditure. He was fond of gaming, played very ill, and always lost. His coach-hire was no trifling item in his accounts; he perpetually hired *fiacres*, left them at the door of some agreeable friend, where the day glided away unperceived, and the driver consoled himself for the trial of his patience by the proportionate amount of his fare. His female friends were not always purely disinterested, nor were their smiles altogether unbought. He collected a very considerable library, of which we shall hereafter hear more, and spared no cost in the purchase of prints. On the other hand, the fertility of his pen was inexhaustible, nor did it stand on its dignity, or confine itself to the sacred duty of enlightening mankind by philosophy. "Besides *sermons*," he wrote advertisements for pomade to make the hair grow; he wrote for public bodies, for magistrates, for all who could or would pay. He wrote speeches for advocates-general, addresses to the king, remonstrances for the parliament, which "were paid, he said, three times more than they were worth."

His library he at length brought to a profitable market; it was sold, in 1765, to the Empress of Russia. The manner in which the clever, ambitious, and profligate Catherine coquetted, if the unimperial term may be ventured, with the Parisian philosophers, is one of the characteristic indications of the almost universal influence which French manners and French literature had obtained over the continent of Europe. It seemed to be the deliberate policy of Frederick the Great, and of Catherine, to make Berlin and Petersburg each a mimic Paris; and the literature of each country, if in those days we may speak of Russian literature, had no higher ambition than to reflect the opinions and to speak the language of France. How far this denationalizing policy of these two great sovereigns contributed, at the crisis of the revolution, to the progress of French influence and French arms, might, in its proper place, be a curious object of inquiry. How totally did Frederick (it may hereafter appear that Catherine did likewise) miscalculate the strength of native genius, which was ready to burst into maturity among the Schillers and Goethes, the scholars and philosophers of Germany! How little did he foresee that Germany would so soon assert its own independence; breaking off entirely from France, claim kindred with the more congenial mind of England, and

"—soar far off among the swans of Thames;"

or that in less than half a century Berlin would become the in-

structor of Paris, and German opinions and taste and philosophy react, as is now the case, with a powerful and reanimating influence on the effete and exhausted imagination of France. But, at the present period, Paris was the universal emporium of art as well as of letters. Diderot was considered so high an authority in matters of taste, that the court applied to him for designs for a monument to the Dauphin. The philosopher describes to Madlle. Voland, with the evident complacency of a mind confident in its fertility of invention, as well as in its exquisite judgment, the different models which he had suggested to the sculptors. Each of these is a mass of unwieldy and perplexing allegory, such as in those times encumbered the aisles of churches, with gigantic cardinal virtues, Victory, and Faith, and Religion, grouped so as to be intended to convey some sublime moral truth, but actually requiring a volume to interpret their meaning to the ordinary spectator. Sculpture, we trust, has been for ever delivered from this race of cold and unmeaning impersonations by the fine Grecian taste of Canova, the good sense, the originality of Chantrey, and his faithful adherence to life and nature.

Diderot was employed to arrange the terms on which Falconet should execute the famous colossal statue of Peter the Great; and a large part of the third volume of the present work is occupied by his correspondence with that sculptor during his residence in Russia. The letters branch out into many discussions connected with the history of the fine arts, but originated in a simple question on the desire of immortality, or the hope of the admiration of posterity, as it may influence the genius and exertions of the artist or the poet.

"Our philosopher," observes the editor of the present work, "believed no more in God than in a future life; but posterity was to him what the world to come is to a religious man. He could not, with indifference, hear it obstinately maintained, that the idea of the judgment of posterity has no effect on the inspiration of the artist and the poet, and that genius, that pure gift of nature, is the only cause of great performances."

In his defence of this sentiment there are some passages of very noble eloquence,* the best specimens which we could extract of the more serious prose of Diderot.

"It is sweet to listen, during the night, to a distant concert of flutes, while only a few scattered sounds reach me, which my imagination, assisted by the fineness of my ear, succeeds in connecting, and of which it forms a continued tune, that charms me the more, because it is, in great part, composed by myself. I think a

[* We differ entirely in taste from the reviewer. EDD.]

concert performed near me is delightful. But believe me, my friend, it is not the last, it is the first, which intoxicates. The circle that surrounds us and in which we are admired, the period when we exist, and hear praises, the number of those who address directly to us the panegyrics that we deserve from them, — all this is too little to fill our ambitious soul. We may think ourselves not sufficiently recompensed for our labors by the homage of the actual world. By the side of those whom we see prostrate before us, we picture to ourselves those also who do not yet exist. It is only this unlimited crowd of adorers which can satisfy a mind, the aspirations of which are always towards the infinite. Pretensions, you will say, are often beyond merit. Agreed: but do you not still see that a wonderful homage will be paid? You have told me so; and certainly you are too enlightened, for futurity to dare to think differently from you." — Vol. III. pp. 197, 198.

"In a word, my friend, reputation is but a voice which speaks of us with praise; and would it not be folly not to value praise more from that mouth which will never be silent, than from any other? In spite of ourselves, we proportion our efforts to time, space, duration, to the number of witnesses, to that of the judges. What escapes our contemporaries, will not escape the eye of time and of posterity. Time sees every thing: it is a new principle of perfection. This kind of immortality, and this alone, is in the power of certain men; others perish like the brute. Why be unwilling that I should be emulous, and that I should prize this peculiar distinction of some eminent individuals of my race? What am I? dreams, thoughts, ideas, sensations, passions, qualities, faults, vices, virtues, pleasure, pain. When you define a being, can you compose your definition of any thing but abstract and metaphysical terms? The thought which I commit to writing is myself; the marble, to which I give life, is you. It is the best part of you, in the finest moments of your existence; it is what you cause to exist, it is what another cannot cause to exist. When the poet said:

‘Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam;’

he pronounced an almost literal truth." — Vol. III. pp. 205, 206.

"When my modest contemporaries bring me, with their own eulogy, that of posterity, they are the representatives of the present, and the deputies of the future: and what reason have I for separating in them these two characters, — for receiving them in the one character and condemning them in the other? They have, as representatives and as deputies, the same letters of credence, — the enlightened character of their age, and the good taste of the nation. By their comparison of me with the most honored men of preceding ages, by the expression of their own feelings, by the glorious perspective which they open before me, they have united the past, the present, and the future, in order to offer me a most precious homage; and it

seems to me difficult to separate these perfumes without weakening their strength. If they are good judges of the past, they are good witnesses of the present, and sure guarantees of the future. If you call in question their guaranty, then reject their evidence, refuse their award, and close your door against them.

"Ah! how flattering and delightful to behold a whole nation, eager to increase our happiness, take the statue which it has raised to our honor, transport it two thousand years hence to a new altar, and show us the present generation, and those to come, prostrated before it." — pp. 216, 217.

It is rather amusing to contrast these splendid anticipations of posthumous fame with the more natural and spontaneous feelings which betray themselves in the correspondence of Diderot. He is speaking of his great work the *Encyclopédie*:

"This work will certainly produce, in time, a very complete revolution in men's minds; and I hope that tyrants, oppressors, fanatics, and bigots will not gain by it. We shall have done a service to human nature; but it will be long after we are reduced to cold and senseless dust, that this service will be rewarded with gratitude. Why not praise deserving men while they live, since they hear nothing within the tomb?"

Posterity will not repay to Diderot that which was denied by his own contemporaries. His fame as an author will have no distinct and individual existence. He will be remembered only as one of a class or school. He has no single work which will live. Some of his novels may float along that foul undercurrent of literature, which is sought out by men of impure minds; but for the *Encyclopédie*, even if its services to humanity were less questionable, who would now think of consulting its pages on any question of literature, taste, history, or philosophy? Even the more valuable part, the scientific, is obsolete; yet if any name, connected with this vast compilation, will reach posterity through its interminable pages, it will be that of D'Alembert. Of its original author and editor, the fame is buried under the vast monument which he raised, as he supposed, to perpetuate his glory; few will penetrate into its dark and forgotten recesses to exhume the remains of his intellectual power and energy for the admiration of future ages, — even if, when brought to light, they were likely to command admiration. Diderot, in fact, whatever his living influence, fills but a secondary rank among the writers of his day. We appeal to a high authority on this subject, the author of the admirable essay "Sur la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle." How many men of letters in our own time might do well to consider his words!

"Diderot was endowed with an ardent and ungoverned mind. But his was *fire without fuel*, and the talent, of which he gave some indications, was never *completely applied*. Had he *confined himself to a single pursuit*, had his *eager mind proceeded with a determinate purpose*, instead of wandering through the whole chaos of contrary opinions, of which that age saw the birth or the downfall, Diderot would have left a durable reputation, and now, *instead of merely repeating his name*, we should speak of his works. But *without profound knowledge*, without settled convictions, without respect for any received opinion, for any sentiment, he *wandered through the void occasionally emitting brilliant flashes*. A character like his loses every thing by adopting the philosophy which he embraced."

Posterity will find it difficult to account for the courted visit and reception of Diderot at St. Petersburg: — of his short residence in that capital we regret that we have so brief and barren a statement; a description of Catherine and her court, that hot-house of forced and exotic French civilization amid the snows and barbarism of Russia, from a pen so lively and graphic, could not have failed to be highly amusing. He returned with his vanity flattered, but with a severe shock to his constitution, from the inclemency of the climate. He returned, however, to write his most popular novels, one of them, at least, the most detestable which had ever depraved even the lighter literature of the French. In 1784 he was seized with an attack on the chest, followed by an apoplectic fit. During his illness he behaved with great self-command, talked of subjects of taste and literature, admitted the visits of the *Curé* of St. Sulpice, and conversed with him on moral topics; but when the clergyman hinted at a recantation of his irreligious opinions, and the good effect it might produce, he answered, "I believe it, Monsieur le *Curé* [Mr. Vicar], but you must allow that I should tell an impudent lie." His admirable wife, whose affections his ill-conduct could never estrange, deeply as she was grieved at his obduracy, thought only of sparing his feelings, and took care that he should never be left alone with the clergyman, whose arguments might disturb and harass, but could produce no good effect. Some months after, "he died, and made no sign."

The public attention has been lately re-awakened by Mr. Croker's new edition of Boswell, to the life of Johnson. It is remarkable how nearly the Doctor and Diderot occupy the same period in the literary history of their respective countries. The former was born in 1709, — the latter in 1713, — they both died in the same year, 1784. Both may be fairly called literary adventurers, a term, which if it is used to describe men who have forced their

way by their own talents, and against the most adverse circumstances to distinction, instead of being one of reproach, is one rather of the highest honor. Both were cast penniless and friendless on a great metropolis, suffered the utmost privations, submitted to the lowest literary drudgery, were the bounden slaves of the booksellers; both emerged to fame, to comparatively easy circumstances, to cultivated society; if the one was courted by a foreign sovereign, Johnson received marks and expressions of respect from his own. The parallel may even be drawn somewhat closer, each wrote with but moderate success for the stage,—each, in his own way, was a novelist; and the great work of the English Dictionary may be placed, as to extent and labor, in competition with the *Encyclopédie*. But the moral contrast!—On one side, the deep, the conscientious, the morbid religion; the stern and uncompromising moral sense, which would not tamper for an instant with any right or decent feeling; the almost Stoic pride of virtue; the principles, petrified at times into prejudices; the reverence for all that was fixed, established, or venerable, bordering close on bigotry;—on the other, the total want of any settled or definite creed or opinion, the perverse delight in calling into question, and submitting to a cold analysis, the most sacred principles, the most instinctive feelings, the common decencies of our nature. There was no virtue of which Diderot would not argue the possible error, no vice of which he would not scrutinize the conceivable advantage,—whatever was generally acknowledged or revered, was already half condemned. Hence, while the biography of our countryman is suited to all ages, to each sex, and gives a picture of society at once most amusing and most instructive,—the most shameless man will at times be inclined to close the other in disgust, and will pursue it to the end merely to trace, if possible, the formation of a character, which, with many kind, and generous, and humane feelings, presents, in one respect, we hope almost a singular phenomenon of depravity. As the genuine or apocryphal Memoirs of M. Fouché are curious from their exhibition of a mind in which the principle of political honesty seems to be not merely in abeyance, but so utterly extinct as never to occur to the thoughts; so in Diderot the common sacred instinct of decency, that which distinguishes man from the lower animals, is absolutely and entirely eradicated.

But this contrast is not only remarkable as regards the two individuals, but as representing to a certain degree the state of society in each country. We mean not that in the Savages or Churchills of London, we might not have found a nearer resemblance to Diderot; and, unless much belied, the fraternity of the “Monks of Medenham” (a beautiful retreat by the Thames,

where Wilkes shone in all his brilliancy, and led the orgies), might have entered into some rivalry with the philosophic coterie at Grandval; yet in one country it was the prevailing tone and character of the times, in the other it was an exception,—it retired from the eye of day, it was spoken of with a general murmur of trembling disapprobation. We must not now embark on the ever agitated and never perhaps clearly definable causes of the appalling crisis which closed the last century; neither on the destructive elements which united to explode the whole surface of French society with such volcanic fury; nor the conservative principles which were then able to save England from a like fate. We would only observe, that one main difference was the comparative depravation of the public morals. Where men like Diderot were popular writers, it is no wonder that men like Marat or Robespierre arose to deluge the capital with blood. But, on the other hand, the views of the republican writers, of the vigorous and able Mignet, for instance, are not, it must be confessed, without some truth and justice. The profligacy of the court, we would add the desecration of religion by too many of its ministers, led to that state of public feeling of which the Encyclopedists were but the organs and representatives. While the king was in the “*parc aux cerfs*,” and the highest honors of religion were bestowed on a flagitious debauchee, who can wonder that Voltaire and Diderot reigned paramount over the tastes and opinions of on-lookers? What throne, of which the despotic authority was wielded in succession by the mistress-wife, the widow of Scarron, the queen in all but name,—by the regent Orleans,—and by De Pompadour and Du Barri, could long stand? what church, of which Dubois was a cardinal? If the philosophers were the immediate parents of the revolution, they were the lineal descendants of the corruptions and vices of the court, and of the higher orders. Whoever has read that most instructive as well as amusing work, the complete edition of “*St. Simon’s Memoirs*,” will scarcely wonder that the elements of such a society should be thrown, in but a few years, into the most appalling dissolution. The feeble and irresolute opposition which the court, and even the church offered to the philosophers, was a fearful indication of their own weakness, of their enemies’ strength. It had all the bigotry of intolerance, without the religious sincerity; the malignity of persecution, without its terrors. Voltaire was alternately exiled and caressed; Diderot was thrown into prison, not because he lived by insulting the religion and corrupting the morals of the nation, but because he had risked a jest on a minister’s mistress. In the church, no man of station or dignity vindicated the truth of religion; a few irregular and mostly very inferior skirmishers appeared, who were

transfixed by Voltaire on the point of an epigram, or pursued, while no one appeared in their behalf, with incessant volleys of contemptuous satire. No Bossuet appeared to thunder,—no Fenelon to win the hearts of men back to Christian love and humanity. The author of perhaps the best work against Voltaire, the “*Lettres de quelques Juifs*,” the Abbé Guenée, at last obtained a poor canonry. Even of the parochial clergy, though we believe that many of them fully justified Burke’s splendid panegyric, yet too many, we fear, submitted, like the *Curé* who officiated at Grandval, to be the jest of the society. Mass was duly performed amidst all the indecencies and impieties of that house; the ladies used to assemble in the billiard-room, or in Diderot’s chamber, which commanded a view of the chapel, and in their respect for the solemnity of the service, calculated to how great a distance the salutary effects of a mass would reach. But we are travelling too far from our record, and must conclude by expressing our satisfaction, that this life and correspondence of Diderot constitute a work almost as much out of character with the present predominant tone of French literature as with our own. It is the posthumous offspring, to borrow Dryden’s nervous language, of “a lubrique and adulterate age,” which we hope, if not gone by for ever, will never again corrupt at least the *higher literature* of a most cultivated and intellectual nation. That literature may yet

“Bear some tokens of the sable streams;” —

its most finished, most musical, most graceful lyricist may abuse the license of an erotic poet; but in all the more dignified walks of letters the morals of the Encyclopedists appear, we rejoice to say, to be about as much exploded as their philosophy; and a Diderot, despite the filial blindness of a daughter, or the partiality of an editor, is likely to be judged in Paris as in London, according to that verdict, which we have extracted from one of the most accomplished of living writers, — M. de Barante, — whose spirited and picturesque history of the Dukes of Burgundy has more than fulfilled the promise of his elegant and philosophic essay on the literature of the eighteenth century.

[From “The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 20.”]

[What follows, comprises the greater part of a long and able article. We have omitted some remarks of the author illustrative of the weak reasoning of Chateaubriand, especially in his *Genius of Christianity*, and some extracts from his political writings, which seemed to us sufficiently characterized by the gene-

ral remarks concerning them. The passages which in the original article are quoted in French are here translated. EDD.]

ART. III. — *Œuvres Complètes* de M. LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, &c. &c. 28 Tom. 8vo. Paris. 1826–1831.
[*Complete Works of the* VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.]

AMONG the celebrated men of France M. de Chateaubriand holds a conspicuous station, distinguished alike by the brilliancy of his talents, and by their scope and versatility. Minister, diplomatist, orator, poet, traveller, theologian, novelist, pamphleteer, — he has appeared in all these various capacities, and so appeared as invariably to ensure attention, and frequently to command admiration and respect. Yet with all this variety, there has been little inconsistency, — with all this change of style and subject there has been little change of tone and feeling. Through all the manifold productions of his fertile pen, we still see the same rash, ardent, eloquent, imaginative Chateaubriand. He was born in 1772, the youngest of ten children. The subjects to which his attention was principally directed in early years were theology and naval affairs, studies which gave some color to his after-life, and of which the influence was perceptible in his writings. At an early age he entered the army, which he quitted at the commencement of the French Revolution. In 1791 the love of travel led him to America, where he hoped to find in civilized man the theoretical liberty for which his countrymen were panting, — and in the rude inhabitant of its boundless forests, a verification of those rhapsodies of Rousseau, which had taken strong hold on his young imagination. He returned from this tour on hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI. at Varennes, and chivalrously determined to devote himself to the royal cause; — but the struggle was hopeless, and after being wounded at Thionville, he fled to England, where he remained several years engaged in the composition of his *Essai sur les Révolutions*, his *Génie du Christianisme*, his *Natchez*, *Atala*, and *Réné*. He returned to France in 1800. His writings had excited attention, — Napoleon felt the value of his talents, and wished to engage them in his service; and in 1802, after the signature of the Concordat, Chateaubriand accompanied Cardinal Fesch, as Secretary of the Embassy, to Rome. Napoleon had not then assumed the crown: this act and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien rendered it impossible for one who felt as did M. de Chateaubriand to remain in his service; and the day that tragedy was made known to him, he sent in his resignation. There was no slight danger in thus resigning; but Chateaubriand did not have recourse to flight, and Napoleon had the wise magnanimity to ab-

stain from molesting him. He even made him fresh offers, but they were rejected; and Chateaubriand soon afterwards commenced that tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, which he has so eloquently described. On his return to France, undismayed by the state of thralldom under which the press was then laboring, he ventured to become a journalist. Some expressions in his review of Laborde's *Voyage en Espagne*, excited the displeasure of Napoleon, — and the journal, of which he was with another the joint conductor, was suppressed. Meanwhile he grew in consideration among the literary men of France. A place in the "Institut" became vacant by the death of Chénier, and Chateaubriand was elected to fill it. But the condition attached to every election was a panegyric on the predecessor, — the revolutionist Chénier was a subject ill-suited for the pen of Chateaubriand; reversing the disobedience of Balaam, he turned the panegyric into an anathema; his intended discourse was declared inadmissible, his election annulled, and himself ordered to quit Paris. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, M. de Chateaubriand, after publishing his *Buonaparte et les Bourbons*, and his *Reflexions Politiques*, was appointed ambassador to Sweden. During the temporary retirement of Louis XVIII. at Ghent, he accepted from him a ministerial office, which he retained on the king's second restoration to his throne, till ejected in 1816 by the instrumentality of De Cazes. His *Monarchie selon la Charte* incurred the censure of that minister, then at the head of the Police, and the work was seized and denounced. It was, however, not condemned by the tribunals; but its author was driven from office. He was afterwards ambassador at London, at Berlin, and at the Congress of Verona. In 1822 he became Minister for Foreign Affairs, but retained that office only about two years. He subsequently accepted the post of Ambassador to Rome, which in 1829 he resigned, and this has been his last official situation. Such is a brief outline of the career of the distinguished subject of our present notice down to the period of the Revolution of 1830. Subsequent events must be so fresh in the recollection of our readers, that it is needless to allude to them.

There are two of our countrymen, one of them still living, to whom M. de Chateaubriand, in the quality of his mind, seems to have a strong resemblance: we allude to Mr. Southey, — and to one still greater, — to Mr. Burke. We do not mean to say that M. de Chateaubriand is as brilliant an orator, as powerful a political writer, as the latter, — or that he is as good a poet as Mr. Southey, — but that his mind exhibits many of those characteristics which have been displayed by each. We find in him

the same predominance of imagination over judgment, the same disposition to resolve matters of speculation into matters of feeling, and to broach as his opinions what are merely his tastes; the same disposition to treat religion and politics as if they were among the fine arts, and to judge of a creed or a constitution as he would of a picture. Like Burke, he would have expatiated on the beautiful vision of Marie Antoinette as a palliation of the enormities of the "ancien régime." Like Mr. Southey, he would have directed our attention to the superior picturesqueness of the embowered cottage of the agricultural laborer over the naked row of manufacturing dwellings, as a proof that agriculture is better than manufactures. He is, however, very inferior to Burke in the mental vigor wherewith that distinguished man could array in the choicest armour of reason whatever theory his feelings and imagination might have led him to adopt. M. de Chateaubriand bears a closer resemblance to Mr. Southey; and he resembles him not only in the manner in which he employs the large resources of his gifted mind, but even in the direction of many of his tastes. He is not only, like him, enthusiastic, — but enthusiastic upon similar subjects. There is in the minds of both the same disposition to look with peculiar fondness upon monachism and all its accessories. Pilgrimages and missions similarly affect their imaginations; and there is a mental excursiveness and love of the exciting wonders of foreign travel, alike perceptible in both. In politics the resemblance would probably have been greater, if M. de Chateaubriand had lived only a life of speculation, and had never entered into the turbulent arena of political existence, and rubbed off a little of his theoretical sentimentality by actual collision with practical statesmen. But there is much resemblance still. M. de Chateaubriand is a French High Tory, but a Tory by imagination rather than by principle; smitten with the imposing grandeur of arbitrary power, and the venerableness of prescriptive rights; commending the benignity of paternal governments, yet not unwilling to admit how beautiful is liberty. He cannot even now forget that abstract liberty was the idol of his youth; but the horrors of the French Revolution scared him from his blind devotion; and, like disappointed votaries, he has visited upon the object of his adoration that mortification which his own excessive zeal had prepared for him.

M. de Chateaubriand's earliest work is his *Historical, Moral, and Political Essay upon Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered in relation to the French Revolution of our Time*. It was commenced in 1794 (Chateaubriand being then two and twenty), and published in London in 1797. It is a very faulty production, full of the errors of youthful precipitance. By none

has it been more severely censured than by its author himself, who thus speaks of it in his preface to the edition of his complete works :

"In a literary point of view, this book is detestable and perfectly ridiculous ; it is a chaos where Jacobins and Spartans meet together, the Marseilles Hymn and the Songs of Tyrtæus, a Voyage to the Azores and the Periplus of Hanno, a Eulogy upon Jesus Christ and a Dissertation on Monks, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras and the Fables of M. Nivernois, Louis XVI., Agis, and Charles I., Solitary Walks, Views of Nature, Unhappiness, Melancholy, Suicide, Politics, a little beginning of *Atala*, Robespierre, the Convention, and some discussions upon Zeno, Epicurus, and Aristotle, the whole in an uncouth and turgid style, full of faults of language, foreign idioms, and barbarisms."

The severity of this criticism he afterwards softens in a note ; but it is in reality far from being unjust ; and it may be truly said that M. de Chateaubriand would have acted with a wise regard for his own fame if he had not sanctioned the republication of the work in question. In this youthful work he appears to have set out with a mania for discovering coincidences. Whatever had strongly affected his imagination among the events of modern times, and especially those connected with the French Revolution, must have its parallel in ancient history. France must be like Greece. Robespierre was like Pisistratus ! — yet the epitaph on Marat must be like the ode to Harmodius, who slew the descendant of Pisistratus ! and, moreover, the Jacobins resembled, not the Athenians, but the Spartans ! Voltaire was like Anacreon, — Rousseau was Heraclitus, — Dumouriez was Miltiades, — Pichegru had for his *pendant* Pausanias, — and the Prince de Cobourg was Mardonius. Countries are compared as well as persons, and with equal success. Prussia is the modern representative of Macedonia, — Holland of Tyre, — and England is the very counterpart of Carthage. There was a wonderful resemblance in the constitution of the two countries ! There were actually two parties in the senate of Carthage, as there is a ministerial and an opposition party in the English parliament ! besides, as we had a Marlborough, even so had they a Hannibal, — and they had also a Hanno, a celebrated navigator, to correspond with our Captain Cook ! Events are also compared. The invasion of Greece by Xerxes is found to be wonderfully like the coalition of the European powers against France in 1793. We find a curious table, in which the coalitions against Greece in the Persian war, and against France in the Republican war, are set forth in opposite columns, where Persia on one side nods at Germany on the other, — the "*Satrapies of Persia*, Lydia, Ar-

"menia, Pamphylia," &c. are flanked by "*Circles of the Empire*, Bavaria, Saxony, the Electorate of Treves, of Hanover," &c.,—"different tribes of Arabia" stand opposite to "Russia,"—and the Scythians are called in to balance the Swiss. Then, we have an exquisite parallel between the land-fight at Maubeuge and the sea-fight at Salamis:—"It is thus that the Persian fleet, composed of various nations, — the Austrian army formed in like manner of men of different countries; these confederates, some traitors, others pusillanimous, and others fearing success which would reflect too much glory upon such or such a general, such or such a nation,—all this confused mass of allies was broken to pieces at Salamis and at Maubeuge." We are involuntarily reminded of the ingenuity of Shakspeare's Fluellen. "If you look in the map of the 'orld," says the gallant Welchman, "I warrant you shall find, on the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations — look you — is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one; 't is so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." Listen once more to M. de Chateaubriand supporting the parallel between Persia and Germany. "In the mean time the empire of the East and that of Germany had changed masters. Darius and Leopold were no more. To these monarchs, wise in the knowledge of men and in the art of governing, succeeded their sons, Xerxes and Francis. The king of the Persians, luxuriously educated, was as pusillanimous as the German emperor, brought up in the camp of Joseph, is courageous. They appear to have possessed nothing in common but obstinacy of character." Why, this system of comparison by opposites is the very same that is preimagined by Shakspeare: it is rank plagiarism. Hear again the good Captain Fluellen: "As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgment, is turn away the fat knight."

One of M. de Chateaubriand's greatest works is his *Génie du Christianisme*, a work of eminent eloquence and much research, yet one of the most unequal and unsatisfactory productions of genius that has been witnessed in modern times; full of brilliant beauties and glaring defects,—passages which all must admire, and errors that might be detected by a child,—excellent in intention, yet so executed as to draw down the reprobation even of those who are most zealous in the cause the writer has undertaken to defend. The illogical character of the author's mind is conspicuous in almost every portion of this splendid failure. It is

conspicuous in the very outline of the work, and it is still more evident in the details. He takes up arms against objections which are not worthy of his attacks, and he combats them with arguments which he ought to have seen were inadequate to his purpose.

The object of his work he thus describes. It had been maintained, he says, that Christianity was "a religion sprung from barbarism, absurd in its doctrines, ridiculous in its ceremonies, and hostile to the progress of arts and literature;" and he therefore undertakes to prove that "of all religions that have ever existed, the Christian religion is the most poetical, the most favorable to liberty, to the arts, and to literature; that the modern world owes every thing to it, from agriculture to abstract science, from the humblest asylum for the unfortunate to the temples built by Michael Angelo and embellished by Raphael; that it favors talent, purifies taste, and invigorates thought,—that it offers noble images to the writer, and perfect models to the artist; and that it is desirable to call all the enchantments of imagination and all the interests of the heart to the aid of that religion against which they have been employed." Such, he says, is the object of his work. The *intention* was certainly excellent. He saw that Deism in France was captivating its proselytes with the classical beauties of heathen fable,—that both in literature and in the fine arts no models were acknowledged except those of Greece and Rome. He saw that among a people on whom the outward forms and surfaces of things have more influence than on us, this invariable use of classical symbols, this invariable appeal to classical models as the true criterion of all excellence, tended much to confirm them in the anti-christian feeling which then generally prevailed in France. He wished to counteract the poison by teaching them to discover beauties in the Christian creed, and, if he did not convince their reason, at least to captivate their tastes. In adopting this course, M. de Chateaubriand seems never to have considered what very humble ground he was condescending to occupy. He seems never to have asked himself whether such a line of defence was not derogatory to the great cause he was undertaking to advocate, and whether it was really advantageous to religion to treat it as if it was one of the fine arts. Nay more, he seems to have forgotten that the utmost success in establishing his position would profit him nothing with those whom he addressed. The deistical admirers of Greece and Rome, who thought the heathen mythology the most beautiful, the most poetical of all mythologies, did not on that account believe in it. Their imagination did not control their judgment; their tastes were not connected with their creed.

If, therefore, the eloquence of the *Génie du Christianisme* could have succeeded in inducing them to discard their classical models of excellence, could have wrought an entire revolution in their tastes, and led them to draw thenceforth only from Holy Writ their subjects for poetry or for painting; this would no more necessarily have made them Christians, than their veneration for classical models had proved them to be worshippers of Jupiter and Minerva. The utmost success of his line of argument could have scarcely tended to do more than just to raise Christianity above the absurd and vicious mythology of Greece and Rome. He would have shown only that Christianity was a little more favorable to art and literature than the heathen creed; that they had flourished greatly under a false religion, and rather more under the only true one. This was the utmost success that could be attained by the most complete establishment of that line of argument which he had chosen to adopt. It ought to have occurred to him that if, both under a true and under a false religion, arts and literature had been found to flourish, the mere difference of degree could not be available in argument as proof or disproof of either creed, and that we must seek some other cause of their advancement. If they had advanced under the false worship of Jupiter, it was surely absurd to state, as an argument in favor of Christianity, that they had also advanced under the true religion of Christ. This absurdity is increased, when we remember that the argument was addressed to those who practically denied its validity, by denying that the mythology of the ancients was entitled to belief in consequence of that supposed poetical superiority which M. de Chateaubriand is anxious to contest.

M. de Chateaubriand frequently writes as if he did not know what "a proof" is. With him any circumstance that coexists with another, or illustrates it, or can be connected with it in his imagination, is readily accepted as a proof. We do not require that any writer should now undertake to prove to us the immortality of the soul. But if it is still thought advisable to prove what, we trust, hardly any rational mind denies, we should be glad to have something more sound and cogent than M. de Chateaubriand has afforded us. We would suggest that the fifth commandment is in no respect applicable to the question, and that in the opinion of the best theologians the promised reward of long life refers only to existence in this world. But, says M. de Chateaubriand, "there is another proof of the immortality of the soul, which should be insisted on; it is the veneration of mankind for tombs." Now whether this vague expression be intended to imply our wish to be commemorated by a visible memorial after death, or our respect for the tombs of others, it is equally incapa-

ble of affording any proof of the immortality of the soul. It is our wish that some memorial should mark the last resting-place of our earthly remains,—and why? simply because we desire to be remembered. We wish that it should be denoted to posterity that we have lived; and surely we might entertain this wish as strongly if we believed that our whole existence is limited to our mortal sphere, as if we believed that our souls are immortal. Nay more, we may reasonably conclude that this wish should be strongest in those who do *not* believe in the immortality of the soul. The whole is more important than a part; and they who think that our mortal life constitutes the whole of our existence, will conceive it more worthy of record, will cling more fondly to a memorial of it, than they who regard it but as a small portion of the destined duration of our souls. The love of fame and the love of memorials are feelings quite independent of any opinion respecting a future state of being. The French atheists, who inscribed on tombs that “death is an eternal sleep,” were no less solicitous for a visible commemoration of their mortal existence, than if they had maintained a contrary opinion. It was never thought inconsistent with their irreligion to be solicitous for the applause of men, or to desire to prolong their fame by the establishment of some visible token which should endure when they were departed. M. de Chateaubriand says, “We respect the ashes of our ancestors, because a voice tells us that *all is not extinguished in them.*” This may be M. de Chateaubriand’s reason for respecting the remains of his ancestors; but it is not a necessary reason, and others far more probable may be given. An atheist may respect the remains of his ancestors, because he seems to owe them gratitude, because he regards them as the causes of his existence; and he will, perhaps, respect them more, the more he is inclined to exclude the agency of a superior power. We can hardly understand what atheism is; but we conceive that if a man contrives to lower down to the lowest possible degree his reverence for that Supreme Influence which, under some name or other (be it “Chance” or “Destiny”), he must acknowledge, it will follow that he will seem more largely indebted for the boon of existence to his ancestors; whatever of respect and gratitude he denies to the Creator he must give to them, and they will be to him almost in the place of deities. Not only is our “veneration for tombs” no proof of the immortality of the soul, but something much more like a proof might actually be extracted from the absolute reverse. Let us suppose we are told of two countries, in one of which it was held that the soul is immortal, in the other that it perished with the body; that the inhabitants of the former, justly regarding our mortal body as a mere temporary vehicle for the immortal

spirit, deemed it comparatively insignificant and unworthy of reverence except so long as it was the residence of that spirit, left it to mingle unnoted with the clay from which it sprung, and denied it all testimonies of respect; the others, believing that soul and body were inseparably connected, that without the body the soul could not exist, and that in our mortal death we perished utterly, were anxious to testify the utmost reverence for that material part of us which, by them, might be almost said to constitute the whole, since, without it, according to their opinion, the immaterial spirit could not be;—they therefore did not neglect the inanimate clay: they respected it, and entombed it carefully, and marked its resting-place with a monument, because they believed it to be *all* that then remained of what was once a reasoning being. If such accounts were given us, could we say that either of these classes of persons, believing as they did, had not acted in strict conformity with the plainest principles by which human actions are regulated? If the case had been different from what we find it, if the rites of sepulture had been unknown in Christian countries, and the dead were thrown aside unheeded, without a stone to mark where they were laid, it might be said with quite as much plausibility as is shown in the observations of M. de Chateaubriand, that this neglect of sepulture, this absence of respect for the tomb, was “a moral proof of the immortality of the soul which should be insisted on.” It might be said, these people have no reverence for the grave; they care not for the lifeless corpse, because they know that the spirit of the deceased lives still, that nothing is dead but the mere gross, material, earthly part of them, which, having performed its functions as the temporary residence of the immortal spirit, may now be left unheeded to mingle with the dust of which it is a part. They respect *not* the remains of their ancestors, because “a voice tells them that all is not extinguished in them.” So peculiarly unfortunate is M. de Chateaubriand’s proof, that it is even more efficient when used in an opposite direction; and the purpose for which it was employed can be better effected by its converse!

But there is yet another proof of the immortality of the soul,—a worthy parallel to the last. “Man only,” says M. de Chateaubriand, “can be represented more perfect than nature, and as approaching to divinity. No one thinks of painting the *beau idéal* of a horse, an eagle, or a lion. We may perceive in this “a marvellous proof of the grandeur of our destiny and of the immortality of the soul.” A marvellous proof indeed! It is not even grounded on a correct assertion. Whoever has studied sculpture knows that the ancients, in their representation of various animals, and especially of the horse, the eagle, and the lion,

which M. de Chateaubriand has infelicitously selected, did try to give a *beau idéal*, an abstract resemblance, not precisely like any individual creature of the kind, but embodying as much as possible all its best and most remarkable characteristics. "In the ancient figures of that animal," says Winkelmann, that most accurate judge of ancient art, in speaking of the lion, "there is something ideal which renders them very different from living lions." The ancient artists, in their representation of animals, pursued precisely the same system as in the representation of the human figure. But suppose the assertion true,—by what mental process can it be construed into a proof of the immortality of the soul? In what manner can an artist's representation of outward form be considered indicative of his opinion respecting the spirit that dwells within it? Let us come to particulars.—Let us take the finest known specimen of the *beau idéal* of manly beauty, the Apollo of the Belvidere; and can we gravely ask whether the mere circumstance of that statue being handsomer (as it probably is) than any man who ever existed, is any proof of the immortality of the soul? It would be almost an insult to reasoning beings seriously to propound such a question. Let us only inquire by what process of mind and hand was the statue of the Apollo formed, and how had the artist arrived at the requisite skill? By studying the proportions of the human frame,—by careful observation of various models. In the course of this study he will have seen that, of the various ingredients which constitute beauty, some will be wanting even in the most favored individuals, and will be found in greater perfection in others. In forming his statue he is not bound slavishly to adhere to any one model. He has liberty of choice, and need copy only those parts of the figure which seem most perfect in the individual before him; the others he copies from other models. He may do as we know has been done by other artists; he may copy the countenance of one, the neck and chest of another, the arms of a third, the feet and ankles of a fourth; or without exactly copying from any, he may give to every part of his statue the utmost perfection of which he has learnt, by observation, that each separate part of the human frame is capable. Now what possible connexion is there between the process by which the artist thus arrives at the formation of an ideal figure, and the circumstance of man's having an immortal soul? If it had been true, that artists had given us the *beau idéal* only of the human race and never of animals, we could have suggested a very simple explanation,—merely that we naturally know better what constitutes beauty in our own species than in any other. Such are the *proofs* which M. de Chateaubriand adduces in support of one of the most awfully important questions which ever entered

into the consideration of man. It is truly lamentable to see such a question discussed in so puerile a manner. So worse than puerile, so dangerously weak are the arguments brought forward, that if any one is so unfortunate as to doubt that he is an immortal being, we earnestly conjure him not to have recourse for his conversion to M. de Chateaubriand's *proofs*.

As a critic, M. de Chateaubriand is not entitled to much praise. His opinions and views in literature are not liberal and comprehensive. He looks at the extrinsic more than at the intrinsic, and has not profited by the advancement of the age. He is of the school of Rollin, Bossu, and La Harpe, and is moreover a very Frenchman in his judgment on the literature of other nations. "If we estimate *impartially*," says he, "foreign works and our own, we shall always find an *immense superiority* on the side of French literature." This amusing specimen of impartiality occurs in a dissertation upon Young, whose "Night Thoughts" he does not think sufficiently pensive, — mistranslates a few of his weakest passages, and compares them with sundry melancholy extracts from other writers, in which, after all, we must confess our inability to discern that superiority which is so apparent to M. de Chateaubriand. Among others which he cites as superior, is a piece of vague bombast out of Ossian. After translating it, not very correctly, he adds, with diverting *naïveté*, — "We see that a *literal* translation is here very tolerable. What is beautiful, *simple*, and *natural* is so in every language." Ossian simple and natural! We need not comment on what we have quoted. In discoursing further on English writers, he informs us, that "Ben Jonson is now known only by his comedies, 'The Fox,' and 'The Alchymist.'" Of Shakspeare he says much which probably will *now* be smiled at almost as much in France as in England. He views with horror the increasing taste for the works of our dramatist which had appeared among his countrymen.

"The admiration of Shakspeare," he says, "is much more dangerous in France than in England. In the English it is owing only to ignorance; in us it is a depraved taste. The love of deformity is nearly allied to vice; whoever is insensible to beauty is likely to have little perception of virtue. Bad taste and vice almost always accompany each other; the first is only the expression of the second, as words are of thoughts."

So Shakspeare contributes to the demoralization of France! The moral philosophy of this passage is worthy of the criticism. M. de Chateaubriand is not insensible to the merits of some detached passages of Shakspeare. He justly commends the morning scene between Romeo and Juliet, and the scene where

the news of the murder of his wife and children is communicated to Macduff. We should have thought he really felt all the force and beauty of the latter, if he had not thought proper to quote what he considers a close parallel. It is the following fragment of dialogue from Corneille.

"*Curatius.* Has Alba made choice of her three warriors ?

"*Flavian.* I came to inform you.

"*Curatius.* Who then are the three ?

"*Flavian.* Your two brothers and yourself.

"*Curatius.* Who ?

"*Flavian.* Yourself and your two brothers."

The words in italics are supposed to contain beauties of the first order. We are sorry we cannot discover the latent sublimity of this passage. We do not understand why Flavian should have been required to repeat his plain answer to a plain question, unless he spoke unintelligibly, or Curatius was deaf,—nor why he altered the disposition of his words, unless he had collected from the tone of the "Who?" that Curatius was not pleased at his brothers being named before him. It is not, however, our present business to criticize Corneille; we are only showing what M. de Chateaubriand brings forward as an apt illustration of one of the most pathetic scenes in Shakspeare. He sums up in another place the principal merits of our dramatist: "Some tragical situations, some words true to the feelings of men, something vague and fantastic in his scenes;—*forests, heaths, winds*, spectres, tempests,—explain the celebrity of Shakspeare." But, full and clear (and, we had hoped, sufficient) as is the preceding "explanation," we find the ascendancy of Shakspeare again explained elsewhere, and in other words. After describing the extreme neglect with which we visit almost all our best writers, such as Pope, Locke, Bacon, Hume, and Gibbon, M. de Chateaubriand adds,—"Shakspeare alone preserves his ascendancy. The cause "may be easily seen by the following trait." And what is this most cogent and conclusive trait? Simply this,—that being once in the theatre at Covent Garden, he found by his side a sailor, lately landed, who, never having been there before, did not know in what theatre he was, and very naturally asked the name.

"He was a sailor *from the city*, who, passing accidentally through the street at the hour of exhibition, and seeing a crowd pressing in at a door, having paid his money, had entered without knowing what was going on. How should the English have a tolerable theatre, when their pits are filled by judges just arrived from Bengal, or from the coast of Guinea, who do not even know where they are?"

To analyze the absurdities of this passage would be a waste of time, and almost an insult to the understanding of our readers. That any person of literary celebrity should not only have penned such trash, but permitted its republication nearly twenty years afterwards, is almost enough to make one weep for the strange obscurations which can afflict the minds of men of genius.

M. de Chateaubriand has written five novels, — *Atala*, *Réné*, *Les Natchez*, *Le Dernier Abencerrage*, and *Les Martyrs*, — all similar in tone, and apparently composed in exemplification of the principles maintained in his *Génie du Christianisme*, namely, the applicability of Christianity to the purposes of poetical or fictitious narration. The subject of *Le Dernier Abencerrage* bears some resemblance to that of Voltaire's *Zaïre*: but here there is a double struggle. The Christian loves the Mahometan, and the Mahometan the Christian; yet neither will consent to an union with the other, unless it is preceded by the other's conversion. We know not why M. de Chateaubriand should not have solved the difficulty of this embarrassing position, by making the Mahometan renounce his faith. It would have improved the story, and exalted the firmness of the Christian maiden. But then the Mahometan was his hero, and the last representative of the Abencerrages; and M. de Chateaubriand's chivalrous respect for an ancient lineage probably would not permit him to sully its descendant with even so righteous an apostasy as this. *Atala*, *Réné*, and *Les Natchez*, are parts of one long tale, — the two former being in fact episodes detached from the latter, and published separately, and all treating alike of savage life in the forests of North America. Our author's view of savage life seems to correspond nearly with that of Rousseau, whose writings made an impression which even actual experience was not sufficient to subdue. It was the object of this exploded theory to show, that man in his rude state, or, as he is called, "the man of nature," is nearest to that degree of perfection which Providence designed for him, and that civilization tends only to debase him; a theory false and ridiculous, but perhaps not altogether unnatural in those who drew their notions of civilization from France under Louis XV., and of a life of nature from their own imaginations, or the flowery rhapsodies of lying travellers. Of these three tales, *Atala*, though faulty, is perhaps the best. It is a short tale of simple structure, containing no complication of plot, or diversity of incident and character, few events, and only three prominent personages, — Chactas, a half-converted Indian; Atala, a Christian, the daughter of an European; and Aubry, a Christian missionary. Atala liberates, the Indian, Chactas, — flies with him, and labors to convert him.

They are mutually attached, and the reader naturally looks forward to their union as a probable extraction from those distresses, which are thickly sown in the generality of love-tales. But Atala has taken a vow of celibacy. The missionary offers to obtain her release from it, but his offer comes too late; for, ignorant of the possibility of such release from her oppressive thralldom, she has swallowed poison. This tale defeats its object. M. de Chateaubriand, both in this and other of his writings, intends to advocate religious vows, and holds celibacy in especial reverence. But if he had meant to write against such vows, he could hardly have constructed a tale better calculated for such a purpose than the story of Atala. But for this vow all might have been well. Now example is better than precept, and a few sentences laudatory of celibacy in the mouth of the missionary will weigh little with the majority of readers against a practical illustration of its evil consequences. Atala is the most interesting character in the work, and we are taught to regard her as a Christian heroine; but the good effect of the religious sentiments which are put into her mouth, is completely neutralized by the termination of her life in suicide. In *Réné* we find religious vows again interwoven with the story. The sister of *Réné*, the hero of the tale, flies to a convent and takes the veil, as a means of effectual separation from her brother, for whom she had conceived an unhallowed passion. This is ill-imagined. Unnatural love is revolting to our feelings; nor can it place a convent in a favorable light to represent it as an asylum for the worst of criminals. Besides, if resistance to a temptation be meritorious (as who can doubt), it must be still more meritorious when effected without the forced interposition of doors and walls. *Atala* and *Réné* have each a merit which *Les Natchez* wants, — brevity. We mean only that their length is less, not that they exhibit greater terseness and compression of style. In these requisites they are alike deficient; and, short as they are, we cannot help wishing that the small portion of incident they contain had been less elaborately beaten out. But if this is felt in *Atala* and *Réné*, still more is it felt in *Les Natchez*, which is long, heavy, and ill-constructed, deficient in unity of style and skilful conduct of plot, and offensive to good taste, both in the absurd jumble of its *machinery*, and the aggravated horrors of its tragical termination.

"I was yet very young," says the author, "when I conceived the idea of making *man*, in a state of nature, the subject of an *epic*, or of painting the manners of savages, by connecting them with some known event. After the discovery of America, I knew of no subject more interesting, particularly to the French, than the massacre of the colony of Natchez in Louisiana, in 1727. All the In-

dian tribes conspiring, after two centuries of oppression, to restore liberty to the New World, appeared to me to offer a subject almost as happy as the conquest of Mexico. I threw some fragments of this work upon paper; but I soon perceived that I was deficient in true coloring, and, that if I desired to make a correct representation, it was necessary, after the example of Homer, to visit the people that I wished to delineate."

The principle is good, whether Homer followed it or not; but we cannot say that the attainment of "true coloring" and "a correct representation" seems in this case to have been the consequent result. We should have expected, too, from the tone of this passage, that we were to be made to sympathize with the oppressed Indians in their attempts at liberation: but the author's nationality struggles successfully with his admiration of "the man of nature." He cannot resolve to take part decidedly either with French or with Indians; and the result is a degree of impartiality very detrimental to the interest of the story. We have complained of the want of unity of style. On this point let us hear the author himself:—

"I have already said that there were two manuscripts of the *Natchez*; one divided into books, which contained only about half the work; the other, which contained the whole, without divisions, and with the want of order inherent in the subject. Hence follows a literary singularity in the work, as I give it to the public. The first volume rises to the dignity of the epic, as in *The Martyrs*, the second volume descends to ordinary narration, as in *Atala* and *Réné*.

"To produce unity of style it would have been necessary to efface from the first volume the epic tone, or to extend it over the second. But in either case I should not have reproduced the labor of my youth with fidelity.

"Thus, then, in the first volume of the *Natchez*, the *marvellous* may be found, and the *marvellous* of every kind; that which belongs to *Christianity*, to *mythology*, or to the *Indian* faith. There appear in it muses, angels, demons, genii, combats, allegorical personages; Fame, Time, Night, Death, and Friendship. This volume presents invocations, sacrifices, prodigies, multiplied comparisons, some short, others long, after the fashion of Homer, and forming little pictures.

"In the second volume the *marvellous* disappears, but the plot becomes complicated, and the personages are multiplied; some among them are even taken from the inferior ranks of society. In a word, a romance takes the place of a poem, without, however, descending below the style of *Réné* and *Atala*, and rising sometimes, through the nature of the subject, through its characters, and through the description of scenery, to the tone of the epic."

Of the numerous passages "after the fashion of Homer," the reader may like to see a short example: —

"Chactas entered his hut, he hung his cloak of martin's skin on his left shoulder, he asked for his hickory staff surmounted by a vulture's head. Miscoue had cut the staff in his old age, he left it as a legacy to his son Outalissi, and he to his son Chactas, who, resting upon his hereditary sceptre, gave lessons of wisdom to the young hunters collected in an open space in the forest."

This is a tolerably close imitation of Homer's account of the transmission of the sceptre of Achilles. It also reminds us of the genealogy of Belinda's bodkin. We know what Pope meant: he meant to parody amusingly, and he fully succeeded. M. de Chateaubriand's intentions are not equally clear; but if they are what we suspect, he has utterly failed. If his pompous account of the Indian's hickory stick be meant for a serious imitation, we can confidently say that he has written that which is only a parody, and can scarcely excite any thing but a smile.

The author, in a passage previously cited, does not encourage us to think favorably of his machinery, in which Christianity, ancient Paganism, Indian superstitions, and allegorical personifications belonging to no creed at all, are strangely and incongruously assembled. But nothing, save examples, can give an adequate idea of the incomparable absurdity of this farrago. The following is more in "Ercles' vein," than in that of Homer or Milton.

"The advice of Chactas was adopted; four deputies, bearing the calumet of peace, were sent to fort Rosalie. But Areskouï, faithful to the orders of Satan, followed with a savage laugh, at some distance, the messengers of peace, with Treason, Fear, Flight, Grief, and Death.

"In the mean while the Prince of Darkness had reached the extremity of the world, under that pole, the circumference of which the intrepid Cook measured, through winds and tempests. There, in the midst of those southern regions, which a barrier of ice conceals from the curiosity of man, rises a mountain whose height surpasses the most elevated summits of the Andes in the New World, or of Thibet in ancient Asia.

"Upon that mountain is built a palace, a work of the infernal Powers. This palace has a thousand porticos of brass; the lowest sounds are echoed by the domes of this edifice, over the threshold of which silence has never entered."

This palace is inhabited by Fame, the daughter, (according to our author) of the Devil and Pride, which, in our ignorance of the rules of personification, we thought had been a *masculine* virtue, as its French name (*l'Orgueil*) would seem to denote. Upon the instigation of Satan, his daughter Fame quits her palace,

and sets out upon a secret mission. And what is the object of this marvellous machinery? What mighty empire is Fame thus charged to overturn? Never was a finer specimen of bathos,—never was that excellent rule, “*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*,” more ridiculously violated. Fame “goes preceded by Astonishment, followed closely by Envy, and accompanied by “Admiration,” to play the gossip in an Indian wigwam! We wish we could say of the machinery in *Les Natchez* that it is merely ridiculous; but it is worse. As long as M. de Chateaubriand chose to confine himself to “headstrong” allegories and Pagan mythology, we could smile complacently at the use he made of them; but when he renders Christianity burlesque, and would bring on the scene even the persons of the Trinity, our disapprobation must assume a different tone. There is no writer whom we are less willing to charge with *intentional* impiety than M. de Chateaubriand; but we must deeply grieve for that strange perversion of judgment which could lead him to commit a fault which we are persuaded he would himself be foremost to censure. The whole of the 4me livre of *Les Natchez* is more or less objectionable, and the concluding part of it cannot be read without pain by any right-minded person.

Les Natchez contains, among other things, the recital of the visit of a North American Indian to Paris: “The design of “this narrative,” says the author, “is to contrast the manners “of a people who are hunters, fishermen, and shepherds, with “those of the most polished people upon earth.” The idea, though by no means new, is good; but its developement in the present instance we are compelled to pronounce a failure. The savage is presented to Louis XIV., and taken to sup with Ninon de l’Enclos; and there pass before him, as in a magic lantern, almost all the greatest men whom he could possibly have seen at that place and time, and some whom he certainly could not have seen. We must forgive the anachronisms where probability is so utterly set at naught; but we could forgive them more easily if we had found them productive of any advantage. Much as our curiosity is excited, on arriving at this portion of the tale, we find it exceedingly tame. There is not much piquancy in calling Paris, “the great village”; Versailles, “the hut of the Chief of chiefs”; the Louvre, “a cabin”; and books, “wampum”; and, yet, if we strip away this Indian phraseology, there remains very little that is pleasant and original. We have spoken in terms of censure of the tragical horrors which are, in a vitiated taste, which the French are very prone to attribute to English writers, accumulated towards the conclusion. A guilty woman is plunged into a pond full of rattlesnakes! Murders follow in quick

succession, accompanied with a crime which we will not mention. The last page contains a passage which is supposed to sum up the moral of the story, and which we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed : —

“ There are some families which destiny appears to persecute ; let us not accuse Providence. The life and death of René were pursued by those unlawful fires which gave heaven to Amelia, and hell to Ondouré. René bore the double chastisement of those guilty passions. One can never lead others astray without having in himself some beginning of evil ; and he who, even involuntarily, is the cause of any misfortune, or any crime, is never innocent in the eye of God.”

“ Let us not accuse Providence ! ” Certainly ; but let us not do what is equally bad, — attempt its justification by such a dogma as this ! We know not what shadow of misinterpreted authority M. de Chateaubriand can have found for the strange principle which he so confidently asserts, and in asserting which, he seems to outrage the plainest axioms of religion and morality. What ! is he who has even involuntarily caused a crime, therefore not innocent in the eye of his Maker ? Is the possession of wealth which tempts the robber, to be counted as a crime to its plundered owner ? Is the victim who falls under the knife of a midnight assassin, to be counted guilty, because he has been the object of a heinous offence ? We cannot control our astonishment at this grave announcement of a proposition, than which we know none more dangerously calculated to blunt our moral sense, and to lead us to confound the just limits of right and wrong.

Les Martyrs, which is very superior to *Les Natchez*, has more decidedly the character of a prose epic, and the elevation of its style is more in keeping with the antiquity and dignity of its subject. Its period is that of the reigns of Diocletian and Galerius ; its subject, the persecution of the Christians, and especially of the hero and heroine, Eudorus and Cymodocea, both converts to Christianity, — the former the descendant of Philopœmen, the latter of Homer, — whose lives and adventures form the principal interest of the tale, and who finally suffer martyrdom together in the Coliseum. It abounds, perhaps, more than any other of his works, in eloquent passages and brilliant specimens of descriptive talent, but as a story it is ill-constructed. It contains numerous episodes and recitals, which, though good in themselves, impede the progress of the action, allow the interest of the tale to cool, and in no way contribute to the furtherance of the plot. This want of skill in the conduct of a story is visible alike in all M. de Chateaubriand's novels, and is one of the chief impediments to his success in this department of literature. By him the art of

making every circumstance converge to one common centre of interest is comparatively disregarded. Even where the tale is short, and the action simple, he cannot abstain from frequent digression. The bent of his genius is meditative and descriptive, but not at all dramatic. With him the novel is not so much an exposition of human character and actions, as a receptacle for the introduction of sentiments and descriptions. It is a convenient framework, wherein he may place some of the most brilliant extracts, from his diary and common-place book. His novels, his travels, and his *Génie du Christianisme*, may, in truth, almost be considered as portions of one extensive work. Each is enriched in turn by contributions from the other; and, though the form is different, one tone and aim predominate in all. We have said that his genius is not dramatic: this is true, not only as regards his conduct of a plot, but as regards his deficiency in that quality which is still more essential to dramatic effect,—the power of exhibiting character, and placing personages vividly before us. This M. de Chateaubriand does not do. He cannot individualize his personages: they are mere vehicles for abstract sentiments, imaginary mouth-pieces for rendering to the world the opinions and feelings of the author. We never seem to know them; for never can we imagine them alive and actually before us. Their words may be eloquent and well-chosen, but they do not seem to lead us to the knowledge of any mind save that of M. de Chateaubriand. Even the local coloring which he throws around them, serves little to impress upon us any sense of their reality. Chactas, in his native woods, wearing his native dress, seems to us not an Indian, but a Rousseau-like creation, compounded of ideal attributes,—an exemplification of the sentimental philosophism of Europe travestied in a savage garb. Compare Chateaubriand's savages with those of Cooper, and we feel at once the difference. The former may describe as correctly their habiliments and their ceremonies; but Cooper's Indians are living men, and we understand them as though we had known them; while Chateaubriand's seem never to have lived but in the flowery pages which narrate their deeds.

The peculiar *forte* of M. de Chateaubriand is description. It is this which constitutes a large part of the merit of his novels: it is this, too, which renders his *Travels*, in spite of their inaccuracy, peculiarly agreeable. Modern literature contains few things superior to his description of the Dead Sea, in the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. We may also cite the descriptions of the first view of the Holy Land, of Jerusalem, of Alexandria, of Athens, of Sunium, of the desolation of the Piræus, and of the mode of travelling in Greece. It is difficult to extract such passages

without diminishing their value; but the following picture of Jerusalem may be offered as an example with, perhaps, least injury to its effect:—

“When seen from the Mount of Olives, on the other side of the valley of Jehosaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane descending from west to east. An embattled wall, fortified with towers and a Gothic castle, encompasses the city all round; excluding, however, part of Mount Sion, which it formerly enclosed.

“In the western quarter, and in the centre of the city towards Calvary, the houses stand very close; but in the eastern part, along the brook Cedron, you perceive vacant spaces; among the rest, that which surrounds the mosque erected on the ruins of the Temple, and the nearly deserted spot where once stood the castle Antonia, and the second palace of Herod.

“The houses of Jerusalem are heavy square masses, very low, without chimneys or windows; they have flat terraces or domes on the top, and look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole would appear to the eye one uninterrupted level, did not the steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, the summits of a few cypresses, and the clumps of nopals, break the uniformity of the plan. On beholding these stone buildings, encompassed by a stony country, you are ready to inquire if they are not the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert.

“Enter the city, but nothing will you there find to make amends for the dullness of its exterior. You lose yourself among narrow unpaved streets, ascending and descending, from the inequality of the ground, and you walk among clouds of dust or loose stones. Canvass stretched from house to house increases the gloom of this labyrinth; bazars, roofed over, and fraught with infection, completely exclude the light from the desolate city. A few paltry shops expose nothing but wretchedness to view, and even these are frequently shut, from apprehension of the passage of a cadi. No one is passing in the streets, no one entering the gates, except now and then a peasant gliding through the gloom, concealing under his garments the fruits of his labor, lest he should be robbed by a soldier. Aside, in a corner, the Arab butcher is slaughtering some animal, suspended by the legs from a wall in ruins: from his haggard and ferocious look, and his bloody hands, you would rather suppose that he had been cutting the throat of a fellow-creature than killing a lamb. The only noise heard from time to time in this decide city, is the galloping of the steed of the desert: it is the janissary who brings the head of the Bedouin, or goes to plunder the unhappy Fellah.”

The following night-scene in the forests of America will afford a good specimen of the author's manner.

“One evening I was wandering in a forest at some distance from the cataract of Niagara. Soon I perceived the daylight fading around

me, and I enjoyed, in all its solitude, the beautiful appearance of night in the deserts of the New World. An hour after sunset the moon rose above some trees in the opposite horizon. A balmy breeze, which this queen of night brought with her from the east, seemed to precede her in the forests like her fresh breath. The solitary planet ascended the heavens by degrees; now it peacefully pursued its azure path, now reposed upon groups of clouds which resembled the summits of high mountains covered with snow. These clouds, furling and unfurling their sails, unrolled themselves into transparent zones of white satin, dispersed in light flakes of foam, or formed in the sky piles of cotton of dazzling whiteness so pleasing to the eye, that it seemed as if their softness and elasticity might be felt.

"The scene upon the earth was not less ravishing. The bluish, soft light of the moon descended at intervals among the trees, and some rays of light extended even to the depths of the most profound shade. The river which flowed at my feet alternately lost itself in the wood, and reappeared brilliant with constellations which were reflected from its bosom. In a savannah, on the other side of the river, the light of the moon slept motionless upon the turf; some birch trees, agitated by the breeze, and waving to and fro, formed islands of floating shadows upon the immovable sea of light. Near, all would have been silence and repose, but for the falling of leaves, the passing of a sudden wind, or the hooting of the owl; at a distance, the deep roar of the cataract of Niagara was heard at intervals, which, in the calmness of night, sounded from desert to desert, and expired in the midst of solitary forests."

"Style" is a subject, on which, in a foreign writer, we are least entitled to pronounce with confidence, and we are bound to defer in some measure to the opinion of his countrymen. From them M. de Chateaubriand has not gained the palm of correctness; and he has in some degree offended the academical prudery of the French *purists*, by certain words and turns of expression which they are unwilling to recognise as orthodox. But French critics are too prone to sacrifice spirit to correctness, to subject poetry and eloquence to conventional trammels, and to question the authority for an unusual expression, rather than to consider its force and propriety of application. Their censures must not, therefore, be received implicitly. For our own part, without considering whether any of his expressions be or be not academically correct, we will confess that for us the style of Chateaubriand has a peculiar charm. We could almost read nonsense from his pen with more pleasure than sense from the pens of many others. There is a brilliancy, a clearness, and frequently a vigor in his language, which highly merit to be admired and emulated. Though confused in his reasonings, he is never confused in the exposition of his sentiments. Nothing can be more lucidly delivered than his

no-reasons and false inferences; and however much we may dissent, we are seldom doubtful of his meaning. M. de Chateaubriand has distinctly a manner of his own; but still there is not much originality in his style, as will be evident to those who are conversant with the works of Fénelon, Rousseau, Buffon, Florian, and Bernardin de St. Pierre. The resemblance is not sufficiently close to warrant a charge of direct imitation, but at least it may be said that (except perhaps in his political writings) his style has been influenced by theirs. It may be said too of his prose, as of that of Rousseau, Buffon, and St. Pierre, that it is more truly poetical than any French verse, and especially more than the verse of M. de Chateaubriand himself. He, together with sundry other French writers, seems, like Antæus, to lose his strength when lifted up from the solid ground of level prose.

The *Monarchie selon la Charte*, written while M. de Chateaubriand was in office, and which occasioned his expulsion, and drew upon him the attacks of the police, is perhaps his ablest political work. It contains his idea of a constitutional monarchy, such as he conceived most applicable to the existing state of France. The British constitution is evidently that which, more frequently than is admitted, he has taken for his model. The irresponsibility of the sovereign, — the responsibility of ministers, — the right of the Chambers to take the initiative in proposing legislative measures, — the obligation of the ministers to submit to be questioned in the Chambers, — the dependence of the ministry on public opinion and a majority in the Chambers, — the indivisibility of the ministry with reference to its acts, — the necessity that the press should be free, — the inexpediency of a ministerial police, — such are some of the most prominent principles which he unequivocally lays down.

M. de Chateaubriand advocates with ability, both in this and other of his writings, the cause of representative government, and the necessity which it involves of consistent freedom in the other institutions of the state.

M. de Chateaubriand has been a zealous and eloquent supporter of the liberty of the press. As an author and a journalist, and one who in that capacity had suffered persecution, his feelings were interested on the liberal side no less powerfully than his judgment. On this subject he writes, not as a theorist, not as one whose imagination is affected by the distant view of some ideal good or ill, but with the intenseness and vigor of one who has taken practical cognizance of that on which he treats.

His writings on the liberty of the press, especially that entitled *Opinion sur le projet de loi relatif à la Police de la Presse*, are

all able, and are favorable examples of his controversial skill. They contain occasional instances of his characteristic love of generalization, some little hardihood of assertion, and much which we in England should think unnecessary; but the general principles which they involve are sound, and ably expressed, and they abound in clever expositions of the inefficiencies and absurdities of the restrictive laws which it is their object to combat.

M. de Chateaubriand's *Etudes Historiques* have been fully discussed in a preceding number of this journal, and we shall, therefore, add nothing on the subject of that particular work.*

M. de Chateaubriand's zeal in the cause of the Bourbons often passes the bounds of discretion, and he says many things in their praise, which a wise advocate would have omitted. He seems to estimate eulogy by quantity rather than by quality, to think that the more he accumulates the greater will be the effect produced, to forget that, where all is gilt, even gilding loses its attraction, and to be ignorant how commendation undeserved and unacknowledged militates against the efficacy even of those praises which are felt to be just. His "Memoirs concerning the Duke of Berri" is a tissue of weak adulation, rendered less fulsome and discreditable to its author only by being offered to the *dead*. M. de Chateaubriand lays such stress on trifles, as to create an impression that he had little that was favorable to relate. Why else are we treated with anecdotes of the Duc de Berri's condescension in taking refuge from a shower of rain in a porter's lodge when walking with the Duchess? and another time, when no such shelter was at hand, allowing a stranger to escort them with an umbrella, pardoning his ignorance of their rank, and actually thanking him when the discovery took place? It would be great injustice to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, who mingle constantly with their subjects in the streets, not to believe that under such trying circumstances they have frequently conducted themselves quite as well. Why are we told, as if the earth did not contain such another instance of exalted virtue, that he did not turn away a superannuated coachman without giving him a retiring pension? Why are we told that after hunting he magnanimously admitted the superior punctuality of his whipper-in? Was it praise or bitter irony to speak as follows of a prince who passed some of the most improvable years of his life in England?

"His leisure in England allowed him to devote himself to vari-

* "*Études ou Discours Historiques sur la Chûte de l'Empire Romain, la Naissance et les Progrès du Christianisme, et l'Invasion des Barbares: suivis d'une Analyse raisonnée de l'Histoire de France.*" The work is reviewed *without praise* in the 16th number of the Review.

ous studies; he gave himself up to the science of *medals*, in which he made *astonishing progress*. He afterwards turned to music and painting, and perfected himself in the *knowledge of pictures*. He acquired, *also*, in London those sound ideas, which we have observed in him, upon representative monarchy."

After mentioning the Duc de Berri's *astonishing progress* in the knowledge of coins, and his acquaintance with paintings, our author states; as if it were an afterthought, that he *also* acquired sound notions upon the subject, which to him was one of the most important, and which this country could best teach him.

Surely it was not politic to provoke a comparison, as in the following passage, between Louis XVIII. and Napoleon Bonaparte.

"If it is extraordinary that Bonaparte was able to bend to his yoke the men of the republic, it is not less astonishing that Louis XVIII. subjected to his laws the men of the empire; that glory, interest, passion, even vanity itself died away before him. A mixture of confidence and respect was felt in his presence, the benevolence of his heart was shown in his words, the grandeur of his race in his appearance."

It was unwise, in the first place, to compare a submission effected by Louis with foreign aid, and that which Napoleon imposed on France by the influence of his own commanding genius. It was unwise to compare the personal qualities of one whose abilities were considered by few to rise much above the average standard, with those of the most wonderful being of his age; and most especially was it unwise, because even if Louis could, in all the attributes of greatness, be proved equal to Napoleon, the comparison would have been of no avail to one who, like M. de Chateaubriand, is the advocate of legitimacy. The personal qualities of a sovereign can with no shadow of utility be brought under consideration, except when the sovereignty is elective. The Bourbons were brought back to reign over France, not because they were individually wiser and better than many other persons who could have been selected; but because, according to fixed and recognised rules, they were the rightful inheritors of the crown. To eulogize their personal merits, as if these constituted any the smallest portion of their claim, is to weaken the foundation on which that claim really rests. Monarchy is never firmly established except among a people who can be taught to revere and uphold the kingly office independently of all consideration respecting the character of him who fills it. The advocate of legitimacy does ill who talks of individual virtues, — who rests the defence of his principle on any thing less than the good of the people, — who speaks as if it were intended for the advantage of a single family, and as a re-

ward for its merits, rather than for the benefit of the community at large. Legitimacy does possess that best support, the general good. When it is acknowledged essential for the welfare of a people that the highest office in the state should cease to be a prize that ambition may contend for, — that the possession of it should be ascertained by rules which shall exclude as far as is possible all room for doubt and dispute, — when it is acknowledged that it is better to incur the chance of an unwise or avaricious ruler, than the oft-recurring evils of turbulent election and the sense of perpetual instability ; — when this is acknowledged, it is useless, — nay more, it is even mischievous, — to call in adventitious circumstances, such as personal character and temporary popularity, in support of a principle which, if it is worth any thing, must be strong enough without them. The expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons has placed M. de Chateaubriand's chivalrous spirit of loyalty in that honorable light which the generous advocacy of the unfortunate reflects even on misjudging champions. He has done for them all he can, considering how little chivalrous is the nature of those weapons with which he is constrained to defend their cause. He has written lately an able pamphlet, in which he comments powerfully on what he designates as the unjust exclusion of the young unoffending Duc de Bordeaux, and the ill-compacted system of republican monarchy now established in France.

M. de Chateaubriand's active career is, we trust, still far from its close. We trust he is still destined to adorn the literature of his country with works more solidly advantageous, more permanently redounding to his own fame, than any he has yet produced. We are justified in this expectation by observing that, without any concomitant decrease of imaginative power, judgment and good taste have progressively exercised a more decided influence from the earliest period of his authorship. His is a mind of which the reasoning faculties have been overshadowed and hidden by the vast luxuriance of his fancy ; and in proportion as the latter has been pruned and repressed, the former have been more effectually developed. We should hail with pleasure, what we trust is possible, another edition of his "*Œuvres Complètes*," enriched with the added fruits of his matured experience, and unencumbered with those gaudy weeds, which, with an unfortunate excess of parental indulgence, he has forborne to pluck out from the one now before us.

ART. IV.—RECENT PUBLICATIONS CONCERNING GOETHE.

[By A. N.]

THE death of Goethe has served to make him an object of attention to many, in whom his life and writings had before excited little interest; and who may have read such English translations as we have of his works, or perhaps some of his works in the original, with no stronger feeling than that of astonishment at the enthusiastic, unlimited, intolerant admiration, expressed for him by a large portion of his countrymen. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, extraordinary from the character and circumstances which enabled him to hold such a despotic power over many German minds. But that he should ever attain a corresponding influence out of his own country, and especially among English readers, is not to be apprehended. It would imply a revolution of taste, of moral sentiments, of philosophy, and of religious faith, as improbable as it would be disastrous.

Of the manner in which he is estimated by his admirers, we have evidence in two articles, one in the *New Monthly Magazine* (for June last), and the other in the 19th number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. The first is entitled "Death of Goethe." It is an apotheosis (apotheosis is a tame word) of the German poet and novelist, we presume by a countryman of his own. He is described as the moral sun of mankind, the one great philosopher of his age, the hierophant of a new era in the history of our race; the powerful workings and future effects of whose mysterious energy, the most initiated can as yet but imperfectly comprehend. We shall give a few extracts from this and the other article to which we have referred. They are worth preservation, if for no other reason, yet as literary curiosities; for there is very little like them in English literature.

"The true sovereign of the world, who moulds the world like soft wax, according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly *sees* into the world; the 'inspired Thinker,' whom in these days we name Poet. The true sovereign is the Wise Man.

"However, as the Moon, which can heave up the Atlantic, sends not in her obedient billows at once, but gradually; and, for example, the Tide, which swells to-day on our shores and washes every creek, rose in the bosom of the great ocean (astronomers assure us) eight-and-forty hours ago; and indeed all world-movements, by nature deep, are by nature calm, and flow and swell onwards with a certain majestic slowness,—so, too, with the impulse of a Great Man, and the effect he has to manifest on other men. To such a one we may grant some generation or two before the celestial Impulse he impressed on the world will universally proclaim itself,

and become (like that working of the Moon), if still not intelligible, yet palpable to all men; some generation or two more, wherein it has to grow, and expand, and envelope all things, before it can reach its acme; and thereafter mingling with other movements and new impulses, at length cease to require a specific observation or designation. Longer or shorter such period may be, according to the nature of the Impulse itself, and of the elements it works in; according, above all, as the Impulse was intrinsically great and deep-reaching, or only wide-spread, superficial, and transient. Thus, if David Hume is at this hour Pontiff of the World, and rules most hearts, and guides most tongues (the hearts and tongues, even of those that in vain rebel against him), there are nevertheless, symptoms that his task draws towards completion; and now in the distance his Successor becomes visible. On the other hand, we have seen a Napoleon, like some Gunpowder Force (with which sort he, indeed, was appointed chiefly to work), explode his whole virtue suddenly, and thunder himself out and silent, in a space of five-and-twenty years. While again, for a man of true greatness, working with spiritual implements, two centuries is no uncommon period: nay, on this Earth of ours, there have been men whose Impulse had not completed its developement till after fifteen hundred years; and might, perhaps, be seen still individually subsistent after two thousand.

"But, as was once written, 'though our clock strikes when there 'is a change from hour to hour, no hammer in the horologe of time 'peals through the universe to proclaim that there is a change 'from era to era.' The true beginning is oftentimes unnoticed, and unnoticeable. Thus do men go wrong in their reckoning; and grope hither and thither, not knowing where they are, in what course their history runs. Within this last century, for instance, with its wild doings and destroyings, what hope, grounded on miscalculation, ending in disappointment! How many world-famous victories were gained and lost, dynasties founded and subverted, revolutions accomplished, constitutions sworn to; and ever the 'new era' was come, was coming, yet still it came not, but the time continued sick! Alas, all these were but spasmodic convulsions of the death-sick time; the crisis of cure and regeneration to the time was not there indicated. The real new era was when a Wise Man came into the world with clearness of vision, and greatness of soul to accomplish this old high enterprise, amid these new difficulties, yet again: A Life of Wisdom. Such a man became, by Heaven's preappointment, in very deed, the Redeemer of the time. Did he not bear the curse of the time? He was filled full with its skepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousandfold contradictions, till his heart was like to break: but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly by word and act showed others that come after, how to do the like. Honor to him who first, 'through the impassable, paves a road!' Such indeed is the task of every great man; nay, of every good man in one or the

other sphere, since goodness is greatness; and the good man, high or humble, is ever a martyr, and 'spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance.' The gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered habitable, was the greatest and most perilous of all, wherein truly all others lie included: *The whole distracted Existence of Man is an Age of Unbelief*. Whoso lives, whoso with earnest mind studies to live wisely in that mad element, may yet know, perhaps too well, what an enterprise was here; and for the Chosen of our time, who could prevail in that same, have the higher reverence, and a gratitude such as can belong to no other.

"How far he prevailed in it, by what means, with what endurances and achievements, will in due season be estimated; the data are now all ready; those volumes called *Goethe's Works* will receive no farther addition or alteration; and the record of his whole spiritual Endeavour lies written there,—were the man or men but ready who could read it rightly! A glorious record; wherein he that would understand himself and his environment, and struggles for escape out of darkness into light, as for the one thing needful, will long thankfully study. For the whole chaotic time, what it has suffered, attained, and striven after, stands imaged there; interpreted, ennobled into poetic clearness. From the passionate longings and wailings of 'Werter,' spoken as from the heart of all Europe; onwards through the wild unearthly melody of 'Faust' (like the spirit-song of falling worlds); to that serenely smiling wisdom of 'Meisters Lehrjahre,' and the German Hafiz,—what an interval; and all enfolded in an ethereal music, as from unknown spheres, harmoniously uniting all! A long interval; and wide as well as long: for this was a universal man. History, Science, Art, human Activity under every aspect; the laws of light, in his 'Farbenlehre;' the laws of wild Italian life in his 'Benvenuto Cellini;' nothing escaped him, nothing that he did not look into, that he did not see into. Consider too the genuineness of whatsoever he did; his hearty, idiomatic way; simplicity with loftiness, and nobleness, and ærial grace. Pure works of art, completed with an antique Grecian polish, as 'Torquato Tasso,' as 'Iphigenie'; Proverbs; 'Xenien'; Patriarchal Sayings, which, since the Hebrew Scriptures were closed, we know not where to match; in whose homely depth lie often the materials for volumes.

"To measure and estimate all this, as we said, the time is not come; a century hence will be the fitter time. He who investigates it best will find its meaning greatest, and be the readiest to acknowledge that it transcends him. Let the reader have seen, before he attempt to oversee. A poor reader, in the mean while, were he, who discerned not here the authentic rudiments of that same New Era, whereof we have so often had false warning. Wondrously, the wrecks and pulverized rubbish of ancient things, institutions, religions, forgotten noblenesses, made alive again by

the breath of Genius, lie here in new coherence and incipient union, the spirit of Art working creative through the mass: that *chaos*, into which the eighteenth century with its wild war of hypocrites and skeptics had reduced the Past, begins here once more to be a *world*. This, the highest that can be said of written books, is to be said of these: there is in them a new time, the prophecy and beginning of a new time. The corner-stone of a new social edifice for mankind is laid there; firmly as before, on the natural rock; far-extending traces of a ground-plan we can also see, which future centuries may go on to enlarge, amend, and work into reality. These sayings seem strange to some; nevertheless they are not empty exaggerations, but expressions, in their way, of a belief, which is not now of yesterday; perhaps when Goethe has been read and meditated for another generation, they will not seem so strange."

The blessed era to be brought about by this most extraordinary man, who, during a great part of his life was "filled full with skepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousandfold contradictions," is to be effected, we must presume, from what is said, not by his *Werter* or *Faust*, but by William Meister's Apprenticeship, and his later poems. We are not told what part in this grand renovation is to be accomplished by his other novel, entitled "*Elective Affinities*," which, to most English readers, if ever translated, will appear only a cold, disgusting story of complicated adultery. *Werter* and *Faust* may well be put out of the question. The day of the former has passed. The weakest of sentimentalists, at least out of Germany, would now regard it as a book too silly to cry over. As to *Faust*, the most zealous of its admirers must allow, that the moral renovation which it is adapted to produce is of a very questionable kind. It may be worth while to translate and quote what is said of it by a writer, Albert Stapfer, who may be supposed to have a sufficiently high estimate of the genius of its author, as he is the translator of his dramatic works into French.

"One may at first thought," he says, "be astonished at the "enthusiasm of the Germans for a work in which subjects so much "respected are treated with pleasantry, and which, from beginning "to end, breathes, so to speak, an infernal air. How, it may be "asked, can men with so much faith delight in a work adapted to "shake all belief in the firmest mind? How can men so strict "in their morality take pleasure in a spectacle of triumphant "vice? It may be answered, that, as the pleasantries proceed "from the mouth of the Devil, the more impious they are, the "the more edifying they become; and, as regards the second "point, vice is painted in colors too odious to render its success "dangerous. Though it be triumphant, Margaret is not the less "interesting; for, to interest us, it is of more avail to merit success

"than to attain it. But the best reason that can be given for the "enthusiasm for Faust, so general, and it must be confessed so "frantic, in Germany, is the exquisite perfection of its style. It "unites grace, vigor, conciseness, richness, purity, perfect ease, "simplicity, and harmony. Its reading is a perpetual enchantment."*

Of this drama we have an English translation by Lord Leveson Gower. It is, indeed, only a reflection in the water. But Shelley has given us some scenes with a bolder hand; and though his admiration of the original outran his knowledge, for his translation is not very correct, yet he has sufficiently well preserved its spirit. Of the pleasantries upon sacred subjects, (pleasantries!) a specimen may be found in his version of the Prologue in Heaven, a parody upon the first chapter of Job. Shelley likewise has rendered a scene which contains the most powerful display of the nightmare poetry of this drama; omitting the gross indecencies, which are such as could not be tolerated in English. Madame de Staël who follows Goethe's German admirers, but is compelled by her good taste and right feelings to toil after them in vain, says of Faust, that "whether it be considered as a production of the delirium of genius, or of the satiety of reason, it is to be wished "that such works should not be multiplied." But whatever, in connexion with the other writings of Goethe, are to be its effects in the moral regeneration of mankind, it was one of the last which employed the mind of its author. An unfinished second part has been for some time before the public. The completion of this was one of Goethe's last toils for the good of his race. The old man finished it on the eve of his eighty-second birth-day, and left the manuscript sealed up with ten seals, for the benefit of those who might come after him. In Germany, the drama of Faust is generally considered, we believe, as the master-work of his genius, the most characteristic of his productions.

But of the great engines which are to move the world, it seems one of the principal is William Meister's Apprenticeship, with "its smiling wisdom." The full advantages which this novel is adapted to confer may be enjoyed by all English readers, properly qualified, for there is an excellent translation of it. But its wisdom is hidden wisdom to profane eyes. They will read in vain. To them, with the exception of some passages, it will appear in the main a vulgar, childish, immoral tale, the personages and incidents of which are not like those of the earth, and yet are on it. It has afforded occasion to one of the most happy pieces of criticism which are to be found in our language. We do not recollect to have

* *Cœuvres Dramatiques de Goethe. Tom. I, p. 85.*

seen a more true account of a book in more felicitous language, than is given of this novel in the *Edinburgh Review*.*

We doubt whether any English writer has yet attained to the mystic, transcendental, exalted style of the article in the *New Monthly*. We had thought that the force of folly could no further go. But the same author (evidently the same) reappears with more elaborate display in the article in the *Foreign Quarterly*; some passages of which, taken from their connexion, would produce a conviction in most readers, that they were parts of a burlesque too extravagant to be amusing. Not venturing to say all that he would in his proper person about the worship of great men being the only true worship of the wise, he brings forward a man of straw whom he baptizes, as if in joke, Professor Teufelsdreck,† to utter his extravagances for him in the strangest language. Under the cover of this Professor Asafætida (to take the mildest rendering of his well-chosen name), he exclaims:

"Blame not the world for such minutest curiosity about its great ones: this comes of the world's old established necessity to worship: and, indeed, whom but its great ones, that 'like celestial fire-pillars go before it on the march,' ought it to worship? Blame not even that mistaken worship of sham great ones, that are not celestial fire-pillars, but terrestrial glass lanterns with wick and tallow, under no guidance but a stupid fatuous one; of which worship the litanies and gossip homilies are, in some quarters of the globe, so inexpressibly uninteresting. Blame it not; pity it rather, with a certain loving respect.

"Man is never, let me assure thee, altogether a clothes-horse; under the clothes there is always a body and a soul. The Count von Bügeleisen, so idolized by our fashionable classes, is not, as the English Swift asserts, created wholly by the tailor; but partially also by the supernatural powers. His beautifully cut apparel, and graceful expensive tackle and environment of all kinds, are but the symbols of a beauty and gracefulness, supposed to be inherent in the Count himself; under which predicament come also our reverence for his counthood, and in good part that other notable phenomenon of his being worshipped, because he *is* worshipped, of one idolator, sheep-like, running after him, because many have already run. Nay, on what other principle but this latter hast thou, O reader, (if thou be not one of a thousand,) read, for example, thy *Homer*, and found some real joy therein? All these things, I say, the apparel, the counthood, the existing popularity, and whatever else can combine there, are symbols;—bank notes, which, whether there be gold behind them, or only bankruptcy and empty

* In the eighty-fourth number, for August, 1825. See particularly pages 414, 415.

† Teufelsdreck, i. e. Devilsdung, Asafætida.

drawers, pass current for gold. But how, now, could they so pass, if gold itself were not prized, and believed and known to be somewhere extant ? ” *

As a specimen of the style of this writer, speaking in his own person, may be quoted his annunciation of the fact, that soon after the death of an eminent individual, it is common for biographies, and other works concerning him, to be published ; together with the philosophical solution which he gives of this phenomenon.

“ At all likeywakes the doings and endurances of the Departed are the theme : rude souls, rude tongues grow eloquently busy with him ; a whole septuagint of beldames are striving to render, in such dialect as they have, the small bible, or apocrypha, of his existence, for the general perusal. The least famous of mankind will for once become public, and have his name printed, and read not without interest : in the newspaper obituaries ; on some frail memorial, under which he has crept to sleep. Foolish lovesick girls know that there is one method to impress the obdurate false Lovelace, and wring his bosom ; the method of drowning : foolish ruined dandies, whom the tailor will no longer trust, and the world turning on its heel is about forgetting, can recall it to attention by report of pistol ; and so in a worthless death, if in a worthless life no more, reattain the topgallant of renown, — for one day. Death is ever a sublimity, and supernatural wonder, were there no other left : the last act of a most strange drama, which is not dramatic but has now become real ; wherein, miraculously, Furies, god-missioned, have in actual person risen from the abyss, and do verily dance there in that terror of all terrors, and wave their dusky-glaring torches, and shake their serpent hair ! Out of which heart-thrilling, so authentically tragic fifth act there goes, as we said, a new meaning over all

* As a commentary on this rhapsody (if it deserve so respectable a name) on the worship of great men, we give two epigrams from one of the many worthless works which have been showered upon the German public since the death of Goethe.

“ Einstmals logen die Kreter, es sei Zeus selbst gestorben ;
Sagen sie jetzo, ‘ Es starb Göthe, ’ so lügen sie’s auch.”

“ Formerly the Cretans lied, in saying Jupiter himself is dead ;
Should men now say, ‘ Goethe died, ’ it would be a lie also.”

“ Zeus ist dem Volke Beginn, und Zeus ist Ende dem Volke ;
Mir ist Göthe Beginn, Göthe mir Mitt’ und Beschluss.”

* “ To the vulgar, Jupiter is the beginning, and to the vulgar, Jupiter is the end ;

“ To me, Goethe is the beginning, to me, Goethe is the middle and the conclusion.”

The work quoted is entitled “ Blumen auf Göthe’s Ruhestatt gestreut.” “ Flowers strewed over Goethe’s Place of Rest.” By J. A. Gotthold. Königsberg, (Hungary.) 1832.

the other four ; making them likewise tragic and authentic, and memorable in some measure, were they formerly the sorriest pickle-herring farce.

" But above all, when a Great Man dies, then has the time come for putting us in mind that he was alive : biographies and biographic sketches, criticisms, characters, anecdotes, reminiscences, issue forth as from opened springing fountains ; the world, with a passion whetted by impossibility, will yet a while retain, yet a while speak with, though only to the unanswering echoes, what it has lost without remedy : thus is the last event of life often the loudest ; and real spiritual *Apparitions* (who have been named Men), as false imaginary ones are fabled to do, vanish in thunder."

We do not know but we are spending too much time upon this article. We find it, however, noticed and quoted at much length in one of the most popular German journals, as adapted " to warm the hearts " of all right-minded Germans.* We will venture to quote a few more passages. Of the difficulty of understanding Goethe's moral excellence, it is said :

" Here may be the place to mention, that this noble man, in respect of his heart, and goodness and badness, is not altogether easy to get acquainted with ; that innumerable persons, of the man-miliner, parish-clerk, and circulating-library sort, will find him a hard nut to crack." " In his Writings, we all know the moral lesson is seldom so easily educed as one could wish."

Seldom indeed ! and this would seem to be an objection against his being considered the great moral regenerator of the age, unless his morality, like the philosophy of some of his countrymen, is to work marvellously without being understood.

" His first literary productions fall in his twenty-third year ; *Werter*, the most celebrated of these, in his twenty-fifth. Of which wonderful book, and its now recognised character as poetic (and prophetic) utterance of the World's Despair, it is needless to repeat what has elsewhere been written. This and *Götz von Berlichingen*, which also, as a poetic looking back into the past, was a word for the world, have produced incalculable effects ; — which

* The German writer ends his remarks in the following manner : " We cannot better express the feelings which this praiseworthy article has excited than in the consolatory words with which Tieck concluded at the funeral solemnities of Goethe, words in accordance with the sentiments of every noble mind in our nation, of whatever political or literary party :

' He is not removed from us ;
It is no dream that we knew him and loved him ;
He dwells in us, and we are most happy,
That the blessed power remains to us
Of admiring and loving the Greatest.' "

now, indeed, however some departing echo of them may linger in the wrecks of our own Moss-trooper and Satanic Schools, do at length all happily lie behind us. Some trifling incidents at Wetzlar, and the suicide of an unhappy acquaintance, were the means of 'crystallizing' that wondrous, perilous stuff, which the young heart oppressively held dissolved in it, into this world-famous, and as it proved world-medicative *Werter*." . . . "In *Goethe's Works*, chronologically arranged, we see this above all things: A mind working itself into clearer and clearer freedom; gaining a more and more perfect dominion of its world. The pestilential fever of Skepticism runs through its stages: but happily it ends and disappears at the last stage, not in death, not in chronic malady (the commonest way), but in clearer, henceforth invulnerable health. *Werter* we called the voice of the world's despair: passionate uncontrollable is this voice; not yet melodious and supreme, — as nevertheless we at length hear it in the wild apocalyptic *Faust*: like a death-song of departing worlds; no voice of joyful 'morning stars singing together' over a Creation; but of red nigh-extinguished midnight stars, in spherul swan-melody, proclaiming: It is ended!

"What follows, in the next period, we might, for want of a fitter term, call Pagan or Ethnic in character; meaning thereby an anthropomorphic character, akin to that of old Greece and Rome. *Wilhelm Meister* is of that stamp: warm, hearty, sunny human Endeavour; a free recognition of Life in its depth, variety, and majesty; as yet no Divinity recognised there. The famed *Venetian Epigrams* are of the like Old-Ethnic tone: musical, joyfully strong; true, yet not the whole truth, and sometimes in their blunt realism, jarring on the sense. As in this, oftener cited perhaps, by a certain class of wise men, than the due proportion demanded:

"Why so bustleth the People and crieth? Would find itself victual,
Children too would beget, feed on the best may be had:
Mark in thy notebooks, Traveller, this, and at home go do likewise;
Farther reacheth no man, make he what stretching he will."

"Doubt, reduced into Denial, now lies prostrate under foot: the fire has done its work, an old world is in ashes; but the smoke and the flame are blown away, and a sun again shines clear over the ruin, to raise therefrom a new nobler verdure and flowrage. Till at length, in the third or final period, melodious Reverence becomes triumphant; a deep all-pervading Faith, with mild voice, grave as gay, speaks forth to us in a *Meisters Wanderjahre*, in a *West-Ostlicher Divan*; in many a little *Zahme Xenie*, and true-hearted little rhyme, 'which,' it has been said, 'for pregnancy and genial significance, except in the Hebrew Scriptures, you will nowhere match.' As here, striking in almost at a venture:

"Like as a Star,
That maketh not haste,

That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His god-given Hest.*

Or this small couplet, which the reader, if he will, may substitute for whole horse-loads of *Essays on the Origin of Evil*; a spiritual manufacture which in these enlightened times ought ere now to have gone out of fashion :

“What shall I teach thee, the foremost thing ?”
Could'st teach me off my own Shadow to spring !

Or the pathetic picturesqueness of this :

“A rampart-breach is every Day,
Which many mortals are storming :
Fall in the gap who may,
Of the slain no heap is forming.

“*Eine Bresche ist jeder Tag.
Die viele Menschen erströmen ;
Wer da auch fallen mag,
Die Todten sich niemals thürmen.*”

“In such spirit, and with eye that takes in all provinces of human Thought, Feeling, and Activity, does the poet stand forth as the true prophet of his time ; victorious over its contradiction, possessor of its wealth ; embodying the noblenesses of the past

* “*Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast,
Aber ohne Rast,
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.*”

There is nothing about “god-given hest” in these lines, which addition seems to have been made to throw an air of piety over them. Their literal rendering is :

Like a star,
Without haste,
But without rest,
Let each one revolve
Round his proper charge.

But the power of the German words may be as intransfusible into our language as those of another couplet elsewhere quoted by this reviewer, “the emphasis of which,” he says, “no foreign idiom can imitate.”

“Die Tugend ist das höchste Gut,
Das Laster Weh dem Menschen thut.”

“In which emphatic couplet,” he asks, “does there not, as the critics say in other cases, lie the essence of whole volumes such as we have read ?”

That those of our readers, who are unacquainted with the German, may not remain altogether ignorant of these wonderful lines, we will give such a translation of them as our language admits. It is as follows :

Virtue is the highest good,
Vice causes woe to man.

into a new whole, into a new vital nobleness for the present and the future."

The writer of the two articles we have quoted belongs to a school of which we have few examples in England or our own country, but the disciples of which are numerous on the continent of Europe and especially in Germany. It is distinguished by its tone of unbounded assumption. Its writers speak forth only mysteries and oracles, and this, often in language as obscure and barbarous, as that in which the ancient mysteries and oracles were involved. They are priests of some one or other new revelation from nature to mankind, which, though it cannot yet be fully understood, is to effect wonderful things; and especially to sweep away all old notions of philosophy, morals, and religion. Its doctrines, or its proofs, are never clearly stated; its mysteries are never exhibited by day-light; it is brought into no connexion with what have hitherto been the opinions and belief of men. The language in which these are expressed is contemptuously rejected. As we read, the uncouth and dark words seem to be heaving with the workings of some powerful spirit, good or evil; but when they assume a definite meaning, it is, perhaps, an extravagant paradox, which we may, at first sight, hesitate to reject, because we cannot believe that one would really say any thing so absurd as it seems, and may therefore question, whether the views of the writer are not deeper than our own. At other times, after the labor of disengaging the idea from the words with which it is encumbered, it appears at last to be only some familiar truth or some familiar falsehood. This class of writers has not yet appeared sufficiently in England to incur the ridicule which they merit; and on the continent of Europe, such is the present chaotic state of opinion, that it may be some time before it is successfully applied.

To the ridiculous, indeed, these philosophers appear, at present, to be altogether insensible. They seem in writing to have no feeling of the strangest incongruities, of the wildest extravagances, of mere silliness. They utter in their trances what a man of common sense would be so little likely to say in sober earnest, that one unaccustomed to their style is at a loss how to apprehend them. He cannot tell what to think of these Professor-Teufelsdrucks. Their mystic strain is sometimes broken with poor trivialities, and perhaps low jokes, forming as strange a mixture as if the discourses of Don Quixote and Sancho were blended together. The quick perception of incongruity is one of the strongest characteristics of good sense; and ridicule, which is the vivid expression of this perception, is one of the most effectual weapons against folly. Would that some avenger of the human intellect might rise up on the continent of Europe to apply it where it is needed. A

stroke of ridicule well directed is often only an argument in its most condensed form. It pierces at once the blown bladder which we might beat upon with a club in vain.

It is in consequence, partly, of this insensibility to the ridiculous, that we find in the descriptions, real or imaginary, of the writers of this school, sometimes exaggerated and factitious expressions of excitement, fits of unaccountable enthusiasm, and sometimes an attempt to sentimentalize about the trivialities, meannesses, and baser things of life. The heart goes forth, as in *William Meister*, to diffuse itself over puppet-shows, eating-parties, and the dirty adventures of strolling players. There is a mawkish pathos about the vulgar and gross, manifesting, as is thought, an extraordinary insight into the hidden inmost nature of things. In the creations of genius, it is the object of the poet or the artist to separate the *ideal* from all accidental and foreign associations, and to present it before us by itself, in its native essential character, so that, our perception of it being thus undisturbed, it may afford us the highest gratification. But the art of the new school is displayed in drawing us down to a steady contemplation of things of every-day occurrence, and many of them of the coarser sort, as the exciting causes of feeling. To an English taste the incongruity is often particularly ludicrous. We do not rank Goethe in the same class with his admirers, but, as exemplifications of what has been said, passages from his own writings most readily occur to us. "One thing," exclaims the passionate Werter to his beloved, "I beg of you. Put no more sand upon the little notes you write me. In my haste, I got it to-day upon my lips and it has made my teeth grit." This effusion is, as the naturalists say, the type of many; and some of these flowers of sentiment have a far more powerful odor.

In the wild speculations which are now prevalent on the continent of Europe, there is still much said about religion, and the sentiment of piety, and morals, and even Christianity. Goethe, as he tells us, had formed a Christianity of his own; and the philosopher Schelling, though a pantheist, is noted for his piety. But it is to be understood that all these words have lost their old meanings. The state of things may remind one of Voltaire's prophecy concerning Rousseau, "that he should talk about virtue and philosophy till no mortal should know what virtue and philosophy mean." The evil done would be much less, if opinions really at war with what have been the belief and the trust of wise and good men, appeared without disguise in their proper form, with no false assumption of venerated names. All is now uncertain and misty, floating and dazzling in the view of these worshippers of the clouds.

We have no intention of discussing the character or the genius of Goethe; or the causes of the extraordinary ascendancy which he has attained over the minds of many of his countrymen. We have been led to make the preceding remarks from a consideration of what seems to us the tendency of his writings and the influence of his character, considered under a moral and religious aspect. We are not, however, among the admirers of his works, considered merely as literary productions. We doubt whether a cultivated English reader of correct principles and good taste could unhesitatingly lay his hand upon any one of them, and say that it would have been a loss to mankind had it never appeared.

We ought, however, to remark that it is rather the outrageous admiration which has been bestowed on Goethe, than any thing in his own character or writings, which we regard as likely to be very pernicious, at least to English readers. Upon their minds his writings can have little hold. An artificial and diseased taste must be created before they can read them, without much weariness and dislike. They will not be able to comprehend in what their power consists; and will only perceive that it must be of a different kind from what has hitherto been exercised by the master spirits among men. Even his drama of Faust, of which Mad. de Staël tells us, after her fashion, that in it, "the moral world is annihilated and hell put in its place," and that "one cannot recall the recollection of it without something like a feeling of dizziness," and of which many such extravagances have been said, may, in truth, be read by any person of tolerably strong head, without a feeling of dizziness, or danger to his faith, though not perhaps without strong disgust. It is only when the writer of such works is put forward as a teacher of philosophy and morals, that it becomes of much importance to question his claims.

We shall now lay before our readers accounts of the two principal of the many works concerning him which have appeared since his death. The first is by his friend, Falk. The notice of it is from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (No. 34.), which we may here observe is, notwithstanding the article we have had occasion to comment upon, a highly respectable publication.

Goethe aus näherm persönlichen Umgange dargestellt. Ein nachgelassenes Werk von JOHANNES FALK. (Goethe painted from close personal intercourse; a Posthumous Work of JOHN FALK.) 12mo. Leipzig. 1832.

STRANGE enough! a posthumous work on Goethe, by a biographer who dies before him! The hand which had engrossed in

its "careful journal" the words, looks, and actions of the greatest poet of Germany, with the view of transmitting even the minutest relic of them to posterity, is cold and powerless, years before the object of its labors is consigned to the tomb. It is the death of Goethe, in fact, which restores the journal of Falk to existence. Now that the great original is withdrawn from our gaze, the portraits, sketches, even the caricatures of those who have looked on him with admiration, envy, or dislike, begin to acquire importance or value. The present publication, however, though sufficiently interesting as far as it goes, scarcely fulfills the promise of its title-page: the author neither enjoyed the advantages, nor was subjected to the corresponding grievances of a Boswell. Of Goethe, in the more intimate and domestic relations of life, he saw apparently little. Of his bearing and habits even in society, the present volume says not much; while we feel, in general, on closing it, that it leaves many of the most interesting, many of the most problematic points of Goethe's character comparatively untouched. Yet, so far as it goes, it bears the stamp of reality; the anecdotes, the conversations, have the visible impress of truth. It is an authentic contribution, at least, to the history of Goethe's mind and habits, and, bating a quantity of trash in the shape of an appendix, which consists chiefly of an affected and absurd commentary, in French, will perhaps be regarded as a valuable one.

The biographic observations on Goethe's moral indifference on many points, which, at the present day, form the main pivots on which men are at issue, appear to us to be perfectly well founded as regards his character.

"From the moment," he observes, "that the impulse of the age takes a direction passionately opposed to what is either really evil, or believed to be so, it concerns itself little with the investigation of those better points of view which this object of dislike might present to an impartial eye. In this way Goethe, through what constituted the very perfection of his nature, his calm, contemplative disposition, stood in direct hostility to the spirit of his time. *His* wish was contemplation; that of the age was action; and even the most miserable production which seemed to favor this leaning, met with its countenance and support. This led him one day to remark to me, 'Religion and politics are a troubled element for art; I have always, as far as possible, held them at a distance.' There was but one party with which in such cases he sided, namely, *that* in the train of which tranquillity, even were it only apparent, was likely to be attained.

"Religion and politics, church and state, however, were unfortunately the very cardinal points on which the regeneration of the age was supposed to turn. All science and all exertion had been forcibly laid hold of, as it were, by the prevailing spirit of the time,

and drawn towards the common centre. A path had been forced open through the most complicated questions, and the ignorant crowd followed the general impulse without any distinct understanding of its direction.

"The clear-sighted Goethe saw this, and this was the reason why all discussions of this kind were so averse to his nature, and why in society he would rather converse about a novel of Boccaccio than subjects which seemed to others to involve the common good of Europe. Many ascribed this mode of thinking to a cold and unsympathizing indifference, but assuredly without justice. To have been otherwise, to have shared the general enthusiasm for the new order of things, like Wieland, Klopstock, or even Herder, Goethe must have given up that spirit of many-sided contemplation in which he viewed all things, and consequently this historical appearance among the rest. Unquestionably the calm observer of all the events of this agitated existence, and the man who is involved in them, acting or suffering, are two very different characters; but the latter is unqualified to form any proper judgment of his own situation or of that of others. A fixed point is wanting for his observations. The dove cannot imitate the nature of the eagle, nor the eagle that of the dove: both have their place: but there must be in nature something of a higher order than either, — something which is neither eagle nor dove, which entertains both in its ample lap, and sees the excellences and the defects of both; which acknowledges the first, and, if it cannot love, at least endeavours to bear with and excuse the latter. It is only from this firm, elevated point of view, from which the world, with all its objects, spreads beneath like a variegated curtain, that the spirit of Goethe's representations of nature, or the nature of this extraordinary man himself, can be appreciated."

The following passage, illustrative of that peculiar vein of humor in which Goethe in familiar conversation often indulged, is a long one, but the truth, the easy point of the observations it contains, will, we are sure, be apparent to every one acquainted with German literature. Goethe had been talking of the plays of Schiller, and the poems of Wieland, and expressing the ever-springing delight with which he recurred to those productions of the older time. He proceeded in the following strain of jocular yet deep-meaning criticism upon the literary dynasties of the day.

"Some scientific journal in Ingolstadt, or Landshut, I forget which, lately formally conferred the dignity of sovereign poet and emperor of letters on Frederick Schlegel. God keep his majesty steady on his new throne, and send him a long and happy reign! for there is no denying that his kingdom is surrounded by very rebellious subjects; of which, glancing his eye upon me, some are to be found in our own neighbourhood."

"In the German republic of letters, matters seemed to be much

in the same situation as in the decline of the Roman empire, when every man aspired to rule, and no one could find out who was really emperor. Our great men are living in exile, and every bold-faced fellow may be made emperor, who can gain the favor of the soldiery. As to a few emperors, more or less, that is a matter that no one troubles himself about now-a-days. Thirty emperors reigned at one time in Rome; why should not there be as many sovereigns in our own domain of letters! Wieland and Schiller have been deposed long ago. How long, therefore, my old purple mantle will be allowed to remain upon my shoulders, I know not; but should it come to this, I am determined to show the world that I am not in love with crown or sceptre, and can bear my deposition with patience. But to return to our emperors. Novalis did not reach that dignity, — had he lived a little longer his chance was a fair one. Pity that he died so young! particularly as he humored the inclination of the age, and turned Catholic. Students and young ladies, we are told, have made pilgrimages, to scatter flowers upon his tomb. As I read but few newspapers, I should be indebted to my friends, when any thing of importance of this kind takes place, — a canonization, or such like, — if they would let me know of it. For my part, I shall be contented to allow men to say every thing that is bad of me during my life, if they will only allow me to rest quietly in my tomb. Fleck, also, ruled for a time, but he, too, is shorn of sceptre and crown. We are told there was too much of the Titus in his nature; he was too gentle, too mild; the situation of his kingdom demanded a severer government, — I might say, a certain barbarian greatness. Then came the reign of the Schlegels, — and this was an improvement! Augustus Schlegel, the first of the name, and Frederick Schlegel, the second, — both governed, to be sure, with the necessary energy. Not a day passed but some one was banished, or two or three executed. The public have always been fond of an execution. A young adventurer in literature, lately described Frederick Schlegel as a German Hercules, walking about with his club, and striking dead every one that came in his way. In return, the grateful emperor has exalted his admirer to the rank of nobility, and appointed him, without more ado, one of the heroes of German literature. The diploma is made out. I have read it myself. Gifts, domains, whole provinces in the gazettes, are at the service of their friends; their enemies are quietly put out of the way, — by never reading or alluding to their productions. As we in Germany are a set of people who seldom read any thing which is not reviewed, this method of despatching a man was rather an ungenerous one. The best thing in the whole affair is, that the loss of the dynasty is accompanied with no danger to the possessor. For instance, some morning an emperor awakes, and finds, to his astonishment, that his crown is gone. I admit, this is rather annoying; but the head, supposing always that the emperor had one, is still in the same place, and that is

and drawn towards the common centre. A path had been forced open through the most complicated questions, and the ignorant crowd followed the general impulse without any distinct understanding of its direction.

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" 'Some scientific journal in Ingolstadt, or Landshut, I forget which, lately formally conferred the dignity of sovereign poet and emperor of letters on Frederick Schlegel. God keep his majesty steady on his new throne, and send him a long and happy reign! for there is no denying that his kingdom is surrounded by very rebellious subjects; of which,' glancing his eye upon me, 'some are to be found in our own neighbourhood.

" 'In the German republic of letters, matters seemed to be much

in the same situation as in the decline of the Roman empire, when every man aspired to rule, and no one could find out who was really emperor. Our great men are living in exile, and every bold-faced fellow may be made emperor, who can gain the favor of the soldiery. As to a few emperors, more or less, that is a matter that no one troubles himself about now-a-days. Thirty emperors reigned at one time in Rome; why should not there be as many sovereigns in our own domain of letters! Wieland and Schiller have been deposed long ago. How long, therefore, my old purple mantle will be allowed to remain upon my shoulders, I know not; but should it come to this, I am determined to show the world that I am not in love with crown or sceptre, and can bear my deposition with patience. But to return to our emperors. Novalis did not reach that dignity, — had he lived a little longer his chance was a fair one. Pity that he died so young! particularly as he humored the inclination of the age, and turned Catholic. Students and young ladies, we are told, have made pilgrimages, to scatter flowers upon his tomb. As I read but few newspapers, I should be indebted to my friends, when any thing of importance of this kind takes place, — a canonization, or such like, — if they would let me know of it. For my part, I shall be contented to allow men to say every thing that is bad of me during my life, if they will only allow me to rest quietly in my tomb. Fleck, also, ruled for a time, but he, too, is shorn of sceptre and crown. We are told there was too much of the Titus in his nature; he was too gentle, too mild; the situation of his kingdom demanded a severer government, — I might say, a certain barbarian greatness. Then came the reign of the Schlegels, — and this was an improvement! Augustus Schlegel, the first of the name, and Frederick Schlegel, the second, — both governed, to be sure, with the necessary energy. Not a day passed but some one was banished, or two or three executed. The public have always been fond of an execution. A young adventurer in literature, lately described Frederick Schlegel as a German Hercules, walking about with his club, and striking dead every one that came in his way. In return, the grateful emperor has exalted his admirer to the rank of nobility, and appointed him, without more ado, one of the heroes of German literature. The diploma is made out. I have read it myself. Gifts, domains, whole provinces in the gazettes, are at the service of their friends; their enemies are quietly put out of the way, — by never reading or alluding to their productions. As we in Germany are a set of people who seldom read any thing which is not reviewed, this method of despatching a man was rather an ungenerous one. The best thing in the whole affair is, that the loss of the dynasty is accompanied with no danger to the possessor. For instance, some morning an emperor awakes, and finds, to his astonishment, that his crown is gone. I admit, this is rather annoying; but the head, supposing always that the emperor had one, is still in the same place, and that is

some consolation. How different from those frightful scenes of old, when Roman emperors were strangled by dozens, and thrown into the Tiber! Whatever becomes of my crown and sceptre, I trust at least I shall die quietly in my bed here, on the banks of the Ilm.

“ ‘When I was young, I have often heard wise men say, that to create one great poet or painter was a labor for a century; but now the case is altered. Our young people manage the thing much better now-a-days, and skip into immortality with such ease, it is quite a pleasure to look at them. A young man called upon me lately, who had just returned from Heidelberg; I don't think he could have been above nineteen. He assured me quite seriously, that now his mind was complete, and that having made himself master of all that reading could give, he would in future read no more, but set about developing his views of the world, in social circles, without allowing his views to be impeded by the speeches or writings of others. *There was an admirable resolution! When one sets out from nothing, a man's progress must in a short time be quite remarkable.*’ ”

We all know Goethe's attachment to theatricals; he might be said to serve the stage in every conceivable capacity, from that of dramatic poet down to that of prompter. He was himself a very tolerable performer in amateur theatricals. The following ludicrous scene took place on one of those occasions:

“ ‘The piece was the ‘Jealous Husband.’ The part of the lover in this piece had been assigned to Einsiedel; but, unluckily, before the representation he became unwell. His part could not be filled up on so short notice, and the piece was completely at a stand. At last a bold captain of dragoons, more valiant than versed in such matters, stepped forward and undertook the part. In three days he made his appearance at rehearsal; and, assisted by the prompter, got through tolerably well. When the representation, however, arrived, the face of things was altered, and the adventurous captain fell into complete confusion. He got as flustered as if a squadron of dragoons had been in chase of him; yet he endeavoured to pluck up courage, and blundered on till the scene arrived, where he was to be surprised by the jealous husband with his mistress, and stabbed with a dagger. Here he totally forgot his cue; and after stammering and stuttering, came to a dead stop; so that Bertuch, who played the jealous husband, and was only waiting for the word to rush in and despatch him, could not come at him. At last, by Goethe's advice, who had taken the direction of the whole, Bertuch rushed upon the stage to put an end to the miseries of his unfortunate rival at once. But the captain was not so easily made away with; he would not fall. In vain did Bertuch whisper to him, ‘Fall, in the devil's name!’ He would not stir from the spot, but stood straight as a taper beside his beloved, maintaining to all about him, and who were in vain exclaiming to him to fall at

once,—that his cue was not come. In this situation, so trying both to the manager and the performers, the former adopted a heroic resolution. He called out in a voice of thunder behind the scenes, 'If he will not fall, stab him behind. Get quit of him any away. He is ruining the piece.' This decisive order seemed to reanimate the courage of the wavering husband. 'Die!' exclaimed Bertuch, — bestowing upon him so energetic a stab in the side, that the captain, taken aback by the manœuvre, fell flat on the ground. In an instant, four active assistants, despatched by Goethe, seized on the dead man, and in spite of all his struggles, carried him off, to the great joy of the spectators."

The following anecdote reminds us of Falstaff's correspondence with Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. The plain truth seems to be, that Goethe had been coquetting a little with two ladies at one time, and leading each of them to suppose herself the subject of his verses. He was a member of a society at Weimar, of a very exclusive nature, consisting both of ladies and gentlemen. It was a half-fantastic imitation of the society of the days of chivalry, each gentleman selecting a lady as the object of his peculiar attention and homage.

"As the old singers of the Wartburg seemed to be revived in this new society, it will readily be imagined that each member was under an obligation to celebrate the praises of the lady he had selected, a task which of course Goethe was not likely to find a very oppressive one. That beautiful and touching song, which seems characterized by a mournful tenderness, and by the loveliness of the mountains, beginning

'Da droben auf jenem Berge,'

was supposed to have owed its origin to this society; but as different cities contended for the birth of Homer, Jena and Weimar came to dispute the right to this production. Thus much is certain, that Goethe, one evening at the society, produced the song, and laid it, like a devoted knight, at the feet of his lady, the Countess von C. Her pretensions to the sole proprietorship of the song, of course, appeared extremely fair. But what followed? Shortly afterwards, a lady from Jena paid a visit to Weimar. Goethe had in fact been frequently in Jena, where he often spent the earlier days of spring. The commencement of the song, too, with its allusion to the mountains, seemed to apply only to Jena, not to Weimar, where we had but one mountain, the Ettersberg, while Jena boasts of nearly thirty in its vicinity. This was not all. The lady from Jena not only visits Weimar, but happens to call on an acquaintance of the Countess von C. The discourse turns on Goethe, his preference for Jena, his frequent residence there, and particularly in the house of this lady. 'We have also,' added she, 'to congratulate ourselves on having given rise to a song, which is one of

the most graceful and simple that ever flowed from the heart of the poet.' The attention of the Countess was naturally attracted by this story, and she asked the name of the song. To her astonishment and confusion, she received for answer, 'Da droben auf dem Berge.' Like a woman of the world, however, she soon recovered her composure. She instantly hurried with her discovery to her faithless knight, overwhelmed him with gentle reproaches, threatened him with a formal impeachment before his own *cour d'amour*, according to the statutes of which he was distinctly prohibited from offering his homage to more than one lady at a time. Above all, she reproached him in a quarter where Goethe probably felt most sensitive, namely, his want of invention, in making use of the same love-letter twice over. Goethe professed the deepest remorse, promised amendment, and admitted that the lady of his heart was in all things in the right."

We have already said, that this book will not add very much to our information with regard to Goethe. We have yet to wait for a more familiar and domestic picture of the man, from the hand of one who has lived with him at home as well as in public, and observed his domestic habits as well as his brilliant conversational powers in society. This want, however, we trust will speedily be supplied.

The work of Falk contains a long discourse by Goethe respecting the immortality of the soul. We have not been able to procure the book itself, nor have we found this passage quoted in any German review of it. We subjoin a translation of it as it appears in the number for last July of the *Nouvelle Revue Germanique*. The passage is thus noticed in a German Journal. In the fourth Section, entitled Goethe's Philosophical Views, the reader will be surprised to find him in a province of thought which may appear foreign to him. It is principally occupied by the views of the poet concerning the life after death, to which the decease of Wieland gave occasion. On the day of the funeral of his old friend, Goethe was in a solemn mood, and his feelings were tender and melancholy. 'This might be the reason,' says Falk, 'that our conversation turned upon the Supernatural (das Ueber-sinnliche) a topic which if he did not despise, Goethe usually preferred putting aside.' It was," continues the reviewer, "with the conversation of the poet as with his works. The Supernatural, as it affords no materials for art, was seldom referred to in the latter. Nature, indeed, with which Goethe maintained so intimate a converse tends to withdraw us from the Supernatural; but it is certain also that the great reverence and modesty peculiar to him, restrained him from making what is holiest and most sacred

a subject of conversation. In the last revision of William Meister's Year of Travel, we see how Goethe's spirit moved in this region, and here we have another example of it." * The following is the passage referred to.

GOETHE ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Wieland's death, which happened in 1812, strongly affected Goethe; and in that solemn mood which seizes upon the mind, when a man eminent for talents or for virtue has recently descended to the tomb, the great poet deposited in the bosom of a friend, the following thoughts concerning the immortality of the soul and a future life.

"You have long known, that ideas which do not rest upon solid foundations in the sensible world, whatever other value they may have, leave my mind without conviction; because, placed face to face with nature, I wish to know, and not merely to believe and to presume. Yet as to the personal existence of our soul after

* Beilage zu d. Blätt. für lit. Unterhalt. 20 Oct. 1832. In the article above quoted we find also the following passage. "In many of his works especially in Meister's Year of Travel, Goethe represents PIETY as the foundation of all the other virtues, and in his 'Art and Antiquity,' he comments upon the noble words of Cicero, 'Pietas, gravissimum et sanctissimum nomen, fundamentum omnium virtutum.' In the work of Falk, he appears himself as an example of this piety, that virtue of which he says: 'This alone is a counterbalance to selfishness. Could it by a miracle visibly manifest itself in all men, it would heal all the ills, perhaps incurable, with which earth is now diseased.'"—So far we read with surprise. As we went on, our surprise was not diminished, but proceeded from a different cause.—"With the same feeling," continues the writer, "Shakspeare calls 'Reverence, the angel of the world.'

'Reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low.' (Cymbeline. Act iv. sc. 2.)

"And we have here another proof that the noblest minds regard it as among the cardinal virtues. Goethe, in the work of Falk, gives evidence of this virtue towards his Duke, a Prince who merited to be so, with whom he was connected in the bonds of friendship, whom at the time (1807) he had already served for more than twenty years in the most important offices of state with immovable fidelity." Among Goethe's noblest virtues, according to his admirer, is to be reckoned his piety; that is, as we find it explained, his piety toward his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Weimar. The writer proceeds to lament over the decline of this virtue in Germany, so that "we are now," he says, "almost compelled to look back to a scene like that which Falk describes, as to a lost paradise." Then follows the particular exemplification of Goethe's piety. It was given during the campaign of 1807, when the French armies approached Weimar, and apprehensions were entertained in the Grand-Ducal court, on account of the favor which had been shown by it to the Duke of Brunswick and other Prussian generals. When informed by Falk of the umbrage taken by the

death, I will give you my opinion, and the manner in which I view it. The belief of such an existence is by no means contradicted by my long observations of our own nature, and of that of other beings; on the contrary it is greatly strengthened by their result. But, what portion of our personality merits to be preserved, is a very different question, and one, of which the solution must be left to God alone.

"I conceive, then, that there are different classes of primitive elements, which, in a certain manner, are the first principles of all the phenomena of nature, and which I shall call *souls*; because upon them depends the life of the whole; or rather, *monads*, because this term used by Leibnitz perfectly expresses the simplicity of that which of all things is the most simple. Now, some of these monads, as experience proves, are so small, so very minute, that they are at most only suited to subordinate uses, to the purposes of an inferior existence; while others again are strong and powerful. These latter are wont to attract every thing that may approach their sphere, and to assimilate it, that is to say, to change it into a body, a plant, an animal, or a star. They continue this operation until the small or great world, of which the *intention* is virtually in themselves, is corporeally realized. It is for monads of this kind, that I reserve the appellation of souls properly so called.

"Hence it follows, that there are monads or souls of worlds, as there are monads or souls of ants; and that the world and the ant, as to their principle of existence, have an origin, if not altogether similar, at least of the same kind. Every sun, every planet, bears within itself a superior intention, a more important mission, by virtue of which it developes itself with the same regularity and according

French, Goethe exclaimed, 'the tears streaming from his eyes'; "Misfortune! What is Misfortune? It is a misfortune when such a prince must submit to strangers in his own palace. And should it come to what formerly happened to his great grandfather, John Frederick, then will I, with a stick in my hand, accompany my master in his misery, as Lucas Kranach did his, and remain faithful by his side. As we pass through the villages, the women and children will raise their weeping eyes and say to one another, 'That is the aged Goethe, and the former Duke of Weimar, who was driven from his throne by the French Emperor because he remained faithful to his friends in their misfortunes.'" "A passage," says the reviewer, "adapted to excite the deepest feelings." Goethe's devotion to his master was not, however, put to such hard trials. He was treated with much consideration by Napoleon, and the French Emperor became a new object of his ardent piety.

How the words of Cicero are profaned by the associations connected with them in the passage just quoted. It is not wise in the admirers of Goethe to mention him and Cicero together. It may remind those who are not his admirers of the vast difference, moral and intellectual, that may exist between men.

to the same laws, as a rose-tree with its leaves, its stem, and its flowers. Whether you call it an *idea* or a *monad*, is of little importance; it suffices that this intention exists invisibly and prior to its visible developements in nature. The larvæ, or the envelopes of these intermediate states, which serve as transitions to the idea in its developements, must not deceive us. It is the same metamorphosis, the same transforming power of nature, which now causes a flower to spring from a bud, now a caterpillar from an egg, and now a butterfly from a caterpillar. Still further, the monads of an inferior order are obedient to a monad of a higher order; such being the law of their existence, to which they necessarily conform. Let us, for instance, consider this hand: it contains parts which every instant are at the disposal of the principal monad, which, from the first, was able to bind them indissolubly to itself. By their aid I am able to play such or such a piece of music; I can at pleasure make my fingers fly over the keys of this pianoforte. They procure me a noble enjoyment; but they themselves are deaf, and the principal monad alone is able to hear. My hands and fingers take not the least interest in my performance. Those movements which afford me pleasure are of little use to my inferior monads. For them, the whole result, perhaps, is only a certain degree of fatigue.

“The moment of death, which has very justly been termed dissolution, is that, in which the dominant monad relieves those which were subordinate to it, from their faithful service. Equally with birth and growth, I consider dissolution and death as an independent and voluntary act of this principal monad, the essence of which, however, is entirely unknown to us. All monads are naturally so indestructible, that at the moment of dissolution they neither lose nor suspend their activity, but continue it without cessation. They only break their former connexions in order immediately to contract new. In this change every thing depends upon the power of the intention proper to the several monads. There is a vast difference between the monad of a developed human soul and that of a beaver, a bird, or a fish. And thus you see we have arrived at that hierarchy of souls, which the slightest attempt to explain the phenomena of nature compels us to admit. Swedenborg has endeavoured to explain this, after his manner; and in order to render his idea more evident, he illustrates it by an image very happily chosen. He compares the dwelling-place of souls to a space divided into three principal apartments, in the midst of which there is a vast hall. Now let us suppose that from these three different apartments, animals not less diverse, such as fishes, birds, dogs, cats, &c. resort to the great hall in the midst; what will be the immediate consequence of the mingling of

such a variety of beings so different from each other? The pleasure of meeting and of living in society will soon cease. With inclinations so contrary, and so violently opposed to each other, an equally violent war will necessarily ensue. Finally, all that resemble each other will assemble together; fishes will form a group with fishes, birds with birds, dogs with dogs, cats with cats; and each of these particular species, will also seek if possible to occupy a particular apartment. Now this is precisely the history of our monads after our decease. Each monad goes to occupy the place which belongs to it, in the water, the air, the bosom of the earth, the fire, or in the stars; and the secret inclination which draws them on contains at the same time the secret of their future destination. Annihilation is absolutely impossible; but then the possibility of our being stopped on our way by some powerful monad of a more common nature, and of being made subservient to it, is indeed a danger to be considered; and the fear of it as regards myself, I cannot entirely remove by the simple knowledge of nature."

At this moment a dog in the street was heard to bark furiously. Goethe, who felt a natural antipathy to dogs, ran briskly to the window and cried out to the one that had just interrupted him: "It is in vain, wicked larva, you will never draw me into your sphere."—"This vile mob of our globe," continued he after a pause, "is very fond of blustering. It is a rascally set of monads which we have encountered in this corner of a planet, and our having been in company with them will do us little credit if it should be spoken of in other globes." Then continuing his discourse: "I will not deny that it may be possible for us to know summarily the history of our own transmutations; and that there may be among monads, natures superior to our own. The *intention* of the monad of a world, for instance, may be able to draw forth from the obscure depth of its recollections many things, which, having the appearance of prophecies, may nevertheless be only reminiscences of former states, and consequently only the product of memory; precisely as the genius of man has discovered the laws of the birth of the universe, not by efforts of speculation, but by a lightning-flash of remembrance piercing through the shades; because that genius had itself assisted at the promulgation of those laws. It would be rash to pretend to set bounds to this power of memory in superior minds, or to determine the point at which this inspiration, this mysterious illumination must stop. Thus, generally speaking, I see nothing contrary to reason or to the laws of nature, in the continuation of the personality of the monad of a world. As to what regards us personally, it almost seems to me, as if the different states through

which we have passed upon this planet have been too unimportant, for nature to have judged it worth her while to preserve to us an entire recollection of them. Our present being may even be obliged to undergo a purgatory process; so that our principal monad may retain but a summary recollection of it, confined to some essential facts.

"Since we are now in the field of conjecture, I may add that, in truth, I see nothing to prevent the monad, to which we are indebted for the apparition of Wieland upon our planet, from entering, in its new state, into the most elevated combinations of our universe. Its application, its zeal, its intelligence, by means of which it has assimilated to itself so many historical states of existence warrant every expectation. Far from being a matter of astonishment, it would be entirely in agreement with my general views, if at some future period I should meet this same Wieland as the monad of a world; if after some thousands of years I should behold him the soul of a star of the first magnitude, animating and enlightening with his mild lustre all within his sphere. Yes, certainly, to endue the nebulous substance of a comet with clearness and light, would be a beautiful and glorious mission for the monad of our Wieland. Nay, generally, as soon as we conceive of the universe as eternal, we can assign to monads no other destiny than that of participating as plastic and active powers, in the felicity of gods. The formation of the universe, this eternal reproduction of creation, is entrusted to them. Called, or uncalled, they spontaneously arrive in every direction from all mountains, all seas, and all stars. Who can stay their course? As for myself, such as you now behold me, I am certain that I have already existed a thousand times, and hope to return a thousand times more.

"I have nothing to say against faith, but I cannot attribute exclusive validity to any ideas that have not a foundation in some sensible perception. It would be something if we were acquainted with our own brain, with its relations to Uranus, and with all those fibres which cross each other in thousands of ways, and through which thought exercises its functions. But such as we are, we perceive the flashes of thought only when they have vanished. We are acquainted only with the ganglions of the brain; but of the essence of the brain we know scarcely any thing. What then can we know of the nature of God? They make it a crime in Diderot to have somewhere said: If God does not yet exist, perhaps he is only beginning to exist. But according to my manner of interpreting nature and its laws, we may suppose that there are some planets from which the monads of a superior order have already retired, and others where they have not yet taken the

lead. There is need of an extraordinary constellation to cause the waters to retire and the dry land to appear. As there exist planets where men are now dominant, there may exist others where birds and fishes may hold the first rank. I have somewhere called man the first dialogue between God and nature. I do not at all doubt that this dialogue may be held on other planets in a more sublime, a more profound, and a more sensible manner. The first knowledge that we need, is the knowledge of ourselves; all other knowledge is subsequent to this. At bottom, I can know nothing of God but what the very limited horizon of my sensible perceptions in this planet permits me to know; and this is, in every respect, very little. But I would by no means be understood to assert, that those boundaries which are set to our contemplation of nature should at the same time be regarded as the limits of our faith. On the contrary, considering how far our internal sentiments are produced without any intermediate cause, there is no difficulty in regarding science only as a fragment, particularly as it exists on our planet, which being without any intimate connexion with the sun, all our observations must necessarily be imperfect, and such as it is necessary should be completed by faith. In my *Theory of Colors*, I have already made the observation that there are primitive phenomena, which we must neither disturb nor profane in their divine simplicity by useless efforts to account for them, but which must be left to reason and to faith.

"Let us courageously strive to advance by both the ways of science and of faith; but let us carefully keep them separate, and let us never confound their respective results with each other! Sooner or later whatever is defective in our pretended science will strongly strike the eye of posterity. It is true, that where science suffices, faith is superfluous; but where it is found to be ineffective or appears to be insufficient, we must leave to faith its legitimate empire. Provided we proceed upon the principle, that science and faith are not destined to annihilate, but reciprocally to complete each other, the true will every where be easily recognised and established."

These sentiments respecting the nature of the soul were uttered on the day of Wieland's funeral. The thirty-second volume of Goethe's works, contains a eulogy by him upon Wieland which appears to have been delivered upon that occasion. Goethe gives, in this discourse, the following account of the notions of his friend respecting the soul's immortality:

"While he appeared to reject all which lies beyond the limits of common knowledge, out of the circle of those things of which experience assures us, yet he could not refrain, by way of essay, as it

were, not, perhaps, from passing the lines which he had drawn so closely, but from casting his view beyond them, and constructing, and imaging forth an extramundane world, an object, of which all the native powers of our soul afford us no knowledge."

After having referred for evidence of this tendency in Wieland to his "Agathodæmon" and "Euthanasia," and especially to his later conversations, when he opened his heart in the Literary Society at Weimar, Goethe proceeds to a further illustration of his religious imaginations.

"While yet young he was acquainted with what has been transmitted to us respecting the ancient Mysteries. These obscure secrets were indeed abhorrent to his lucid and clear understanding; but he did not refuse to admit, that, though perhaps strangely veiled, higher conceptions were in this manner first given to men before uncultivated and governed by their senses, that through striking symbols full of significance, luminous ideas were awakened, the belief introduced of one God, the Supreme Ruler of All, virtue represented as a higher object of desire, and the hope of our continued existence freed at once from the chilling terrors of gloomy superstition, and the false expectations springing from a sensual love of life."

The conversation which Falk records, having been occasioned by Wieland's death, we were led to look over this funeral eulogy, to see what religious conceptions might be introduced into it. There are none, we think, but what appear in the passage quoted.

The next day after the arrival of the news of Goethe's death at Munich, the philosopher Schelling delivered a discourse upon him before the Academy of Sciences which concluded thus:

"Germany has suffered the severest loss which it could suffer. That man has withdrawn himself, who amid all confusion, internal and external, stood as a mighty pillar, the support of many, as a Pharos enlightening all the paths of intellect; who, an enemy by nature to all anarchy and lawlessness, wished to owe the mastery that he exercised over the minds of men only to truth, and to the standard that existed in himself; from whose mind and heart, Germany was sure to receive a judgment of fatherly wisdom, a final, reconciling decision, upon all that presented itself in art or science, in poetry or life. Germany was not fatherless, was not indigent; with all its weakness and internal disorders, it was great, rich and powerful in mind, so long as Goethe lived."

We will now present what appears to us the most agreeable picture of Goethe's character which we have met with, from a

eulogy by his friend the Chancellor Von Müller. Though not written in a style altogether to our taste, it is comparatively free from the exaggerated tone which runs through most of the other notices that we have seen of him. We have been unable again in this case to procure the original, but give an accurate translation from the *Revue Germanique* (for August last). The eulogy has been received with warm approbation in Germany.

GOETHE, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO HIS ACTIVE LIFE.

The Chancellor Von Müller was judiciously appointed to give an account of the character of Goethe, whose intimate friend he had been for many years preceding his death, seeing him every day, and enjoying his most familiar conversation. In the sketch before us, he proposes, it is true, to delineate Goethe only in reference to his active life, and to the influence he exercised over his countrymen, considered principally with regard to their common concerns. But the character of the man of whom he had to speak was such, that, described only in this point of view, it must yet present a subject of the highest interest. For this reason we offer this sketch to our readers. Nothing is better adapted to make one acquainted, not only with Goethe, but also with the national character of the Germans, which appears even in the style of this kind of eulogy. We can become thoroughly acquainted with a people only by becoming familiar with their manner of seeing, of feeling, and of speaking; and certainly the German people deserve that we should study their familiar habits. M. Von Müller read this eulogy at a sitting of the Academy of Practical Sciences, held at Erfurt for this purpose, on the twelfth of September last. We believe it may be asserted, that it would have been heard with interest also in the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

After having commenced by observing, that the life of every distinguished man is composed of his internal and his external life, and having added that in order to describe the internal life of Goethe, some elements were yet wanting, the orator announces that he has chosen for his subject the practical life of this celebrated man, that is to say, the manner in which he employed his activity to create and to perfect useful institutions.

"Men of genius easily pass beyond the bounds of reality; feeling themselves capable of performing extraordinary things, they often disdain the strict limits of social order, and giving themselves up to the pursuit of the ideal, they despise the study of the real world and its necessities.

"In Goethe, on the contrary, we happily find these two oppo-

site qualities intimately united: an imagination extremely productive, and a simple taste for reality which every where came in contact with real life, and which constantly tended to take part in it. This indestructible love of nature and of practical life showed itself through his whole career; it made his observation of external phenomena more penetrating, and directed the often restless activity of his mind towards reality; it served him as a counterbalance to his passions; in difficult paths it secured him from the danger of wandering, and preserved him, in the midst of romantic adventures, from an eccentric tendency.

"Although inclined, from the earliest age, to fictions and to poetry, and even applying himself to them with zeal, he was not less attracted by the commercial and mechanical activity of his native city. He easily placed himself in the position of others, he endeavoured to become acquainted, experimentally, with every mode of life, to conceive all men's various occupations, and to make them his own. He perseveringly strove to unfold every phenomenon of nature; and wandering with delight through woods and mountains, every thing that he saw became to him an image, an *idea*.

"What he received with eagerness, he wished also to reproduce and represent: designing, the most moral of all the arts, as he afterwards called it, became for him an organ of intelligence with nature, the symbolic language in which he expressed his *internal perceptions*.*

"When afterwards the great problems of the moral world, and of the instinct of religion, excited the young man to some painful investigations, and often threatened to cause him trouble, he found internal peace only in the study of the simple and eternal laws of nature. Every fact, however unimportant it might be, excited in his soul, the deep feeling of that great truth, that art depends upon the clear *internal perception* of nature; and if he attempted to account to himself for the prodigious effect that the Minster of Strasburg had upon him, he found, instead of phantoms of the imagination, ideas of infinite order and harmony, represented by art, and united in a grand whole, forming exquisite details and perfect proportion.

"Undoubtedly it was the laurel of the poet which he considered as the recompense most worthy of ambition. But however great and powerful was the impression made throughout Germany by his first literary productions, and however seducing the picture of the free life of a poet appeared to him, he soon felt that, more than any thing else, he needed a respectable situation in civil life,

* Anschauungen.

and that the poet can invent so much the more freely and abundantly, as he rests upon a more solid foundation of influence and experience in active life. With this opinion he willingly answered the summons which his young friend, the Prince of Weimar, addressed to him; and the world was not a little surprised to see the author of *Werter* and of *Götz of Berlichingen* enter into the council of a reigning prince, without any intermediate step.

"It is thus that the instinct for apprehending the real character of natural objects, and their connexion with the advancement of civil prosperity, obtains its proper development; the tendency of our nature becomes a duty, and the sense of duty in return excites this tendency to continued activity.

"Goethe himself, in the history of his botanical studies, has related to us, in the most agreeable manner, how he was at first led to them by the gay life of a sportsman, afterwards assisted by the friendly intercourse of men conversant with the same studies, and at length, thanks to his ever-increasing feeling of the insufficiency of the received systems and nomenclature, how they were carried to that maturity to which we owe the *Metamorphosis of Plants*, which he himself called a solace to the heart.

"In the same manner, the elevated taste for mineralogy and the art of mining, was excited and afterwards developed in him, and also a taste for osteology and comparative anatomy, which enabled him to discern every where analogies full of life, and the fundamental and regular causes of things, and this, in the midst of infinite varieties of aspect, without ever sinking into pedantic labor.

"He traversed and visited all parts of the country with a free and penetrating observation; he made skilful examinations proper for each, as to the manner in which their peculiarities might lead to useful results, and their peculiar necessities be satisfied. Upon the woody tops of mountains, in the depths of quarries and of mines, nature appeared to her cherished disciple, and unveiled to him more than one mystery, which had been a subject of long meditations.

'Many a year of the most silent subterranean life
Was witness of the worthiest efforts of humanity.'*

"Every result thus obtained in silence, Goethe endeavoured to make subservient to some purpose of public interest; he attempted to put new life into the management of mines, and to this end, familiarized himself with the whole science, and all the practical accessories of this art; he frequently performed new chemical experiments, he constructed new roads, perfected hydraulic ar-

* Verses by Goethe.

chitecture ; by streightening the course of the Saal near Jena, he obtained fertile meadows ; in one word, he became the conqueror of nature in a struggle which was conducted with a vigorous persistency of will and of design.

" But we can never acknowledge with sufficient gratitude, how much Goethe was favored in his exertions, by the simple love of nature, and by the enlightened philanthropy of his prince ; since it was owing to his care that he not only had a vast field for his activity, but it was even permitted, that his business as a public functionary should not interfere with his liberty as a poet and a naturalist."

Here the orator communicated parts of two letters, written at Rome from Goethe to the Duke of Weimar (1787) in which he thanks him for the liberty he has allowed him of remaining eighteen months in Italy, and for the hope he had given him of being, upon his return, relieved from a part of his duties, that he might better devote himself to the arts and to poetry.

" His desires were fulfilled in the most agreeable manner. Discharged, on his return, from the presidency of the department of war and finance, Goethe was able, according to his own choice, to devote himself sometimes to the muses, and sometimes to that department of practical life, whatever it might be, in which he was most interested. To this period of his life may be traced the close connexion which attached him to the University of Jena, and his consenting to take the direction of the theatre of the court at Weimar, * a direction which has had so decisive an influence upon the German theatre, and founded a school which is a model for dramatic representations."

After mentioning that, on his return from Italy, Goethe appeared quite another man to many of his friends, less communicative, and almost selfish, after having assigned, as the cause of this apparent change, the feeling which Goethe experienced of the necessity of reflection, to enable him to elaborate in his mind the numerous impressions which such a tour had given him, the orator continues thus :

" However strong the attraction might be, which the magic of the arts had exercised upon Goethe, it was not able to lessen his love of nature. Allow me here to give a passage from one of his letters, written from Rome to the illustrious Grand Duchess Louisa of Weimar. †

* Weimar and Jena are so near, that it is easy to go from one to the other, and return, in one day.

† The wife of the Grand Duke, Charles Augustus, the same for whom Napoleon professed so high esteem, after the battle of Jena.

"‘The smallest production of nature,’ he says, ‘includes in itself the totality of its perfection, and, I have only to open my eyes to discover all its relations, and to be convinced that in a narrow circle is contained an entire and true existence. A work of art, on the contrary, has its existence separate from itself; the better part of it depends upon the idea, the conception of the artist, which he scarcely ever realizes; it is principally the product of certain arbitrary laws, which, although well deduced from the nature of the art and of its mechanical processes, are not, however, so easily comprehended as the laws of living nature.

"‘In works of art, there is much which is traditional; the works of nature always appear like a word of God newly uttered.’

"It has often been remarked, that without his profound study of nature, Goethe would never have become so great a poet; and it is also equally true, that if he had not been so great a poet, he would never have been able to possess himself so thoroughly of the natural sciences, nor to advance them with so much success; for both the one and the other tendency of his nature were only, so to speak, branches of the same instinct, which led him to grasp, and to comprehend, external nature in its *totality*. In him the faculty of mental perception, and the power of invention, were so united, that every notion quickly became an *idea*, and every *idea* which he formed, seemed drawn immediately from nature.

"As his songs breathe the fresh air of the inmost life of nature, as his dramatic and romantic productions present to us on all sides real figures full of life; so, also, each profession of civil life that attracted his attention, was invested by him with an ideal form, and at the same time gained in real value; we may even say, that in his hands severe science became a liberal art. Few men have ever possessed, in a higher degree, the power of rising from particulars to generals, of bringing together things apparently unconnected, and of finding for every anomalous phenomenon the formula to which it is to be referred. It was from this cause that in all his studies of nature a *general view* immediately presented itself to him, or rather, as he expressed himself, a great maxim, a great rule presented itself, which all at once shed light upon his experiments.

"‘I allow objects to act upon me tranquilly,’ said he one day, ‘I contemplate this operation, and then I exert myself to restore it, to reproduce it faithfully, and without alloy. This is the whole secret of what is termed genius.’

"It is not surprising that the theory of colors, those children of the light, should have excited his most earnest investigations. What phenomena of nature have more relation to the imagination of the poet? But what may astonish us, is the persevering pa-

tience, and the unceasing efforts with which this man, full of life, in the flower of his age, submitted to make innumerable essays and experiments, in the most profound solitude, in order to succeed in obtaining the solution of that great problem, and to give a distinct form to what he had as yet only a presentiment of. With great command over himself, he kept concealed for many years what already appeared clear to him; constantly occupied himself in secret in elaborating his discovery, and in establishing it by experiments without number, so that at last he might offer it to the world as a precious common good.*

"Even in the latter years of his life, nothing made him more happy than to remark how his theory of colors, at first so often and so strongly opposed, took deeper and deeper root, and began to find favorable suffrages of great weight, even among foreigners. No disturbance of his internal being, nor the most attractive society, nor the highest enjoyments of art, could ever withdraw him from his study of nature. Thus we see him at Venice, and upon the sands of the Lido, finding with delight, in the skull of a sheep, the confirmation of the truth, that all the bones of the skull have their origin in transformed vertebræ; in Sicily, among the ruins of Agrigentum, pursuing the idea of the *plant-type*; at Breslau, in the midst of the agitations of diplomacy and war, studying comparative anatomy; in Champagne, in the weariness of a horrible

*[Goethe's "Theory of Colors" (Zur Farbenlehre) has, we believe, little reputation with men of science. It is contained in two octavo volumes, with a volume of plates. The following account of it is given by Doering, in his "Life of Goethe," (in German.)

"The leading ideas which Goethe follows out in his theory, are these. He accounts for all the phenomena of colors, by supposing either that the light is seen through an obscure medium, or that darkness lies as a background behind an obscure medium penetrated by light. In the first case, if the medium be but slightly obscure, light appears of a yellow color, and in proportion as the obscurity increases, passes into yellowish red and red. Thus the sun, at its highest elevation, appears almost white, though even there with a tinge of yellow; but becomes yellower as it descends, the extent of the atmosphere through which its rays must pass being greater, till at last, at its setting, it becomes red. On the other hand, if we look through an obscure medium, penetrated by white light, into the darkness of unbounded space, this appears bluish when the obscurity is great, and in proportion as it is less, the blue becomes deeper, passes into violet, and at last into perfect blackness. The prismatic spectrum Goethe endeavours to explain by a displacing of the light over darkness, and the covering of the light by darkness. It will be perceived, in general, that his theory is conformed to the laws of the Polarity of light, that is, to the opposition of properties, which, by the conditions of their union, alternately neutralize each other in part, or wholly; since Goethe supposes that light, and the absence of light, alternately modify and limit each other; and that this is the origin of colors, which thus are either light obscured, or darkness illuminated."]

retreat, and before Mayence, amid the noise of the artillery of the besiegers, giving his attention to chromatic phenomena, and forgetting, over a work on natural history, all the evils of the world.

"Scarcely restored to a peaceful condition (1793), he hastened to renew and to strengthen his connexion with the professors of the natural sciences at Jena; he founded, organized, and increased the museum and the collections of all sorts; procured for the Botanic Garden greater extent and sufficient resources: he even attended assiduously, in the morning hours of the winter, the anatomical lessons given by Loder. It was through the active part that he took in the sittings of the Society of Natural Sciences, that a benevolent destiny found the opportunity of uniting him with Schiller in that intimate friendship, which formed one of the most beautiful eras of his life.

"Every thing that fortunate circumstances can effect to produce a state of scientific and literary developement, difficult to be surpassed, not to say equalled, was at that time brought together at Jena; celebrated professors in all branches of instruction; young men of talents, devoting themselves with courage and vigor to profound investigations in philosophy, natural history, and æsthetics; many ardent youths; and, in connexion with all this, a society full of life and interest, embellished by women of distinguished merit.

"Goethe was able to discover and to draw to himself what suited his own character in each of these various elements; to place it within the sphere of his activity, thus increasing, on the one hand, his own treasures of science, and, on the other, distributing them as they were wanted; observing, at the same time, the regular course of men more advanced in age, stimulating the younger, and every where exciting more intense efforts; yet preserving, in the midst of so many different tendencies, the independent position of his own existence.

"William and Alexander Humboldt were established at Jena. A tender friendship, an inextinguishable desire to understand and to pursue the noblest objects of interest for the cultivation of the mind and the soul, united them intimately with Goethe and Schiller, who, on their part, found their relaxation and their recompense in a free interchange of ideas with the two noble brothers.

"It is sufficiently known, how much the world owes to this *harmonic* coöperation, in which every success excited new efforts, more intense, and every triumph obtained by one of the friends, became a personal triumph for each, and was enjoyed in common.

"The best recompense for all the time and all the trouble sacrificed to the theatre of Weimar, was found by Goethe in the

coöperation of Schiller, and in the lively interest which he took in the efforts made by Goethe. This man, serious by nature, and given up to profound meditations, interested himself with pleasure in theatrical performances, and found in this picture of life an attraction which drew him anew into life itself. He remarked with astonishment that the representations made by the actors formed by Goethe, gave to himself a more pure image of his own dramatic creations.

"Continually urged to a higher tone, poets and actors were nobly emulous, the former in imagining and executing the greatest works, the latter in producing them worthily upon the stage. No sacrifice appeared too painful. Reading and rehearsals were made and repeated in company, with indefatigable patience; each character was studied, developed, represented, while at the same time the harmony of the whole was constantly attended to.

"No where did Goethe exercise more freely the magic of his personal intercourse, than among his dramatic disciples. Serious and severe in his demands, inflexible in his determinations, he acknowledged with joy every success, the smallest as well as the greatest; and calling to life all talents, even those most concealed, he was able, in a circumscribed sphere, and frequently with inconsiderable means, to produce effects which were often astonishing. A look from him was a reward, and by a single word he knew how to give happiness. Every one found himself greater and stronger where Goethe had placed him; and the seal of his approbation seemed to enhance to each individual the value of his whole life.

"When with Schiller disappeared what had given the greatest charm to Goethe's life, he found in the study of nature the only consolation worthy of him; and what alone gave him courage to survive his friend, was the redoubled effort that he made to solve the most obscure problems of natural history.

"He felt the blow of the battle of Jena, just at the moment when he had completed the first part of his 'Theory of Colors'; and he had scarcely recovered from the sight of the horrors and calamities which then filled our peaceful valleys, when, in order to tear himself entirely from them, he resumed his 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' and penetrated into the most profound contemplations of organic nature.

"Every step made in his studies confirmed him more in the secret presentiments of his soul, eager for order, harmony, and unity. If, in the tumult of war, he saw the strongest connexions dissolved, the wisest plans deranged, the work of ages shaken, and accident and arbitrary will predominant, he saw, on the contrary, in the kingdom of nature, the regular empire of controlling forces,

the uninterrupted chain of developements full of life, and every where, even in apparent aberrations, the revelation of a holy law.

"Thus, in the midst of the storms of the external world, his internal peace remained secure, his intellectual possessions were extended, and his scientific activity was renewed and increased.

"Alexander Humboldt dedicated to him his 'Ideas on the Geography of Plants.' Delighted at the abundance of new views which offered themselves to him, his impatience would not suffer him to wait for the map which was to accompany the work, and he immediately prepared, according to the indications which it afforded, a *symbolic province*, which he sent to his friend in acknowledgment of the gift he had received from him.

"Thus, in general, every uncommon appearance, every successful effort in others, excited his own productive energy, and in taking note of the ideas of others, he was compelled to produce new ideas himself.

"In the midst of painful or threatening events, he knew no better way of withdrawing himself from trouble than by some creation of intellect, or by some energetic undertaking. The greater part of his writings have grown out of the necessity of delivering himself from some internal conflict, or from some strong impression, threatening to obtain control over his mind; and it is perhaps from this cause that they are so full of warmth and of real life."

M. Von Müller then describes Goethe's efforts to maintain the Academy at Jena, at one time menaced with the loss of its most distinguished men; the collecting and arranging of different libraries, the embellishing and purifying of the city, the erection of an observatory, and a veterinary school.

"Weimar also felt his activity. He took part in the direction and construction of the new castle, and gave new life to the free school of design; he founded similar schools at Jena, and at Eisenach, and spread among all classes, even the lowest, a taste for the beautiful and for the useful arts. In order that those principles of beauty, explained in the *Journal*, entitled '*Propylæa*,'* which he had established, might be reduced to practice, he founded, in concert with Meyer, an annual exhibition of the products of art, accompanied by a distribution of prizes, and thus prepared for his adopted country an ample source of high enjoyment.

"He had labored in this manner for seven years, relaxing himself only by the production of poetical works of the first order, such as his '*Natural Daughter*,' when those revolutions which

[* "*Die Propylæen*," published at Tübingen, 1798-1800, in three volumes.]

shook the world to its foundations, put an end to occupations so peaceful and so useful.

"Goethe has been often reproached with having taken little interest in the political organization of his country ; for not having, at periods of great patriotic enthusiasm, raised his voice, even if he had sometimes appeared opposed to liberal ideas. Undoubtedly the tendency of his nature was not towards political activity, the obligations of which did not agree with the system of his life, and the consequences of which could not be anticipated by his foresight. From the position in which he was placed, history appeared to him like a struggle perpetually renewed between follies and passions on one side, and the noblest interests of civilization on the other. He knew too well the dangers, or, at least, the chances of an unseasonable participation ; he was not willing to allow the pure element of his thoughts and his poetic creations to be disturbed by the disorderly events of the day ; still less to elevate himself as the Coryphæus of any party whatever ; although Dr. Gall professed to have found the organ of popular oratory developed in him in the highest degree.

"He was persuaded that it would be more useful for him to succour mankind by internal, than by external efforts, and that a firm and pure will can find means of success, and can make itself useful under every form of government."

The orator brings many facts to support this part of his eulogy. Perhaps it would have been better simply to have said, that Goethe was essentially a poet ; it is not given to every one to be at the same time a model in active life and in the poetic art.

"The Grand Duke, Charles Augustus, had united all the various museums and institutes of the arts and sciences into a separate department, and had placed them under Goethe's exclusive direction, giving him the most absolute authority over them. It was there that he pursued his practical views in all their regularity. It was not a light task to satisfy, even in a small degree, the demands of constantly advancing improvement with means necessarily circumscribed. He labored to estimate the necessary, the truly useful, according to its value, and to put away all that was useful only in appearance and could satisfy only a transient predilection.

"In this administration, as in the formation of his own collections, Goethe went upon the plan of leaving each institution rather to be gradually developed from moderate beginnings, than to improvise, so to speak, something imposing by efforts out of proportion to the circumstances. It was not external show that he sought ; but his wish was, that talent in whatever department should want neither opportunity nor guidance for its progressive develop-

ment, and that youthful capacities should find materials for their strength and cultivation.

"Thus, thanks to his continued solicitude, he saw satisfactory results present themselves on different sides, and he raised these institutions, museums, libraries, these collections so various, to a comparatively eminent degree of intrinsic value and practical utility.

"Time was to him the most precious element. He knew how to employ it better than any one; and for this purpose, in the midst of the most various occupations, to keep his mind sufficiently collected to preserve the thread of his investigations or of his poetical conceptions.

"It was thus, that, one day honored by the visit of a king, he found means to withdraw for a moment from the most interesting conversation, in order to note immediately an idea for his *Faust* which had just occurred to him.

"He was often heard to say, 'The day is extremely long if one knows how to appreciate and to employ it.' In addition to this, his love of order was almost incredible. Not only all the letters he received, but likewise the most trivial of those which he wrote, were, month by month, collected in distinct volumes. He prepared also periodical accounts of the details of his activity so varied, of his studies, and of his progress in their different lines of direction.

"He never omitted to draw out an exact plan of every subject, however unimportant, which he wished to treat, that he might thus not only preserve the elements of the first inspiration, but also undertake afterwards, according to his inclination, the development of different parts, without ceasing to be certain of the connexion of the whole.

"His only relaxation was the variety of his occupations; and when in his journal, which he regularly dictated, twice a day, to his secretary, we see how, even at the most advanced age, he constantly gave himself, from an early morning hour, to an infinite series of literary and official labors, correspondence, examinations, projects and works of art which were continually sent to him, and to a vast extent of reading, we must allow him great merit, and even admire him for having nevertheless consented to give almost daily many hours to visitors, natives as well as foreigners. It is true that from time to time he endeavoured rigorously to separate himself from the world; but he likewise continually felt anew the necessity of maintaining his connexion with it, in order to avoid as he said, becoming a mummy, and to take note of the interests of the day.

" 'Send me both old and new,' he writes to his intimate friend

Zelter,* 'for although I raise my draw-bridges, and push my entrenchments further and further, it is yet necessary to go out from time to time to collect intelligence.'

"He always entered wholly into the subject which occupied him; he identified himself with it in every way, and when any important problem was proposed to him, he knew how to banish every thing foreign to the march of his ideas.

"'In the hundred things which interest me,' said he, 'there is always one which constitutes the centre, like a principal planet, and the remainder of the *quodlibet* of my life floats round it, until one or another of those elements succeeds in approaching equally near with the centre.'

"He could not always attain this internal concentration; and knowing well his extreme susceptibility, he often, in order to procure it, made use of the most violent means, and would suddenly cut off, as if in a state of siege, all communication from without. But solitude had no sooner relieved him from the multitude of his ideas, than he declared himself free and accessible to new interests, carefully renewed his old ties, and bathed and plunged, as one may say, in the fresh element of an extended activity, until the moment when some new invincible metamorphosis changed him again into a solitary.

"In consequence of the innumerable connexions which he had both in and out of Germany, and the numerous secret and open admirers whom each new generation gave him, there came to him, from all parts a multitude of productions of art, science, and literature. It sometimes happened that he left for months the most interesting packets unopened; particularly if they arrived during one of his periods of retirement; for it was altogether contrary to his taste to do any thing or to enjoy any thing at an inopportune moment; and hence he abstained from communicating to his friends more than one object of interest, solely because it appeared to him that the proper moment for communication had not yet arrived. Thus it was, his activity being always directed towards a determinate object, that he found himself behind-hand in acknowledgments of the most flattering compliments; and that, in an access of humorous despair, he finished by declaring himself bankrupt. But he immediately felt pained for having been so little friendly, and readily seized every occasion to effect a reconciliation.

"But how could he, without annihilating himself, satisfy the innumerable exactions which often overwhelmed him like the

* The celebrated composer of Berlin. He lived only eight days after the news of Goethe's death.

waves of an agitated sea? It may appear quite natural, that almost every young German who had written a piece of poetry, and above all if he had composed a tragedy, should ask his counsel and judgment; but often persons entirely foreign from his intellectual sphere addressed themselves to him upon the most singular subjects; for example, on account of a marriage, the choice of a profession, about a subscription, or the construction of a house. This might appear ludicrous, if the fact did not prove at the same time the confidence which was felt towards him, both near and at a distance, and how much he was regarded as a universal counsellor.

"If it was impossible for him to examine all the numerous objects of art and of literature which were sent to him, there yet always arrived sooner or later a time, when he acknowledged with pleasure the compliment which had been made to him of a distinguished work, or even of one which gave good promise only; and more than one author or artist, who had given up the hope of his taking an interest in his efforts, has unexpectedly received a note from him, or some other honorable proof of his esteem.

"It was in general his custom to be very attentive to whatever seemed of importance which was presented to the public, and nevertheless to appear for some time indifferent towards it; afterwards, if it promised to maintain its ground, and showed itself to be of real value, to take a lively interest in it, to pursue the subject, and to bring it within the sphere of his activity; but in the opposite case, to put it aside or seem to be ignorant of it.

"It may be asserted with truth, that as he advanced in age, the interest that he took in all which, in the narrowest circle, was distinguished in the departments of invention, practical industry, technology, and natural history, instead of diminishing, constantly increased.

"Bold undertakings, such as that of the Tunnel at London, or the Canal of lake Erie, in America, interested him irresistibly; and he had no rest until by means of plans, descriptions, and the most exact designs, he was enabled to form the clearest idea possible of the scheme, and of the obstacles to it and the resources for its accomplishment.

"The perforations in search of fossil salt which were made near us by our countryman Glenk, with the talent of *divination*, and the perseverance which belongs to him, attracted his attention anew to the strata of the interior of the earth, and to geological problems; and the courage and intelligence of the mineralogist interested him so much, that the first discovery of fossil salt made in the country of Weimar was hailed by him in that charming poem, which, while painting the victory of science over the opposing Kobolds and Gnomes, is itself the triumph of the poet over the most refractory elements.

"He was much interested also in the Accounts of the Missions, published at Halle, and in general in every thing which tended to the propagation of moral sentiment by the means of religion; and if his most intimate friends were sometimes surprised to find him occupied in studying the theological writings of Daub, of Kreutzer, Paulus, Marheinecke, Röhr, or even the folios of Fathers of the Church, the public will be perhaps yet more so to learn that at the time of the Jubilee,* he was ardently occupied with a grand cantata upon Luther and the Reformation, of which a complete sketch was found among his papers.

"Among the thousands of travellers who came from all countries to visit him during so great a number of years, there was not perhaps one who did not find in Goethe some affinity with his own pursuits and labors.

"He derived a very peculiar enjoyment from the visits with which the late Grand Duchess Louisa, and the reigning Grand Duchess Maria, honored him every week, at fixed days and hours. Perhaps ties so delicate and so noble will never again exist; — profound esteem, noble freedom, conversation full of dignity, and a desire to learn, full of greatness, a choice of the most attractive and the most instructive subjects, and the most sustained attention and interest.

"Whatever were the objects of art, of literature, or of natural history, which he had received in the course of the week, the most pleasing to Goethe were those which he could show to his sovereigns, explain to them, and which he knew would excite their interest. If, at any time, these visits were interrupted, he felt it as a void in his existence; for it was precisely the continuance, the regularity, of these hours which rendered them so delightful, that during the whole week he was refreshed by them. Amid a great variety of impressions from without and of feelings within, he found in the security of this amiable and pure intercourse a desirable object for his labors as well as beneficial repose, whence he could enter anew into meditations of universal interest.

"For to him it was a necessity to procure a clear and plain idea of whatever condition of life exists; and the extraordinary faculty he possessed of changing every personal position into a general idea may be regarded as the principal source of his practical philosophy, and as mainly contributing to preserve in equilibrium, in the relations of life, him who by nature was so passionate, and so easily and so deeply moved. By continually referring the past, the individual, to a more elevated and more general point of view, and

* The Jubilee of the Reformation of Luther, 1817.

by comprising it under a formula of profound meaning, he separated from it whatever was extraneous or personally wounding; he thus rendered himself able to consider it with calmness as conformed to a natural law, and even to neutralize it, as if it were an historical fact affecting him only like a related event. How many times have I heard him say, 'Come of that what may, I have now formed a perfect idea of it; it is an oddly complicated state of things, but it is now altogether clear to me.'

"Thus he accustomed himself, more and more, to consider every thing that took place around him as a symbol, and himself as an historical personage, without losing however a tender interest in his friends. The only effect of his peculiar mode of contemplating the world, was to deaden the impressions made upon him by an epoch, agitated and full of a stormy future. If sometimes at the sight of the feverish commotion with which the Parisian revolution of 1830 agitated Europe, he exclaimed almost discouraged, 'They commit faults in Troy and they commit them without its walls,' he very soon said to his friend Zelter: 'Let us consider that every time we breathe, a torrent of Lethe penetrates all our existence, so that we recall enjoyments but feebly, and sufferings and cares scarcely at all. This divine gift I have always known how to value, to use, and even to cultivate. I am confirmed in this tendency by the saying of the ancient; *I am constantly learning, and it is by this that I perceive I advance in age.* Of what should I complain, since the faculty of apprehending with enthusiasm the good, the beautiful, and the sublime yet remains to me? Let our device be, *Peace with God, and the approbation of good men.*'

"This correspondence which continued for more than thirty years with Zelter, — the most simple interchange of heart and mind which ever existed between characters so original, — was a faithful deposit of all that delighted and all that troubled him; and he drew consolation and strength from the confessions of his friend. A week rarely passed that these letters, so rich in profound reflections, did not cross on the road; they were a true fountain of youth to the two friends. As respiration is necessary to life, so this intercourse was necessary to their existence; and when the heart of one had ceased to beat, how could the other continue to live?

"When Goethe heard of the death of his only son, he wrote to Zelter: 'In this event, the idea of duty only can support us. I have no other care than to keep myself in equilibrium. The body is obliged to obey, the spirit is decided to will; and whoever sees the way marked out for his will, has no need to deliberate long.'

"It was thus that he repressed within himself the sharpest sorrow; and he again commenced his labors, for a long time deferred, that he might altogether overcome it. In fifteen days he almost completed the fourth volume of his Memoirs; but nature, violently opposed, at last avenged herself, and a violent hemorrhage of his lungs brought him to the borders of the grave.

"Scarcely had he recovered in a manner almost miraculous, when he carefully made his will, arranged the legacy of his literary works, and strove to finish with the world.

"But as he passed his works in review, he was dissatisfied to find his Faust unfinished. Almost all the fourth act of the second part was yet wanting; he resolved to complete it worthily, and and, on the eve of his last birth-day, he finished the greatest task of his life. He immediately sealed this work with ten seals; * and withdrawing from the congratulations of his friends, he hastened after long years of absence to revisit Ilmenau, † the place of his first labors as well as of his best enjoyments. There the profound calm of the forests, the fresh air of the mountains, gave him new life; he returned rejuvenated and was drawn towards new contemplations of nature.

"He went over again, completed, and confirmed his 'Theory of Colors,' scrutinized with more care the nature of the rainbow, and was earnestly engaged in examining the spiral direction of the growth of plants.

"'I am now,' he says, 'surrounded, even besieged, by all the spirits I have ever evoked.'

"For relaxation he read Plutarch from beginning to end; but he also wished to occupy himself with the modern world, and he took for his task the new French literature, that *literature of despair*, as he was accustomed to call it; and he, in truth, occupied himself about it with so much patience and ardor, that it seemed as if he might yet assist in the varied game of life for thirty years. At the same time observing how the controversy between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire upon the primitive type of the animal world touched his own favorite doctrine, he immediately felt himself urged to express his opinions once more upon this subject in a clear and decisive manner. He sent his article to Varnhagen d'Ense, and on the same day he sent letters, rich with ideas, to William Von Humboldt, Zelter, Count Gaspard de Sternberg, and

* Goethe presented to the court of justice at Weimar at the same time, a packet sealed with ten seals, depositing it there with the condition that it should not be opened until 1850. It is believed that it contains the secret memoirs of his life.

† In the forests of the mountains of Thuringia.

other friends, when suddenly the Genius of Silence approached, and from the midst of the most gentle and most delightful activity we see him called to yet higher labors, that those words might be fulfilled which he had for some years addressed to his friends : —
 ‘Onward, ever onward.’”

In the number of the *Revue Germanique*, which contains the Eulogy of Müller, there is an article entitled “Weimar,” from which we subjoin some extracts.

“Goethe is no more. This is the first thought which strikes you as you place your foot on the soil of Germany. . . . But his memory lives in all hearts, his image is every where to be found. Go to the library, and you see two or three portraits of Goethe ; the fine bust which a French artist, M. David, sculptured from nature ; the bust of Goethe as a young man, the bust of Goethe as an old man ; all that was produced by him, all that belonged to him, has been kept with religious care. A letter written by his father is preserved in a case carefully closed, and also a letter of Wieland in which he speaks of Goethe’s arrival at Weimar. Go from the library, and you find numberless copies of his image, cast in bronze, engraved on steel, in rings, and upon buttons. You see views of Goethe’s house and Goethe’s garden. The cicerone to whom you address yourself does not first ask you ; Will you go to see the Castle ? but, Will you go to see the houses of Schiller and Goethe ?

“It would therefore be difficult for me to give an account of the impression which I received during my stay at Weimar. It was, at once, a bitter regret at not finding there the man whom I should have so much rejoiced to see, and a secret joy at being so surrounded by recollections of him. It was a delusion, accompanied by a sentiment of pleasure to find myself where he had been, to speak to persons who had known him, to learn from the mouth of his friends his mode of life, his studies, his tastes, his connexions, and all those thousand little details about which we take no concern in the existence of an ordinary being, but which interest us so much when connected with the man whom we love.

“I wished at first to visit his dwelling alone, and to return there afterwards with some one who would inform me of all particulars. I seated myself in that modest garden where he so often walked ; there I beheld those alleys he had so many times passed through while composing some of his beautiful verses ; I sought still the traces of his steps along those gravel walks between the thick branches of the hedge rows. . . .

"I tore myself from this vague contemplation to enter Goethe's house. I beheld his room, his room so plain, I might almost say so poor; rather such as we might expect to see the room of a poor student, than that of a minister of state. A clumsy table, two chairs, and a small library, composed almost all the furniture. Here he was always found laboring without intermission from six o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon. Here are the books he loved; some French works presented to him by the authors, which he carefully preserved; and five or six busts of Napoleon, for whom he always professed the highest admiration. On one side is his sleeping-room, as poorly furnished as the former; but this simplicity pleased him, and he did not wish to change it. There is the bed (narrow and without curtains), on which he long reposed; there, the arm-chair in which he breathed his last sigh, with so much calmness, that those who were present did not know the precise moment of his death.

"Ascend into another apartment. There are all the objects of art and of natural history which he had been for so many years bringing together. There are those collections of mineralogy with which he occupied himself with so much interest, and those precious remains of antiquity which were sent to him from all parts, and those magnificent drawings. You are there shown also the plan of that house discovered at Pompeii which bears the name of 'the house of Goethe'; and the old timepiece which had belonged to his parents, which the king of Bavaria purchased in order to restore it to him, and which has thus sounded the hour of his birth and that of his death. All that belonged to Goethe, all these *reliques*, are preserved in the state in which he left them."

We may mention in this place, that an edition of Goethe's Works, in forty volumes, was completed in 1830. His posthumous works, and those not included in that collection, are now announced for publication in fifteen additional volumes.

[From "The Asiatic Journal, No. 36."]

SCENES IN THE MOFUSSIL.

CAWNPORE.

ALTHOUGH to many of the readers of the *Asiatic Journal* the foreign names of places and things, adopted by European residents in India, must be familiar, yet, for the benefit of country gentlemen,

&c. it will be necessary to explain and translate such words as the *Mofussil*, which cannot fail to puzzle and perplex uninitiated ears. The *Mofussil* is a term applied to the provinces; all the places, inhabited by Europeans, beyond the presidency, are called Mofussil stations, and the residents are entitled Mofussillites; but as there is nothing invidious or disrespectful in this term, those who may have barbarized a little during their seclusion in wilds and fastnesses are styled, *par distinction*, "jungle wallahs." I never could make out the precise meaning of the word *wallah*; it is usually translated "fellow"; but to the natives of India, who apply it indiscriminately to all sorts of persons, trades, and professions, it does not convey the idea which we attach to this expression in England.

Cawnpore is one of the principal stations of the Mofussil, and is situated upon the right bank of the Ganges, about 600 miles from Calcutta. It is seldom that this cantonment has received common justice from its describers, the duty being rather annoying; military men, who, except upon service, usually object to the toils and tasks of their profession, dislike it because they are, what they are pleased to style, harassed by inspections, field-days, drills, committees, &c. &c. Those who do not choose to avow the real cause of their disgust, complain that it is dusty and hot; but these are disadvantages which it must share with all the stations within some hundred miles, while they are more than counterbalanced by the numerous enjoyments afforded by its superior size and the number of its inhabitants. With the exception of the Ganges, which rolls its broad waves beside the British lines, nature has done little for Cawnpore; but the sandy plain, broken occasionally into ravines, which forms its site, has been so much embellished by the hand of man, that an unprejudiced person, not subjected to the miseries of field-days, will not hesitate to say that it possesses much picturesque beauty. The garrison consists of a European regiment of dragoons, and one of native cavalry; several battalions of infantry, horse, and foot; one King's and three Company's regiments of infantry; a major-general in command; and the numerous staff attached to the head-quarters of a large district. There are few civilians, two judges and two collectors, with their assistants, comprising the whole of the Company's civil servants (the aristocracy of India), who are stationed at Cawnpore. These personages, having far better allowances, and being settled in one place for a longer period, have handsomer houses, more numerous trains of servants, and live in better style than the military residents; but the difference at Cawnpore is not so remarkable as at many other stations, on account of the high rank, and consequently the large incomes, of many of the officers belonging to the garrison. Two or three indigo-planters in the neighbourhood complete the *grande monde* of Cawnpore; but there are other British residents, who form a second circle, the owners of shops and farms, coach-makers, bakers, and tailors, to whom it must be a much more de-

sirable place of abode than a smaller station, since it affords them the advantage of society. A solitary individual, belonging to a class which is not considered visitable in India, must feel peculiarly isolated: though he might be inclined to stoop to a lower grade, excepting where there is a European regiment, he cannot find associates from his own country; and even an intimate acquaintance with the language could scarcely enable an Englishman to feel any gratification in a companionship with Hindoos or Moosulmans, though of a rank superior to his own.

One objection made to Cawnpore is its want of concentration; the lines of the various regiments straggle to the distance of five miles along the river's bank, and it is deemed a hardship to travel so far to visit a friend: but the scene is thereby agreeably diversified, and the compounds (a corruption of the Portuguese word *campania*), which surround the bungalows, are larger than could be the case if its limits were more circumscribed. Many of these compounds are beautifully planted, and have a very park-like appearance, particularly during the rainy season, when the cultivated parts of the plain have put on their green mantle. The prickly pear is greatly in request for fences, and the tall pagoda-like aloe, with a base resembling the crown of a gigantic pine-apple, frequently intervening, forms a magnificent embellishment to the plantation. The houses at Cawnpore are, with very few exceptions, *cutcha*, that is, built of unbaked mud, and either choppered (thatched) or tiled; but they are, generally speaking, extremely large and commodious. The plans of bungalows are various, but the most common consists of three centre rooms; those opening on the front and back verandah being smaller than the one occupying the interior, which is called the hall; these rooms communicate with three others, much narrower on each side, and at the four corners are bathing-rooms, taken off the verandah, which stretches all round. The centre, and largest room, has only the borrowed lights permitted by eight, ten, or twelve doors leading out of the surrounding apartments: these doors are always open, but some degree of privacy is obtained by a curtain attached to each, of a sort of gauze-work, formed of bamboo split very fine, and colored green; these also serve to keep out the flies, while they admit air and all the light considered necessary by an Anglo-Indian, who seldom allows a single ray to penetrate into his *sanctum sanctorum*. Many of the Cawnpore houses are splendidly furnished, the chairs, tables, and sofas being of valuable wood, richly carved, with cushions, and coverings of damask: but the absence of curtains, pictures, and looking-glasses, which harbour too many musquitos and other insects to be introduced with impunity, and the bareness of the walls, whose sole ornaments consist of lamps in glass shades, detract from the general effect. The floors, which are of *chunam* (finely tempered lime), are covered, in the first instance, with a matting, and in the second, with a *setringee*, a peculiar manufacture of the country, of an exceedingly thick texture, and usually woven in

shaded blue stripes ; or with calico printed in Brussels patterns, and so closely resembling a carpet as to deceive all save practised eyes. This forms the general decoration of the houses in the upper provinces ; and as it may appear to Europeans to be a very indifferent substitute for our worsted manufactures, it may be necessary to say a few words in explanation. With a little care, this apparently fragile material will last three years ; for as the servants never enter the house with their feet covered, and the boots and shoes of the male residents or visitors, not being much used for walking, are lighter and less destructive than those intended for pedestrians, comparatively little damage is done to the floor-cloth. The bungalow will require a new chopper, and a general repair, once in three years, and when this takes place, new cloths are put down. At Mirzapore, a native city between Benares and Allahabad, there is a manufactory of carpets, which are scarcely if at all inferior to those of Turkey : but this fabric is too thick and warm for Indian wear, excepting during the cold season. The exterior of a bungalow is usually very unpicturesque, bearing a strong resemblance to an overgrown barn ; the roof slopes down from an immense height to the verandah, and whatever be the covering, whether tiles or thatch, it is equally ugly : in many places the cantonments present to the eye a succession of huge conical roofs, resting upon low pillars ; but in Cawnpore the addition of stone fronts to some of the houses, and of bowed ends to others, give somewhat of architectural ornament to the station. The gardens rank amongst the finest in India. In consequence of there being so many settled residents, they are much cultivated and improved ; all the European vegetables, with the exception of broad beans, come to great perfection during the cold season, and the grapes and peaches, which are not common to other stations, are particularly fine. The pine-apple does not grow in the upper provinces, but the mangos, plantains, melons, oranges, shaddocks, custard-apples, limes, and guavos, are of the finest quality. These gardens, intermixed with forest trees, give Cawnpore a very luxuriant appearance ; it is an oasis reclaimed from the desert, for all around wastes of sand extend to a considerable distance. In the centre of the cantonments, and on the highest ground, are two stone buildings of a very imposing exterior, — the assembly-rooms and the theatre ; the latter, a long oval, surrounded by a colonnade of pillars of the Roman Doric order, though ornamental to the station, is not very well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended : a horse-shoe form would have been better suited for the accommodation of an audience, for the spectators, who are seated in the back rows of the pit (there are no boxes) have little chance of hearing what is going on upon the stage. Beyond the theatre, the road leads to the race-course, which is approached by a long avenue well planted on either side, and well watered during the dry season. This avenue forms the evening drive, and at sunset it is thronged with carriages of every description, and equestrians mounted upon

all sorts of horses. Chariots, barouches, brichtskas, and double phaetons, fresh from the best builders of London or Calcutta, appear amid old coaches, old sociables, rickety landaus, buggies, stanhopes, tilburies, and palanquin-carriages, the latter not unfrequently drawn by bullocks, and all in various stages of dilapidation, for no one in India cares about being seen in a shabby vehicle; those which have borne the wear and tear of the jungles for many a long day are still deemed fit for service at Cawnpore, for there is little of that false shame to be found amongst the Indian community, which is productive of so much mortification and privation at home. The equestrians present an equally incongruous appearance, — the tall English charger, the smaller but handsome offspring of the Company's stud, and the graceful Arab, prance along by the side of the wild horses and shaggy ponies of native breed. The course, as it is termed, skirts a wide plain bounded to the right by the native city, which, though possessing nothing worthy of a visit, forms a pretty object in the distance, its mosques and pagodas peeping from the summit of a woody ridge. The plain also affords a busy, and to a stranger's eye an interesting scene. Groups of natives are to be seen seated round their fires, cooking, eating, or singing after a repast, while the stately elephant, and strings of home-bound camels, loaded with forage, look like giant phantoms as the twilight deepens. The mixture of foreign and familiar objects at Cawnpore, to a person newly arrived in India, is very singular. In smaller stations, it is impossible ever to forget that we are far from home; but here, surrounded by Europeans, and beguiled by the throng of English-built carriages into the idea that we are in some old accustomed spot, the sudden appearance of a camel or an elephant or a fantastic group of natives, seems quite startling. Upon one evening in the week, the course is deserted for the band of the King's dragoon regiment, which is assembled in a convenient place near the riding-school, and it is upon these occasions that the illusion is the most perfect. The equipages are drawn up two or three deep in a circle, many of the equestrians dismount, and, lounging from carriage to carriage, converse with the inmates of each: we forget for a short period that we are exiles, but as the night darkens the charm is dispelled. Returning homewards, the cries of jackalls burst upon the ear, and lights glaring between the trees in the compounds, display domestic arrangements which savour strongly of a foreign land: troops of servants are to be seen carrying covered dishes from the cook-room to the house, and hookah-badars, seated on the ground in the open air, are employed in making preparations for their masters' enjoyment, of the fragrant weed, with its accompaniments of rose-water and other costly appendages of the chillum. We can no longer fancy ourselves in England, but the scene is animated and pleasing; and when arriving at our own abode, we find the house lighted up, the table laid, and the servant in attendance, were it not for that home-sickness of the heart, from which comparatively few Anglo-

Indians are exempt, we might be content with a lot cast on the plains of Hindoostan.

There are two regular chaplains on the establishment, but Cawnpore is destitute of a church : no engineer officer will undertake to erect one for the sum offered by government, and in these days of cutting and clipping, no one feels willing to subscribe towards a building which, all agree, it is the bounden duty of the gentlemen in Leadenhall Street to provide for their poor servants. The service, under these disadvantageous circumstances, is performed alternately at each end of the cantonments; the riding-school of the King's dragoons being given up on one Sunday, and a small bungalow near the infantry lines, in which marriages and christenings are performed, being appropriated in turn to the dwellers in the neighbourhood : neither will accommodate the whole of the station at once. The state of things is really disgraceful to Cawnpore, and unless some very active engineer officer should be appointed, and exceedingly vivid representations made of the grievance, it is likely to continue, for money seems to become scarcer in India every day.

Cawnpore, though usually a gay station, is, of course, subject to the vicissitudes produced by the fluctuating state of Indian society. It cannot, however, be so much affected by party spirit, or the indisposition of leading residents to enter into amusements, as smaller places; and amongst so many families, an agreeable circle must always be found. In its best days, the entertainments are various, and suited to the different seasons; and notwithstanding the difficulty which is always found amid amateurs to "settle the play," the theatre is generally opened once a month, even during the hot winds. The performances are of course very unequal, depending frequently upon extraneous aid. It is no uncommon circumstance to request the attendance of the Roscius of some distant station, and the arrival of the "star" secures a full audience. The house is very elegantly fitted up, the benches in the parterre being provided with handsomely-carved backs; while all the other ornaments are particularly chaste and appropriate. It is very easy of access, several doors opening on the verandah; these outlets, however, though convenient and necessary to secure the circulation of air, are unfavorable to the transmission of sound; but altogether there can scarcely be a prettier scene than that which is afforded by this bright saloon, when crowded by officers decked in gay uniforms, and interspersed with parties of well-dressed ladies, who, however, bear a small proportion to the beaux, for, independent of travellers and occasional visitants, it is seldom that there are more than forty belonging to a certain rank who are attached to the station, and this is considered a large number out of Calcutta. Much taste and talent is usually displayed in the scenery and dresses, and with one drawback, the performance of female characters by the fiercer sex, the Cawnpore theatricals are really delightful. Though sometimes an ambitious aspirant may insist upon tearing passion to rags

in lofty verse, such exhibitions are comparatively rare; light farces and gay comedy are usually preferred, both by the actors and the audience, and the whim and humor frequently displayed, would do credit to veteran stagers.

Outside of the theatre, the carriages and servants in waiting form a singular scene; palanquins, buggies, and vehicles of all descriptions are brought into requisition; half the attendants compose themselves to sleep, while the other half are smoking; but when summoned, they vie with their brethren in London in creating bustle and confusion, each thinking his own honor implicated in keeping up the consequence of his master.

After the play, it is customary to end the evening with a supper and ball at the neighbouring assembly-rooms; the tables are laid out, and the khidmutghars, watching the movements of their masters and mistresses, place themselves behind their chairs, and produce plates, knives, forks, and glasses, — a singular custom in the upper provinces, where those articles are scarce, and where the guests at large parties are invited to come "camp-fashion," that is, to provide their own spoons, &c. The Cawnpore assembly-rooms are extremely handsome; those apartments devoted to dancing and the supper, are built in the Anglo-Indian style, being divided down the length by two rows of pillars, leaving a wide space in the centre; sofas are placed between the pillars, and floods of light stream from the wall shades and the chandeliers. The floors are boarded, no common circumstance in India, where the depredations of the white ants are so much dreaded. None, save those who have danced upon a mat, covering a chunam floor, can truly appreciate the luxury of boards; and the English belle, swimming through a quadrille on a warm summer evening, can form no idea of the fatigues which her Indian friends are undergoing, while performing the same evolutions upon a clay ground, the thermometer up to a hundred, and in a perfect atmosphere of musquitos. That dancing altogether should not be banished from the Company's territories by universal consent, seems very surprising; yet so perverse is the human disposition, that an amusement the least calculated for the climate, is the most popular all over India. When other music cannot be procured, drums and fifes are introduced, and imagination can scarcely conceive the variety of torture to which the unhappy dancer is subjected. The natives look on in surprise, wondering that the saibs should take so much trouble, since professional persons are to be hired in every bazaar to perform for their amusement.

But to return to the ball-room at Cawnpore. Upon state occasions, the whole compound is lighted up; an operation in which the natives delight, and which is performed by driving bamboos in the ground, and fastening a small *chiraug* (an earthen lamp) to each: these cressets afford a very bright light, and when they are numerous, and the night is dark, they have a splendid effect. Strangers are directed to private houses, on party nights, by the

illuminations in the neighbourhood, and when there is a very large assembly, the dusky countenances and white drapery of the attendants, who flock in multitudes to the spot, are never seen to so much advantage. Besides the coachmen, grooms, running footmen, palanquin and torch bearers, each person takes one servant, and those who affect state two or three, to wait upon them during the evening; and as the superior domestics dress very splendidly, they perform no inconsiderable part in the pageant.

During the cold season, all the infantry corps, forming the garrison of Cawnpore, usually encamp upon a wide plain in the vicinity, for the convenience of better ground for the performance of military evolutions, than is to be found in the cantonments. An Indian camp affords a very striking and curious spectacle, and though the admixture of trees adds much to its beauty and heightens its effect, yet when, as at Cawnpore, it arises in the midst of an uncultivated desert, the singularity of the scene it presents compensates for the loss of the more pleasing features of the landscape. Regular streets and squares of canvass stretch over an immense tract, each regiment is provided with its bazaar in the rear, and far beyond the lines, the almost innumerable camp-followers of every description form their bivouacs. The tents of the commanding officers are indicated by small red flags; but in no place is it so easy for strangers to lose their way; there is so much uniformity in the several avenues, and the natives make such strange havoc of English names, that an hour may be spent in wandering, before the abode of a friend can be found. All the mofussillites are accustomed to spend a large portion of their time under canvass; and in consequence of the necessity of providing a movable habitation, there are few tents which do not boast more comfort than can be easily imagined by those who are only acquainted with an European marquee: all are double, the interior and exterior covering being about a foot and a half apart; those which are double-poled, contain several commodious apartments, and are furnished with glass doors to fit into the openings. They are usually lined with some gayly-colored chintz; the floors are well-covered with setringlees, and they have convenient space enclosed at the rear by *kanauts* (a wall of canvass) for out-offices and bathing-rooms. Movable stoves are sometimes provided for the cold weather, but there is a better contrivance, inasmuch as smoke is thereby avoided, in an imitation of the Spanish *brasero*: a large brass or copper basin, in common use, called a *chillum chee*, mounted on an iron tripod, is filled with red-wood embers, and fuel thus prepared, without having the deleterious effect of charcoal, diffuses a genial warmth throughout the tent, and is very necessary in the evening; for though, during the cold season, the sun is still too fierce at noon-day to confront without shelter, as soon as its rays are withdrawn, intense cold succeeds, a sharp, piercing wind sweeps along the plains, and the thermometer sinks below the freezing-point. The transition is so severe between the heat of

the day and the frost of the night, that European dogs can only be preserved from its effects by the addition of warm clothing. Every evening, at sunset, the servant, who has the care of the canine race, equips each animal with a quilted coat, which is taken off in the morning. These rapid and striking changes are extremely trying to delicate constitutions, and there can scarcely be any thing more disagreeable than a state of affairs of constant occurrence, namely, exposure at one and the same time to a hot sun and a bleak wind.

Under the noontide glare, the white walls of an extensive camp stretched over a bare and sandy plain, are exceedingly painful to the eyes, but in the twilight, and at night, it assumes a romantic aspect; innumerable fires arise in every direction, horses picketed, camels and bullocks reposing in groups, present endless varieties of forms, all softened or exaggerated by the deepening shadows, or flickering lights.

The artillery stationed at Cawnpore, horse and foot, are sufficiently numerous to form a camp of their own, which occupies another plain of vast extent beyond some very wild ravines. Upon reviews and grand field-days, it is usual for the commandants of all the corps to give public breakfasts in turn, and these military spectacles rank amongst the most characteristic and spirit-stirring amusements of the East. All officers, whether upon leave or at Cawnpore on military duties unconnected with field displays, such as witnesses on courts-martial, &c, are expected to attend; wherefore the ladies are always sure of a gallant escort of beaux, not actively engaged in the toils of the day. Many parties proceed to the field on horseback, attended by *syces* on foot, well armed with spears, in order to ward off the attacks of loose chargers, who after throwing their riders, run wild over the plains; a frequent occurrence where natives congregate, mounted upon the most vicious animals that ever submitted to the rein. Some of the ladies are conveyed upon elephants, but the majority go in carriages, which are drawn up at a convenient distance from the scene of action. The neighbouring city sends forth its multitudes on horseback and on foot, on camels, or in vehicles of native construction, and the sandy wilderness literally swarms with life. To the beautiful precision of peaceable military evolutions, succeeds the mimic war, —the shock of contending battalions, the charge, the dispersion, the rally, and the retreat: squadrons of cavalry tear up the ground with their hoofs, "loud roars the red artillery," and now with their shining panoply glittering in the sun, and now obscured by clouds of dust, the assailants and the assailed appear and disappear like some vision raised by an enchanter's wand. At the breaking-up of the field-day, the invited guests gladly adjourn to the less intellectual part of the entertainment; dressing-tents are provided for the ladies, who shake off the morning's dust, and repair their charms, by re-arranging the hair, and re-smoothing the drapery. The gentlemen also make a brief toilette, and then the bugle sum-

mons to breakfast. To unaccustomed eyes, nothing can be more surprising than the spacious saloons thrown open upon these occasions, for the reception of company. I remember once losing my way in the intricate passages connecting the apartments of a tent, fitted up for the accommodation of a large party of ladies.

An Indian breakfast is allowed to be an unrivalled repast, and it is to be found in as full perfection in the midst of a desert, as when spread upon the princely boards of the city of palaces. Indian servants never permit their masters to regret the want of regular kitchens; all places appear to be the same to them, and our *déjeûnés à la fourchette*, in camp, could not be surpassed in the land of cakes. Fish of every kind, fresh, dried, pickled, or preserved, or hermetically sealed in tin; delicate fricassees, risolles, croquettes, omelettes, and curries of all descriptions; cold meats and game of all sorts; patés, jellies, and jams from London and Lucknow; fruits and sweetmeats; with cakes in endless variety, splendidly set out in china, cut glass, and silver, the guests providing their own tea-cups, plates, &c.

There are races at Cawnpore during the cold season, and as they have been long established, they generally afford good sport. These races form a very amusing scene, the male spectators, with few exceptions, appearing in masquerade; for the object being to divest the meeting of all military show, the young men endeavour to imitate, as nearly as their wardrobes will permit, the dress and appointments of English country gentlemen, farmers, and even rustics: rather a difficult achievement, where there is so little opportunity of keeping up a stock of plain clothes, and where young men, not anticipating the necessity of assuming a peaceable character, have neglected to provide themselves with a fitting disguise. Ingenuity is racked to find substitutes for the coveted garments; happy are those who possess a single-breasted coat, topped boots, and corduroys; round hats and jockey-caps are at a premium, and native tailors are employed to manufacture fac-similes of uncouth garments from all sorts of materials. Many of the gentlemen ride their own matches, and there is generally a very amusing *mêlée*, in which all descriptions of horses are entered, and which affords the greatest sport to those lookers-on not interested in the favorites. Prodigious quantities of gloves and lavender-water are lost and won by the ladies, and ruinous consequences too frequently result from the more serious transactions of the betting-stand. Gambling is one of the great evils of Indian life; and though much more limited in its extent than in former times, it is still productive of debt, difficulty, and disgrace to numbers of heedless young men. In Cawnpore, it is sometimes carried to a very dangerous extent; more particularly at those seasons when there are few balls and parties to divert the attention of idle youths from cards and dice: and at those periods the want of a public library is also severely felt. The supply of books is seldom equal to the demand; for though there are numerous clubs established in the various corps,

and a few private collections belonging to the residents, the works which are to be found in all are chiefly of a light and desultory description. Books of instruction and reference are rarely to be purchased or borrowed; and however anxious young men may be to make themselves acquainted with the natural productions of India, or to study its political history, they must remain destitute of the means, unless they can afford to send to Calcutta or to England for the necessary materials. Had the government established libraries at the head-quarters of every district, a trifling subscription from the temporary residents would have sufficed to keep them up, and the advantage to young men of a studious turn would have been incalculable: but there are no facilities given for the acquisition of knowledge, and it must be picked up under the most disadvantageous circumstances. This, with the exception of Mhow, where a library has been established, is the case in every part of the Bengal presidency; and when the extreme youth of the cadets who are sent from school to fill up the vacancies of the Indian army, and their want of opportunities for improvement after their arrival, are taken into consideration, the highly intellectual state of society throughout Hindostan, must excite surprise. A church and a well-furnished library alone are wanting to render Cawnpore as delightful a residence, as an eastern climate and military duties will permit. It has not the reputation of being unhealthy, though in the rainy season it shares with other stations the prevalent diseases of fever and ague; and being the high road to the frontiers, many travellers pause on their journey, after having received the seeds of their disorders in distant places, to lay their remains in the crowded cemetery of Cawnpore. During the hot winds, it is burning, stifling, smothering; but all places liable to this terrible visitation (the simoom and sirocco of travellers' tales) are equally scorching, and in some districts the blasts from the gaseous furnace, from which the plague must emanate, blow all night, whereas at Cawnpore they subside at sunset.

Persons, newly arrived from England or Calcutta, may deem Cawnpore a semi-barbarous place, since wolves stray into the compounds, and there are bungalows in which the doors, destitute of locks or handles, will not shut: but the arrivals from out-stations, dwellers in the jungle, companions of bears and boars (biped and quadruped) look upon it as an earthly paradise. It is well-supplied with every article of European manufacture necessary for comfort, or even luxury, though it must be confessed that they are frequently too high-priced to suit subalterns' allowances. The bazaars are second to none in India; beef, mutton, fish, and poultry being of the finest quality: vegetables of all kinds may be purchased by those who have not gardens of their own, there being a sufficient demand to induce the natives to cultivate exotics for the market. In addition to the shops kept by Europeans, there are many warehouses, filled with English and French goods, belonging to Hindoo and Moosulmen merchants; and the jewellers are

scarcely inferior to those of Delhi. Cawnpore is celebrated for the manufacture of saddlery, harness, and gloves; though less durable than those of English make, the cheapness and beauty of the two former articles recommend them to the purchaser; and the gloves offer a very respectable substitute for the importations from France. Prints of fashions supply the mantua-makers and tailors with ideas, and as there is no lack of materials, the ladies of Cawnpore are distinguished in the Mofussil for a more accurate imitation of the toilettes of London and Paris, than can be achieved at more remote stations. Indeed, the contrast between the female residents, and their visitants from the surrounding jungles, is often extremely amusing.

The river's bank affords some very fine situations for bungalows, and the inequality of the ground offers many advantages to those in the interior of the cantonments. The roads are kept in good order; and as they stretch along thick plantations occasionally relieved by glimpses of European houses, or cross the broad parade-grounds and other open tracts, the bits of native scenery, a small mosque, a pagoda, or a well, peeping from the trees, the long alleys of a bazaar, and the open sheds of numerous artisans, present so many pleasing combinations, that the eye must be dull of perception which cannot find an infinity of beauty in the various drives and rides. Lucknow, the capital of the neighbouring kingdom of Oude, is only a few marches distant from Cawnpore, and forms a favorite excursion, more especially whenever any particular festivities are going on at the court. In the proper season, hunting-parties are also frequently made to look for tigers and wild hogs in the islands of the Ganges, or amid the deep jungles of its opposite shore.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 19."]

ART. I. — *Den Danske Billedhugger BERTEL THORVALDSEN, og hans Værker*. Ved J. M. THIELE, Professor, Secretair ved det Kongelige Akademie for de skjønne Kunster. Første Deel, med 81 Kobbervælg. Kiöbenhavn. (*The Danish Sculptor THORVALDSEN,* and his Works*. By J. M. THIELE, Professor, Secretary to the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts. Vol. I. with 81 Engravings. Copenhagen.) Svo. 1832.

It does not often fall to our lot to derive from a work sent for our notice, so much gratification as, under various points of view, we have received from this of Professor Thiele. In the first place we greet with pleasure every biographical notice of remarkable men; and in that chapter of the book of Fame which is dedicated to the fine arts, what living name can compete with Thorvaldsen's? Perhaps we might exchange the epithet "living" for that of "modern"; for we believe none but Italians now even question the Danish artist's superiority to Canova himself; but we wish to waive for the moment all comparison of those two worthy successors of the great Hellenic masters, inasmuch as such discussion will find a more appropriate place when we shall have gone through the volume before us. To return to the cause of our gratification from the said volume, (or rather volumes, for there is one of letter-press and one of engravings,) — we are highly pleased with the talent displayed by Danish artists in the engravings, which present us with outlines of some of Thorvaldsen's best statues and *bas-reliefs*; we are delighted with such a proof, as the undertaking itself, and the list of subscribers to it, exhibit, of Danish enthusiasm for compatriot genius; and we rejoice that those lovers of the arts who are not free to roam over Europe in search of the widely dispersed productions of Thorvaldsen, should be afforded some means of estimating his merits and the character of those productions.

Our anticipations of biographical enjoyment, however, we must confess, Professor Thiele has not fully realized. With the exception of the artist's genealogy and a few anecdotes of his boyish days, the life consists of little more than an account of his works, and the order in which they were undertaken and executed. We learn nothing of his manners, of his domestic and daily habits; and almost the only *trait* of character occurs in the Preface, when the author explains

* The Germans and French write *Thorwaldsen*; we prefer to follow the Danish orthography.

how he came to write his book. We will not however waste our pages with complaints of what we think wanting in the Professor's volume, — a deficiency which, by the way, the second volume may perhaps supply, — but proceed to give our readers a brief abstract of what it does contain.

Professor Thiele, as he tells us in his Preface, was a constant frequenter of Thorvaldsen's *studio* during a visit to Rome. At length he was about to return home, and says :

"One of my last days at Rome I passed in the little garden which is surrounded by Thorvaldsen's three lesser *studios*, in order to enrich my book of recollections with the image of a place so dear to me. Unexpectedly the artist stood behind me, and of his own accord led the conversation to the object then nearest my heart. 'I regret,' said Thorvaldsen, 'that no one has yet thought of my biography.' And at these words I was seized with the idea, which, for the six following years, pursued me amidst my dearest labors. I declared that I would gladly devote the requisite time, and such abilities as were given me, to the fulfilling in some measure of his and my own wish, upon condition, however, of his frank communication and assistance to my work. But here difficulties already met me. He averred that he knew but little, the occupations of his later life having year by year drawn the veil closer over the unimportant occurrences of his quiet youth; neither could his now engaged thoughts busy themselves with such matters; but I might apply to the friends of his youth."

From that source, the archives of the Copenhagen Academy, and what could be in any way extorted from Thorvaldsen himself, Professor Thiele has concocted the short account, of which we are about to extract the pith and marrow.

From an annexed genealogical table, it appears that Thorvaldsen descends by females from the royal blood of Scandinavia. His family had long been settled in Iceland, and in that *Ultima Thule* his ancestors had gradually sunk lower and lower in circumstances, until his father, Gotskalk Thorvaldsen, emigrated or immigrated to Copenhagen, where he earned his livelihood by carving in wood, and that not in the highest style. He appears to have been chiefly employed by shipwrights, and not to have ventured to attempt the figures that usually ornament a vessel's head, until his son was able to assist him by correcting his blunders. But despite this his lowly condition, Gotskalk married the daughter of a clergyman, who, on the 19th of November, 1770, bore him a son christened Bertel, the Scandinavian form of Albert.

The boy early discovered a turn for sketching and modelling, in consequence of which he was admitted as a student into the Copenhagen Royal Academy of Fine Arts. His progress through the different schools was rapid. His father, as we have said, rose in his occupation by his son's aid; and in the year 1787 Bertel won the lowest prize of the Academy, the small silver medal. At this period he was preparing for the church ceremony of confirmation, and, engrossed by his professional pursuits, had perhaps not devoted much time or thought to religious duties.

"According to his own account, he sat low down amongst the poorer boys, and did not particularly distinguish himself by his knowledge. But, as it happened, the examining clergyman was brother to the Secretary of the Academy. Upon hearing the boy's name, he became attentive, asked, 'Are you a brother of him who won the silver medal?'—and when Thorvaldsen replied, 'That was myself!' the clergyman was so surprised at the answer, that he placed him above the other boys, and thenceforward called him Monsieur Thorvaldsen."

In 1789 our young student won the larger silver medal, and in 1791 the small gold medal, upon which occasion we have a striking instance of his innate modesty. Notwithstanding his previous success, the idea of the contest for this gold medal, given for the best historical *bas-relief*, so alarmed Thorvaldsen, that not only did it require the utmost importunity of his friends and companions to induce him to present himself amongst the competitors, but even after the subject was given out, and the candidates were separately locked up to prepare their sketches, he attempted to make his escape, and was only prevented by accidentally meeting one of his masters. In 1793 he similarly, but without compulsion, won the larger gold medal, in a contest of the same kind. The three prize *bas-reliefs*, which are still preserved at Copenhagen, are given amongst the engravings, and even in these early efforts we may perceive the germ of future excellence. The subjects are boldly conceived, and the stories well told.

The successful candidate for these prizes was further entitled to be sent for three years to Rome at the Academy's expense. But for this invaluable boon our young artist had to wait until the student, then enjoying the allowance, should have completed his term; and in the interval he continued to study hard, whilst he earned his livelihood by teaching drawing and taking likenesses.

Thorvaldsen had proposed to visit Dresden and Vienna in his way, as if to prepare himself gradually for the miracles of art awaiting him at Rome. But the disturbed state of the continent in 1796, when he was to set forth, together with his own delicate health, induced his friends to recommend a sea voyage in preference. He embarked in a Danish frigate, and after a (to him) tedious cruise, landed at Naples, without having set foot in Germany. A fact which we notice merely to correct a mistake made by Madame de Staël in her *Allemagne*, where she enriches wealthy Germany at the expense of humbler Denmark. These are her expressions, and we insert the whole passage to remind our readers of the high estimate formed of Thorvaldsen by so able a judge:

"A Dane, Thorvaldsen, educated in Germany, now rivals Canova at Rome; and his Jason resembles him whom Pindar describes as the handsomest of men; a fleece [why not *the* fleece?] is on his left arm, he holds a spear in his hand, and repose and force characterize the hero."

Thorvaldsen reached the Eternal City on the 8th of March, 1797, and ever afterwards, when asked for his birth-day, named that day as the epoch of his real entrance into existence. As such it was

accepted by his friends, and has been frequently honored with birth-day celebration, instead of the common-place 19th of November.

We need only recollect the state of Europe during Thorvaldsen's three years at Rome, beginning with 1797, to perceive that they were little likely to afford a young artist much encouragement. The continent was distracted, was desolated with war, and English wealth was sedulously excluded. Accordingly Thorvaldsen studied with unwearying diligence, copied antiques, and sent the Academy proofs of his industry and improvement, which last is strikingly manifest in the very first of his Roman compositions; but he earned nothing, hardly even reputation, we believe. In consequence of the unfavorable circumstances of his allotted term, he solicited and obtained two additional years. But these likewise elapsed without pecuniary advantage, although in the course of them he produced the model of the Jason, eulogized by Madame de Staël, and which seems first to have established his fame. This model gained the approbation of the most critical *connoisseurs*, and won from Canova, then at the height of unrivalled celebrity, the acknowledgment, "This work of that young Dane is executed in a new and grand style." But Thorvaldsen, though crowned with praise, found his purse empty, and a second model of Jason was in danger of sharing the fate of a former, which he had broken in despair. The first assistance he received was from a countrywoman of his own, an admired poetess, Madame Brun, then at Rome. This lady supplied him with means to take a plaster-of-Paris cast of Jason, but more she could not do for him; and he was about to abandon Rome in despair for Copenhagen, when, the peace of Amiens having temporarily opened the Continent to British travelers, the late Mr.* Thomas Hope entered Thorvaldsen's *studio*.

Mr. Hope, the possessor of a magnificent statue gallery, was too familiar with the exquisite remains of Hellenic sculpture, not to be struck with the lofty excellence of the Jason, and he inquired what would be the price of the statue in marble. The artist, who at that moment had scarcely an object in life beyond the power of thus executing his splendid conception, answered 600 sequins. The generous and just appreciator of genius objected that the sum was too small for such a production, offered 800, and immediately supplied Thorvaldsen with the means of going to work. War broke out again before the Jason was completed, and, from apprehension of danger in working for a Briton, he was neglected. When the pacification of the world upon Napoleon's downfall removed these difficulties, Thorvaldsen felt himself so much improved that he wished to have substituted for Jason some later production: but as Mr. Hope preferred his original purchase, he proceeded to finish it. When, in 1828, Jason was at length despatched to England, he was accompanied, in token of the artist's gratitude, by two beautiful *bas-reliefs*—a *genio lumen*, and an Anacreon and Cupid—together with busts of Mrs. Hope and her daughters.

* The Danish Professor, like most foreigners, unable to comprehend our English system of names and titles, calls him Sir Thomas Hope.

Well might Thorvaldsen feel gratitude to his British patron, for Mr. Hope's visit was the crisis of his fortune. From that moment, abundant employment and ample remuneration were his. His fame soared high and wide; he was the acknowledged rival of Canova; every academy was eager to enroll him amongst its members; honors of every kind poured in upon him, and his society was courted by the high-born, the wealthy, and the talented. We shall not follow our author through his detail of the works of the next ten years, which fills the remainder of his volume, but pass to Thorvaldsen's grand *bas-relief*; perforce, however, pausing on our way to mention his first order from his northern home. This was a font, with which Countess Schimmelmann and her brother Baron Schubarth wished to present the church of Brahe-Trolleborg in Fyen, or Funen, as the name of the island is usually written in English. This font, adorned with four beautiful *bas-reliefs*, viz. the baptism of our Saviour, a Holy Family, Christ blessing the little children, and three hovering angels, was exhibited and duly valued at Copenhagen, and then sent to its appointed destination. A copy, wrought with equal care, was designed by the artist as his offering to the deserted land of his fathers, a gift to Myklabye church, in distant Iceland. We learn from a note, nevertheless, that this font did not, like its predecessor, reach its destination, having been purchased by a northern merchant, whereupon the artist immediately began another copy in Carrara marble to supply its place. We know not whether this third edition of the font actually adorns Myklabye church, or is, perchance, the one with which Lord Caledon has enriched the British empire.

We are now to speak of the magnificent frieze, upon which rests Thorvaldsen's acknowledged supremacy in the *bas-relief* branch of statuary. Late in the autumn of 1811, Napoleon ordered a papal palace upon the Quirinal hill to be prepared for his reception against the month of May following. Great exertions were made by the Roman artists to complete the requisite decorations, but it was not until the beginning of March that a proposal was made to Thorvaldsen to contribute his share to the embellishments of the intended imperial residence. Three months only could be allowed him to complete his task. Short as was the period, he gladly undertook a frieze for one of the spacious saloons, and selected for its subject the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon. This is no place for a detailed description; but we may briefly state, that the subject is divided into three sections, or series of groups; the first series representing the Babylonians in expectation of the conqueror's triumphant approach; the second, the *magi* and great men going forth in procession with their offerings to meet and propitiate him; the third, Alexander attended by his army; and that the spirit, boldness, and freedom of the various groups, so far surpass all modern competition, that, should we seek a comparison, we could only refer to the Elgin marbles, with which no modern artist aspires to rivalry. This frieze procured Thorvaldsen, from the Italians themselves, the title of Patriarch of *Bas-Reliefs*.

Thorvaldsen anxiously desired that his native land should possess a

marble copy of this his master-piece, and Denmark cherished a corresponding wish. Financial difficulties delayed its gratification; but they were at length overcome, and in the course of the years 1829, '30, and '31, the frieze, with some additions, required by the greater size of the hall for which this copy was intended, was completed in marble, and it is now, we believe, the glory of the Knights' Hall in the Castle of Christianborg. Another marble copy is in the *Palazzo* of Count Sommariva, upon the Lago di Como; and in this last Thorvaldsen has introduced a group, representing himself delivering the work to the Count. The head of this small figure bears a much stronger resemblance to the artist, than do the other busts and portraits amongst the engravings, but none of them give an idea of the commanding genius that lives in his eye, or of the sweetness and simplicity that characterize his rough features.

We have gone through Professor Thiele's first volume, the only one that has reached us, or, we believe, yet seen the light, and should now proceed to speak of the opinions entertained by less partial and perhaps more adequate judges than our author, of the relative merits of Thorvaldsen and Canova; but the remarks and statements into which we have been already led leave us little to add. By way of peroration, however, and for the especial advantage of such unfortunate wights, if any such there be in these travelling times, as have had no opportunity of comparing the mighty masters of the North and of the South, we may as well put those scattered opinions into form. The Dane then is generally esteemed a truer imitator of nature, and far chaster in his taste than the Italian, who had some little taint of Gallic affectation, while Thorvaldsen is pure and simple, with a sense of the beautiful that is even pathetic. On the other hand, Thorvaldsen is held inferior to Canova in what is technically termed the manipulation of the marble; his flesh is not as perfect flesh; and, indeed, if the deceased pride of Italy had a rival in this respect, we suspect it is our own admired and admirable countryman Chantrey. *Bas-relief* has been usually considered as Thorvaldsen's peculiar *forte*; but Mr. Baring possesses a Mercury from his chisel, which may well dispute the prize with the renowned frieze itself, and render it doubtful in which branch of the plastic art he most transcends. This Mercury, for grace of attitude, truth of drawing, beauty of form and face, and indeed every other excellence that can belong to a statue, is allowed, we believe, by the unanimous verdict of artists and *connoisseurs*, to be the very finest production of modern genius. There are several other statues of Thorvaldsen's in England, which, with this, will probably be celebrated by Thiele in a subsequent volume, and perhaps we ought to apologize for thus forestalling our author; but we confess we could not bring ourselves to conclude our observations relative to this great artist, without telling our readers that his master-piece adorns the dwelling of an English private gentleman.

[Abridged from "The Asiatic Journal, No. 33."]

ART. II. — *Excursions in India; including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains, to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By CAPTAIN THOMAS SKINNER, of the 31st Regiment. In two vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

WE propose to confine our notice of these interesting volumes to laying before our readers a pretty full extract of the portion of it in which Captain Skinner's adventures in the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" are recorded: to go through the volume would lead us over ground already traversed in the company of Captain Mundy.

Captain Skinner set out upon his route to the Himalaya mountains, *via* the Dehra Dhoon, in April 1828, at the period of the Hurdwar fair. The pass in the valley of the Dhoon, bounded by the snowy range, he describes as one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery in the East. Our author's party fell in with an English clergyman on his way to Kunawar, beyond the icy mountains. The principal servant of the reverend gentleman was a converted Brahmin of high caste, who had been baptized by his present master, after giving the strongest evidence of the sincerity of his conversion. "He had completely thrown aside all prejudices, and seemed to be a perfect factotum, full of bustle, and no little self-importance."

The valley of the Dhoon is stated to deserve, in all respects, the name of beautiful, and to be "as quiet and as happy as such a lovely and sequestered spot should be." It appears to be more resorted to than the local authorities exactly desire. Our author speculates upon a carriage-road over the mountains, and the source of the Jumna becoming a fashionable watering-place: "one lady has already braved and overcome its difficulties."

The first day of the ascent from the valley, on reaching Gerree Panee, the first halting-place for invalids, they found themselves in a new region, amongst raspberries and cherry-trees, wild roses and blackberries. The thermometer, at the foot of the hills, stood, in Captain Skinner's tent, at 90°; here it was only 52°. "The effect" that the climate of the hills has already had upon the children is "most astonishing; their rosy cheeks, so rare generally in the plains, would rival those of the healthiest country babes in England." The convalescent establishment at Landour is a great blessing to the army. We learn from a recent Calcutta paper, that the Himalaya hills are now so much resorted to, that there are three "Europe shops" at Missoura.

Landour and Missoura form the first line of mountains, the former being some degrees higher than the latter. It is a range of successive peaks, so irregularly placed, that if you stand upon any one of them, you appear to be the centre of a circle of others. Mr. Fraser likens them to pointed waves just on the eve of breaking. The summits of the peaks are generally abrupt and rugged, and their sides, garnished

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with thick woods of the spear-leaved oak, and arborescent rhododendron, descend nearly perpendicularly into gloomy chasms, that appear to have no bottom.

The arrangements for the difficult part of the journey were now made with no little trouble. The hill-people, an extraordinary and capricious race, carry the baggage in burthens of from 50 lbs. to 80 lbs., adapted in narrow shape to the confined paths they have to traverse. "To any thing like severity these mountaineers are intractable; violent if you irritate, obstinate to the utmost degree if you abuse them; to good humour they yield every thing."

Passing the Kandoa range of hills, and reaching the summit of the Budraj chain, the Jumna came in sight, and restored the spirits of the natives of the party: "the coolies threw down their loads, and the servants their cooking-pots, and thought of nothing but the beautiful river beneath, winding with the utmost swiftness round the bases of the high-peaked hills." They forded the river, fifty yards wide, entering it twelve at a time, linked arm in arm, in order to stem the violence of the current. A high and bare ridge was then to be ascended, which brought them to Luckwarie, a neat village, the houses regularly built of stone, having stairs within, and roofed with slate. The women, who are remarkably pretty, seemed to be the busiest part of the community, amongst which polyandry flourishes, each lady being the common property of a family of brothers. The young population of the villages is not great, and our author remarked the likeness that prevailed amongst the children from this mode of marriage, which, he conceives, was invented in order to keep property as much as possible in one family, and to prevent an overgrown population on soil of such limited extent, their crops being the only subsistence.

After severe climbing, the party reached a little village called Bus-soua, where they had a magnificent view of the snowy range bearing to the eastward, the Jumna winding behind the mountains on the south side, with villages and terraces of corn all the way to its brink; the slopes were enlivened by herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, to which shepherd-boys were piping on reeds, forming a true Arcadian picture. The vegetable treasures combined the products of Europe and of Asia in one "enchanted garden," bounded in the distance by the cold and barren range of eternal snow.

As they advanced, they did not find the character of the mountaineers improve; they began to be churlish, and averse to supplying them with grain. "The natives of every part of the Himalaya through which we have yet passed," Captain Skinner remarks, "form the most striking exception to the general character of mountaineers that can be conceived, and to their neighbours (the Ghorkas) in particular. They seem to be totally devoid of courage or of enterprise; the Ghorkas, on the contrary, possess both in an eminent degree. The men of these hills are stout and hardy, and frequently tall and handsomely formed, but indolent and indifferent to every thing. The Nepaulese are short and ugly, but active and intelligent."

The journey became now little more than a succession of ascents and descents. "No description could convey an idea of the usual style of a day's journey over the Himalaya. Lines of irregular peaks towering one above the other, and in every relation possible to each other, oblige you to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth we find a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessible rock to scale."

These, however, were only ordinary and endurable inconveniences; others they encountered were almost intolerable. Our author, on reaching a commanding position, saw the natives performing sundry strange antics and contortions, jumping and skipping, and striking their bodies with extraordinary agility. He conceived it might possibly be a national dance, executed in compliment to their arrival. By degrees his party caught the same frisking propensity, which was occasioned by the tormenting bites of a most venomous little insect,—a miniature wasp, scarcely larger than a sand-fly, within whose precincts they had now come. The sufferings inflicted upon the party by these little tormentors are depicted in most pathetic colors; our author was almost maddened. It required all the magic of the scenery around to compensate for these tortures. "I have beheld," says Captain Skinner, "nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe; but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions."

They had now reached the foot of the terrific Bunder Puch, where the Ganges and the Jumna were only eight miles apart. The source of the latter was, however, still several arduous journeys distant, over high ridges, along paths of loose stones, and across chasms, below which the foaming stream dashed over large rocks with tremendous noise, the crossing of which was like dancing on the tight-rope. The corn in the fields and terraces they had passed was ripe and cut; as they advanced it was quite green. The faces of the hills were covered with red spinach, which gave them a singular aspect; potatoes, small but of good flavor, had been introduced here from Simla.

From Cursali, the first human habitation past which the Jumna flows, situated in a delightful valley, full of apricot trees, and bounded by peaks of snow, our author and his party commenced their pilgrimage to Jumnoutri, the source of the Jumna, crossing the river a dozen times, sometimes wading through its cold waters, and occasionally on trunks of trees laid over it, and clambering almost perpendicular ascents.

"At length we reached the summit of our labors; we had tracked the river to its covert, and lost all further trace of it, as well as power of proceeding, by the snow that choked the way. Here then we at last stood, on the threshold of eternal snow! We had come unto 'that bourne whence no traveller returns;' where nature has written for ever with a death-cold hand, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!' It is not often that man has an opportunity of reaching the very verge of human power, and on such an event I hope I may be pardoned for displaying some exultation. The consciousness of having endured a little to accomplish it may heighten

the feeling; and although I have to boast that in common with several, I must feel proud, as I have no doubt they did, at having gained the source of the Jumna.

"The first and greatest object of curiosity, both to the pilgrim and the traveller is the hot-spring. It rushes through an aperture in the rock of about four inches in circumference, with very great force and heat. In the vent the thermometer stood at 180° : about a foot further, and where the water bubbled from the ground, and was a little more exposed to the air, the temperature was 160° . There is a constant smoke rising to a considerable height. So wonderful a phenomenon as boiling water on the edge of perpetual snow, was very likely to attract the devotion of the Hindoos. They dip their hands in it, and perform the necessary prayers and evolutions about it, and make offerings of money, the perquisite of the Brahmin, if they can afford it. I propitiated the divinity of the spring in the most orthodox manner, and had soon an opportunity of seeing it transferred to the custody of the high priest.

"Close to the bed of the Jumna, and a few feet from where it first appears from beneath the snow, another small stream of hot water issues from the rock, and, mixing with the river, makes a delightful tepid bath, in which the devout never fail to indulge. During their ablutions the officiating Brahmin mutters prayers for their salvation, and congratulations for their having reached so holy a spot. I joined in the bathing, and was included in the prayer. The water was exceedingly cold, for I first jumped into the river itself; it was about four feet deep, and running with the utmost rapidity. I thought I had been divided in two when I made my first plunge, and was not long in hastening to the warm bath."

On returning to Bunassa, preparations were made for a new route across the intervening mountains to Gungoutri, the yet-more-celebrated source of the Ganges. Captain Skinner tells us he meditated, when he began his tour, to pass from the Jumna to the shores of the Sutledge, traversing the valleys of the Pauber and the Tonse; then crossing the snowy pass of Burunda into Kunawar, continue his track till turned back by Chinese jealousy. The rumor of his intention to attempt passing the range nearest the mighty barrier of everlasting snow, caused a mutiny in his camp. It was with great difficulty he prevailed upon his people to follow him to the next highest range towards Gungoutri. The rain fell heavily; the paths, made by native pioneers and paid for, *pro istâ vice*, were dreadful. The scenery, however, was sublime.

"I climbed up to the top of the high ridge above it, over which lay the track; and from its summit beheld one of the most magnificent scenes the sublimest imagination could conceive. I had passed over about a mile of snow, four or five feet deep; but hard enough to bear me, without much sinking; and was glad to have something to draw my thoughts from the fatigue, for such the natives even consider it; and many of the most devout have raised a species of altar, to commemorate the feat, consisting of a heap of stones, surrounding a high one placed upright in the middle. They fringe the crest of the mountain; and, to each in succession, as they reached them, my guides made their salaams, and returned thanks to whatever divinity they were dedicated, for having assisted them to reach such a height.

"Behind me, to the north-west, were the snows of Bunderpuch and

Dootie, whence the Jumna flows: thence, towards the east, rose the high peaks which mark the source of the holy river, the Ganges — the Rudru Himaleh, like a white cloud, in the horizon — Kedar Nath and Badri Nath, those mighty objects of Hindoo superstition, mixing with the skies; so far out-topping other heights, that I had almost considered them illusory; I began to doubt, as I gazed on them, whether there was any interval between heaven and earth! When I remembered that I was standing, on the 30th of May, on a mountain covered with snow, not ten degrees from the tropics, and that the peaks I was looking at were higher above me than Mount Blanc from the plain, and Mount *Ætna* from the sea, I was breathless with astonishment.

“Before me, towards the south, were less grand, but more varied prospects: — at the foot of the hill where I stood, but far below, stretched yellow fields in terraces, to the edge of a winding stream; as well as wooded ridges, and peaks, crowned with pines, their sides blooming with lilac and rhododendron. All around, far as the eye could reach — and that was far indeed, — were mountains, interminable mountains, of every shape and every hue: the clefts on the edges of some were masses of snow, shining through the open trees: rough and rugged rocks, opposing their barrenness to gently-rising hills, as carefully and tastefully planted, as if by the hand of art: dark, impenetrable forests, with torrents of water roaring through them; and little clusters of fruit-trees, with birds of sweetest notes singing within them. The summit of Oonchal was, for a time, ecstasy. My descent to the village of Nongong was pure matter-of-fact indeed. It occupied about three hours: such slipping, sliding, and scrambling, no mortal, that has not made the attempt, can form any idea of. We had to creep down by the uneven surface of the stony hill, for a long distance, where the ledges upon which we placed our feet were scarcely broad enough to admit them. Several times I was near falling a victim to love of the picturesque. If I looked round for a moment, which I could scarcely resist doing, I was soon restored to attention by rolling down ten or twenty feet.”

The first view of the Ganges, or Gunga-jee, had a powerful effect upon the natives of the party, even the Musulmans. After a painful series of descents, they sat down by the banks of the sacred Bhagirathi. It was about eighty yards wide, flowing rapidly over a bed of stone, the water of the colour of sand, and much impregnated with it.

After a severe struggle with the difficulties of the journey, they reached Bhairou Ghati, at the confluence of the Jahnavi and the Bhagirathi, the two remote branches of the sacred river. They rush towards each other with tremendous velocity and noise, meeting at right angles, and sweeping away to the west amidst the wildest scenery.

At daylight, on the 10th June, they commenced their expedition to Gungoutri, about four miles from Bhairou Ghati. The channel of the river, for half way, is formed of rocky mountains, their peaks rising to a great height. In some places they approach so nearly, as to afford a very narrow vent for the river, through which it rushes with immense force. Gungoutri is at length reached.

“A river as wide as the Thames at Windsor running over an uninterrupted bed higher than the crater of Mount *Ætna* (for Gungoutri is nearly

thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea), would be an interesting object if it had no other claim upon the mind: but the traveller must feel almost disposed to overlook that in the extraordinary scenes that he is destined to witness acted on it. It is impossible to survey this fountain of credulity, to enter this focus of human folly, without feeling as much wonder and astonishment, as the sight of it can inspire devotion and awe in the victims of its superstition, who toil through so many hardships, to bathe in its dirty water.

"Here every extravagance that the weakness of the human race can be guilty of, seems to be concentrated:—some, who have been wandering for months to fill their phials at the stream, overcome by the presence of their God, lie prostrate on the banks! others, up to their waists in the water, performing with the most unfeigned abstraction, all the manœuvres of a Hindoo worship. Under the auspices of brahmins, groups were sitting on several parts of the bank, kneading up balls of sand, with holy grass twisted round their fingers, intended as offerings to the Ganges for the propitiation of their fathers' souls, which when ready they drop into the stream with the most profound and religious gravity. Such faith is placed in its power of performing miracles, that many haunt it for the most ridiculous purposes, convinced that what they ask will be accorded.

"At this moment, a fanatic is up to his middle in the river, praying it to bestow upon him the gift of prophecy: he has travelled from a village above Sirinagur, never doubting that the Ganges will reward him for his journey, by opening the book of futurity; and if fools may be inspired to foretell, there is some probability of this pilgrim succeeding in his object, for he is simple indeed. He will return, he says, a prophet to his native hill, where all will flock to him to have their fortunes told, and he will soon grow rich.

"As I approached the holy shrine, a troop of pallid spectres glided through the woods before me, and vanished like the images in Banquo's glass. I thought I had reached supernatural regions indeed, till a few more yards brought me to a train of naked faquirs whitened all over with ashes: a rope was coiled round their waists, and their hair hung down to their shoulders, twisted like serpents: their hands close to their sides, they glided along with measured steps, repeating constantly in a hollow tone, '*Ram! Ram! Ram!*' a Hindoo word for the deity. If it required any thing to heighten the wildness of the scene, these unearthly beings were admirably adapted for it. The firmest skeptic in ghost stories would have started to behold one of these inhuman figures rise suddenly before him; and the slightest shade of superstition would be sufficient to blind the eyes of a believer to the reality of such a form, if in the glimmering of the moon one were to be seen perched upon the brow of a precipice, with an arm raised above the head, incapable of motion, and the nails hanging in long strings from the back of the clenched hand. If the sight of such an apparition could give rise to fear, the deep sepulchral voice with which the words '*Ram! Ram!*' fell upon the stillness of the night, and resounded from the rocks around, would indeed complete the scene of terror!

"At Gungoutri there are several sheds erected for the shelter of pilgrims; and as the evening was far advanced, and a storm brewing, I went into one of them. It was a long narrow building, and the further end was so wrapped in darkness, that I had been some moments in it before I perceived any thing. I was attracted by a sullen murmur, and went to the spot whence it proceeded. A miserable wretch had just blown a few sticks into a flame; and as the light burst upon his coun-

tenance, I unconsciously receded, and had to summon all my fortitude to return to him again. His eyes started from his head, and his bones were visible through his skin; his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shook with cold: and I never saw hair longer or more twisted than his was. I spoke to him, but in vain: he did not even deign to look at me—and made no motion but to blow the embers into a fresh blaze; the fitful glare of which, falling on his skeleton form, made me almost think that I had descended to the tomb. I found that he had come for the purpose of ending his life by starvation at Gungoutri. Many faquirs have attempted this death, and have lingered on the banks of the river for several days without food. The Brahmin, however, assures me that nobody can die in so holy a place; and to preserve its character for being unconnected with mortality, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages take care that they should not, and bear them by force away, and feed them, or at any rate give them the liberty to die elsewhere.

"A small temple marks the sacred source of the river; and immediately opposite is the orthodox spot for bathing in and filling the phials, which, when ready, receive the stamp of authenticity from the seal of the Brahmin, who wears it as a ring upon his finger: it bears the following inscription engraved upon it—'The water of the Bhagirathi, Gungoutri.'—Without such mark the water would not be deemed holy by the purchasers in the plains.

"The situation of Gungoutri is sufficiently provoking. The river rather widens above it, and nothing can be traced by the eye that will justify a conjecture of its distance from the source. There is no road beyond; and, with all the effort possible, I question whether a traveller could penetrate much more than a mile further. The river about a quarter of a mile beyond Gungoutri winds to the east, towards the high mountain of the Rudru Himmaleh, in which it is believed to have its source. One peak of this mountain is visible from here; that which contains the fountain of the Ganges. The Hindoos suppose that from each peak of the Rudru a river flows, and consider it (for it has several peaks) the birth-place of the most esteemed ones in the Himmalaya."

Captain Skinner's narrative of the incidents and objects met with in his return from these sublime and ridiculous spectacles is sufficiently interesting, but we have not space to extract more.

Upon the whole, we recommend the work as a very amusing one; it is written in a matter-of-fact style, without affectation or pedantry.

[From "The Penny Magazine, No. 26."]

[The "Penny Magazine" is one of the valuable publications of the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, in England. It is an entertaining work, intended for popular circulation, and excellently adapted to its purpose. Five numbers, including what is called a Supplementary Number, are published every month. Each number consists of eight long quarto pages, with various wood cuts, well engraved. Many of the articles are written with more good taste and good sense, than the generality of those in British magazines of greater

pretension. The yearly price is six shillings, sterling. It might well be imported for circulation in this country. EDD.]

ART. III.—*Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. Murray's Family Library. London, 1832.* Price 5s.

NATURAL MAGIC is the name given to those combinations of natural agencies, which, by the illusion or surprise which they produce, seem to us to possess supernatural power. Nor is the name an inappropriate one, though somewhat strange in sound. Magic, in the ordinary sense of the word, that is, supernatural power in human hands, exists only in the imagination; it is not a thing which has ever really been; it is a mere fancy, the offspring of ignorance and superstition, and nothing more. But if we can actually produce, by natural means, the same effects which the believers in magic say are to be achieved by the aid of spirits or other supernatural agents, we have a right to give the name of magic also to the art by which we do this,—adding the epithet *natural*, to intimate that it is only the products of the magician's trickery which are imitated, and not his pretended mode of operation. If the impostor who professes to raise a spectre by a charm or incantation, calls the deception a piece of magic, the philosopher who does the same thing by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors, is still entitled to give it the same name.

On this subject Sir David Brewster has here produced a learned, instructive, and amusing work. The only regret or disappointment that the reader feels is on account of the parts of the subject which are only alluded to or slightly touched upon. The examples of the wonders of science given in the present volume are only a selection from a much more abundant store of materials of the same kind. It is a selection, however, very judiciously made, and so as, if not to exhaust the subject, yet to present a view, more or less full, of each of its principal departments. First we have the illusions which affect us through the eye very largely treated of. The appearance of spectres to a brain or nervous system in a diseased or extraordinarily excited state,—the case of persons who are insensible to particular colors,—the tricks of the necromancers with concave mirrors,—the magic lantern and phantasmagoria,—the spectre of the Brocken, and the Fata Morgana,—are included, among many other things, under this head. The illusions depending on the ear, including the modern exhibition of the invisible girl, ventriloquism, the effects produced by the voice on glasses, the phenomena of echoes, &c. are considered in several of the following chapters. Then come two highly interesting chapters on mechanical feats and contrivances,—such as remarkable exertions of strength, the automata of the ancients, Degennes's mechan-

* [Republished by Messrs. J. & J. Harper, New York.]

ical peacock, Vaucanson's duck, which ate and digested its food, Baron Kempelen's famous automaton chess-player, Duncan's tam-bouring machine, Babbage's calculating engine, &c. Lastly, the volume closes with a rapid survey of several of the most remarkable wonders of Chemistry. The art of breathing fire, that of walking upon red-hot iron, Aldini's incombustible dresses, the spontaneous combustion of human beings, the effects of the nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, and the very curious subject of certain elastic gases which the author himself has discovered in the cavities of gems, are some of the topics among which the reader is led on through this department.

What we have stated is enough to show what a fund both of amusement and of philosophy the book is. It is an excellent work for a mechanic's or village library.

The following is, we think, the most extraordinary of all the author's statements. The work, it is to be recollected, is addressed in the form of letters to Sir Walter Scott :

'One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, which you have yourself seen and admired, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice under the direction of an officer of the American navy.* As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given, for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed the part both of the load and of the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened by the prescribed process.

At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board. He con-

* [We recollect seeing the experiment successfully performed in our country about ten or twelve years since.]

ceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation.'

Amongst the descriptions of mechanism calculated to excite popular curiosity, the following is very striking :

'One of the most popular pieces of mechanism which we have seen is the magician, constructed by M. Maillardet, for the purpose of answering certain given questions. A figure, dressed like a magician, appears seated at the bottom of a wall, holding a wand in one hand, and a book in the other. A number of questions ready prepared are inscribed on oval medallions, and the spectator takes any of these which he chooses, and to which he wishes an answer, and having placed it in a drawer ready to receive it, the drawer shuts with a spring till the answer is returned. The magician then rises from his seat, bows his head, describes circles with his wand, and, consulting the book as if in deep thought, he lifts it towards his face. Having thus appeared to ponder over the proposed question, he raises his wand, and, striking with it the wall above his head, two folding-doors fly open, and display an appropriate answer to the question. The doors again close, the magician resumes his original position, and the drawer opens to return the medallion. There are twenty of these medallions, all containing different questions, to which the magician returns the most suitable and striking answers. The medallions are thin plates of brass of an elliptical form, exactly resembling each other. Some of the medallions have a question inscribed on each side, both of which the magician answers in succession. If the drawer is shut without a medallion being put into it, the magician rises, consults his book, shakes his head, and resumes his seat. The folding-doors remain shut, and the drawer is returned empty. If two medallions are put into the drawer together, an answer is returned only to the lower one. When the machinery is wound up, the movements continue about an hour, during which time about fifty questions may be answered. The inventor stated, that the means by which the different medallions acted upon the machinery, so as to produce the proper answers to the questions which they contained were extremely simple.'

We give, in conclusion, the author's very just observations on the ultimate effect of inventions which at first sight appear to have no really useful object :

"Ingenious and beautiful as all these pieces of mechanism are, and surprising as their effects appear even to scientific spectators, the principal object of their inventors was to astonish and amuse the public. We should form an erroneous judgment, however, if we supposed that this was the only result of the ingenuity which they displayed. The passion for automatic exhibitions which characterized the eighteenth century, gave rise to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher orders of artists habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or which waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, reappeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning-machines, and our steam-engines. The elements

of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton, has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambourine engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjuror who used them, contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species. In whatever way, indeed, the power of genius may invent or combine, and to whatever low or even ludicrous purposes that invention or combination may be originally applied, society receives a gift which it can never lose; and though the value of the seed may not be at once recognised, and though it may lie long unproductive in the ungenial soil of human knowledge, it will some time or other evolve its germ, and yield to mankind its natural and abundant harvest."

[Abridged from the London "Monthly Review. No. 3."]

ART. III. — *A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, an Island situated between South America and the Cape of Good Hope.* By AUGUSTUS EARLE, Draughtsman to his Majesty's Surveying-Ship "The Beagle." 8vo. pp. 371. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary narratives of personal adventure which have fallen within our observation for some time. The author was educated as an artist; but, impelled to foreign travel by an unconquerable love of roving, he seems to have succeeded in gratifying his passion to its utmost extent, with little more expense than that of his time, and now and then a little labor. Through the medium of some interest which he possessed at the Admiralty, he was enabled to visit the Mediterranean in 1815, and to make himself acquainted with several interesting scenes in Africa, Malta, Sicily, and Spain. He next proceeded to the United States, and spent two years in rambling through their cities, mountains, prairies, and forests. After this we find him successively visiting the Brazils, Chili, and Peru, where he practised his profession with great perseverance and good fortune. It was next his ambition to find employment in India, and having returned to Rio for the purpose of procuring his passage in a vessel bound for the Cape of Good Hope, he entrusted himself to an old worn-out Margate hoy, which was proceeding thither with a cargo of potatoes. This was in February, 1824. On the voyage the miserable sloop encountered very severe weather, against which it was so little prepared to contend, that the captain was obliged, under the terrors of a heavy wind and sea, to make for the island of Tristan d'Acunha, — obeying the dictate of the old maxim — "Any port in a storm." This

frightful-looking spot is situated almost due south of St. Helena, and south-west of the Cape of Good Hope, and is rarely visited except by those adventurous men who are engaged in the South-sea whaling trade. Even these persons have been latterly obliged almost to abandon the island, on account of the dangers that abound upon its dreadful coast. The approach to the shore is absolutely terrific, the sea breaking violently over innumerable rocks which just rise above the water, and the whole extent of the beach being whitened with the surf. When the wind blows strongly, as it frequently does, the noise of the elemental war is deafening. The beach, as well as the rocks in its neighbourhood, are composed of black lava, the colour of which, contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves, presents a spectacle almost supernatural.

Yet upon this desolate spot it was Mr. Earle's fate to spend several months. The captain having found that the settlers were well supplied with potatoes, resolved on increasing his cargo, and as the operation of transferring his purchases on board the hoy would necessarily take up three or four days, our adventurer, sick and tired of being knocked about at sea, was glad to have the opportunity of going on shore. The island had hitherto been unvisited by any artist, and hoping to be able to add some novelty to his portfolio, he took with him his sketch book, a dog, a gun, and boat cloak, and bent his way to a small village composed of half a dozen houses, which he was equally surprised and pleased to find constructed with every attention to cleanliness and comfort. It was still more delightful to him to find that the settlers spoke his own language, being all of them British subjects, and that they were most anxious to show him every possible kindness. After spending here three days scrambling round the rocks and making sketches, he prepared to return to the hoy, and was already placed in a boat for that purpose, when he beheld the vessel standing out to sea. "I concluded," he observes, "that she was only making a long stretch, and waited on the beach some hours; but she stood quite off to sea, and I never beheld her more!"

Thus the author found himself (29th March) left on the island, with one of the men belonging to the sloop, with no other provision in the way of clothes than those they had on, and with little hope of a chance vessel coming in sight, as the winter season was now approaching. He wisely, however, determined to bear his lot patiently, and to cultivate the friendship of the settlers. Their chief, or governor as he was called, rejoiced in the name of Glass. He was a Scotchman, a *ci-devant* corporal of artillery drivers at the Cape, and a very kind-hearted man. His three companions or subjects had all been seamen, who chose to remain upon the island for the purpose of earning a subsistence by procuring sea-elephant and other oils, which they bartered with the vessels that touched there. They were honest, rough, British tars, and as they had been "accustomed to be either in their whale-boat pulling through the

"most dreadful surf that can be conceived, or covered with blood and grease, killing and preparing for use the marine animals which assembled round the island, it could not be expected that their manners or appearance should partake much of elegance or refinement." The scene, however, was altogether novel, and we are not surprised to learn that Earle took infinite delight in hearing them relate their different adventures in their own phraseology. Glass was a married man, and had a numerous rising family. One of the settlers, White, had also the consolations of a female partner, in the person of a half-caste Portuguese from Bombay. They were both very exemplary housewives, devoting all their care to their families.

The personal history of these settlers is not without its interest. Glass was one of the garrison which the British government had sent some years ago to Tristan d'Acunha from the Cape. The idea of retaining the garrison was soon given up, when Glass and his wife requested and obtained permission to stay. When the garrison first landed, the only persons they found on the island were an old Italian named Thomas, and a wretched-looking half-caste Portuguese. These persons gave out that they were the only survivors of a party of Americans, who had settled here under Lambat, — a name not unknown in the history of maritime misfortunes, — and they reported further, that their former companions had all perished together, as they were crossing in a boat to one of the neighbouring islands. But it was believed that these two survivors had in fact despatched their comrades by some unfair means. The Portuguese made his escape in one of the ships that came with the garrison, but the Italian, who remained behind, seemed to be possessed of a great deal of money, which enabled him to get drunk every day at the military canteen. In his moments of intoxication he frequently threw out dark allusions to the fate of Lambat, which showed that he knew more upon that subject than in his sober hours he would wish to acknowledge. He told every body that he was possessed of immense treasures, which he had buried in a spot known to nobody but himself. He thus secured general attention, as he flattered those who behaved kindly to him with the hope that he would remember them in his will. One day, after a course of more than ordinary intemperance, he died suddenly, without explaining to anybody where his treasure lay concealed. "A universal search," says Earle, "was commenced after his death; but neither money nor papers have ever been discovered: and even I, when not better occupied, used to examine every cranny and hole in the rocks about the houses, in hopes of finding old Thomas's treasure; for Glass said it must be near the houses, as as he used to be away but a very short time when he visited his hoard for money. I once thought I had really made the discovery; for in a cleft of the rock, in a very remote corner, I found an old kettle stuffed with rags, but, unfortunately, with no other treasure. Glass well remembered the kettle belonging to

"Thomas, by the remarkable circumstance of its having a *wooden bottom!*"

Glass's motives for remaining on the island, after the garrison was recalled, were marked by the usual prudence of his native land. "Why," he used to say, "what could I possibly do, when I reached my own country, after being disbanded? I have no trade, and am now too old to learn one. I have a young wife, and a chance of a numerous family; what could I do better than remain?" The officers gave him every article they could spare; among the rest, a bull, a cow, and a few sheep, and with his economy and care, he promised soon to become the possessor of numerous flocks and herds. His "second in command" was a man of the name of Taylor, who had formerly served in the squadron stationed at the Cape, which, during the time the garrison occupied the island, paid it an occasional visit. Taylor and a comrade of his took a fancy afterwards to join Glass, and obtained permission for that purpose from the Admiralty. The third man, White, was a cast-away from an Indiaman, which was wrecked in the neighbourhood. He had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and it so happened that they were among the persons saved. The circumstance bound them still more closely together, and "no two people," observes the author, "could be happier."

The island is filled with wild cats, and at one time abounded with poultry, of which the different species also became wild, on account of the rapid manner in which they had multiplied. But the cats have since thinned their numbers. Goats are found on the sides of the mountains, but they are so shy and swift of foot, that it is difficult to get a shot at them. The mountains, which occupy a great part of the island, are nearly perpendicular. The only arable soil is a slip of land at their foot, which slopes towards the sea, about three quarters of a mile in width, and five or six miles in length. Wherever it has been cleared of the underwood, it is capable of producing any vegetable, and is particularly favorable to the growth of potatoes, producing, Earle asserts, the finest he ever tasted. "From the Peak," he adds, "in the centre of the island, to the sea-shore, the earth is cut into gullies, apparently by torrents. Those in the plains are deep, and cut straight to the sea. Two of these gullies, which are near our settlement, are, I should imagine, fifty feet wide, and as many deep, filled with huge masses of black lava. All the rocks of the island are of the same dismal hue, which gives a most melancholy aspect to all its scenery."

The dangers of the coast are chiefly caused by the tremendous and sudden swell of the sea, which, without any apparent cause, rushes in upon the beach in immense rolling waves. These rollers, as they are called, generally precede a storm. The navigator is also often in peril of being caught in a squall, which sometimes hurries him off to sea, whether he be or be not prepared for such a

trip. Mrs. Glass once went off to pay a visit on board a ship, but one of these squalls arising, the ship was obliged to stand off, and it was ten days before the lady could return to her disconsolate husband. A similar accident occurred to Mrs. White. The author gives the following account of his situation and proceedings towards the end of May.

"Our house is (and all are built nearly after the same model) a complete proof of the nationality of an Englishman, and his partiality for a comfortable fireside. Though the latitude is temperate, each room is furnished with a noble fire-place; and in what we call 'The Government House,' we meet every night, and sit round a large and cheerful blaze, each telling his story, or adventures, or singing his song; and we manage to pass the time pleasantly enough.

"Looking out from my abode, no spot in the world can be more desolate; particularly on a blowing night. The roar of the sea is almost deafening; and the wind rushing furiously down the perpendicular sides of the mountains, which are nearly nine hundred feet high, and are masses of craggy rocks, has the most extraordinary and almost supernatural effect. No sooner does night set in than the air is full of nocturnal birds, whose screams are particularly mournful; and then comes the painful reflection, that I am so many thousands of miles from every human haunt, and separated from all my friends and family, who are in total ignorance of where I am, or what has become of me. But I force myself to struggle against dismal thoughts, unwilling that my comrades (who do every thing in their power to console me) should suspect how much I suffer; so I take my seat by the fire, shut out the night, pile on a cheerful log, and tell my tale in turn. I must confess that, amongst my companions, I never see a sad or discontented-looking face; and though we have no wine, grog, or any other strong drink, there is no lack of jovial mirth in any of the company.

"Fortunately for me, when I came on shore, I brought with me some of my drawing apparatus, which now, in my forlorn state, has been the source of much amusement and improvement; making the time not hang so heavily on hand as it otherwise would do.

"20th. For the last ten days we have had a succession of wet, cold, uncomfortable weather, which has kept me much within doors; but constantly looking out, most anxiously, for the sight of a sail; yet, being winter, I fear there is but slight chance of such an event; and if we even do see one, should the wind be blowing high, she will not be able to approach the island.

"A few days ago, it blowing a strong easterly wind at the time, Glass and I went to the east end of the island to burn the underwood and grass, in order to make pasturage for the cattle. This grass grows astonishingly fast, and if not burned occasionally would soon cover every thing. It is from eight to ten feet high, and so thick that it is almost impossible to get through it. We set fire to it in several places, and the wind catching the flame, it spread with dreadful and astonishing rapidity, running up the sides of the mountain with a roar like that produced by volleys of musketry; and it was accompanied with so much flame and smoke, as to make the spectacle truly sublime.

"28. Yesterday being a fine morning, accompanied by two of the men, I determined to ascend the mountain. As several parties had before gone up, they had formed a kind of path, at least we endeavoured to trace the same way; but it requires a great deal of nerve to attempt it. The sides

of the mountain are nearly perpendicular ; but, after ascending about two hundred feet, it is there entirely covered with wood, which renders the footing much more safe ; but in order to get to the wood, the road is so dangerous, that it makes me almost tremble to think of it ; slippery, grey rocks, and many of them unfortunately loose, so that when we took hold, they separated from the mass, and fell with a horrid rumbling noise ; here and there were a few patches of grass, the only thing we could depend upon to assist us in climbing, which must be done with extreme caution, for the least slip, or false step, would dash one to atoms on the rocks below. By keeping our eyes constantly looking upwards, and continuing to haul ourselves up by catching firm hold on this grass, after an hour's painful toil we gained the summit, where we found ourselves on an extended plain, of several miles' expanse, which terminates in the peak, composed of dark grey lava, bare and frightful to behold. We proceeded towards it, the plain gradually rising, but the walking was most fatiguing, over strong rank grass and fern several feet high, with holes concealed under the roots in such a way, that no possible caution could prevent our occasionally falling down into one or other of them, and entirely disappearing, which caused a boisterous laugh amongst the rest ; but it frequently happened, while one was making merry at the expense of another, down sunk the laugher himself.

"A death-like stillness prevailed in these high regions, and, to my ear, our voices had a strange, unnatural echo, and I fancied our forms appeared gigantic, whilst the air was piercing cold. The prospect was altogether very sublime, and filled the mind with awe. On the one side, the boundless horizon, heaped up with clouds of silvery brightness, contrasted with some of darker hue, enveloping us in their vapor, and passing rapidly away, gave us only casual glances of the landscape ; and, on the other hand, the sterile and cindery peak, with its venerable head, partly capped with clouds, partly revealing great patches of red cinders, or lava, intermingled with the black rock, produced a most extraordinary and dismal effect. It seemed as though it were still actually burning, to heighten the sublimity of the scene. The huge albatross appeared here to dread no interloper or enemy ; for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. This bird is the largest of the aquatic tribe ; and its plumage is of a most delicate white, excepting the back and the tops of its wings, which are grey ; they lay but one egg, on the ground, where they form a kind of nest, by scraping the earth round it ; after the young one is hatched, it has to remain a year before it can fly ; it is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached them, they clapped their beaks, with a very quick motion, which made a great noise. This, and throwing up the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence they seem to possess ; the old ones, which are valuable on account of their feathers, my companions made dreadful havoc amongst, knocking on the head all they could come up with. These birds are very helpless on the land, the great length of their wings precluding them from rising up into the air, unless they can get to a steep declivity. On the level ground they were completely at our mercy ; but very little was shown them, and in a very short space of time, the plain was strewn with their bodies, one blow on the head generally killing them instantly." — pp. 322 – 328.

The object of this expedition was to obtain some goats, in which they succeeded, and the feathers of the albatross. Earle was sufficiently paid for his toil by the sublime scenery which was every

where spread around him. On the following day, he experienced the mortification of seeing a brig pass the island; but although the weather had been remarkably calm, it happened suddenly to change, and the wind blew so violently while the vessel was in sight, that he was precluded from every chance of attracting her attention. It was still the winter season, when the winds were remarkably changeable and boisterous. For a week together, sometimes, they were prevented from even stirring out of the house, by a succession of tempests, which followed immediately one after another with unabating fury. It is at this period, when the shore is perfectly inaccessible from the sea, that the sea-elephants are found strewn about the beach, where they will lie for many days without stirring. They are most shapeless creatures.

"The face bears some rude resemblance to the human countenance; the eye is large, black, and expressive; excepting two very small flippers or paws at the shoulder, the whole body tapers down to a fish's tail; they are of a delicate mouse color, the fur is very fine, but too oily for any other purpose than to make mocassins for the islanders. The bull is of an enormous size, and would weigh as heavily as his namesake of the land; and in that one thing consists their only resemblance, for no two animals can possibly be more unlike each other.

"It is a very curious phenomenon, how they can possibly exist on shore; for, from the first of their landing, they never go out to sea, and they lie on a stormy beach for months together without tasting any food, except consuming their own fat, for they gradually waste away; and as this fat or blubber is the great object of value, for which they are attacked and slaughtered, the settlers contrive to commence operations against them upon their first arrival, for it is well ascertained that they take no sustenance whatever on shore. I examined the contents of the stomach of one they had just killed, but could not make out the nature of what it contained. The matter was of a remarkably bright green colour. They have many enemies even in the water; one called the killer, a species of grampus, which makes terrible havoc amongst them, and will attack and take away the carcase of one from alongside a boat. But man is their greatest enemy, and causes the most destruction to their race: he pursues them to all quarters of the globe; and being aware of their seasons for coupling and breeding (which is always done on shore), he is there ready with his weapons, and attacks them without mercy. Yet this offensive war is attended with considerable danger, not from the animals themselves, they being incapable of making much resistance, but the beaches they frequent are most fearful and dangerous; boats and boats' crews are continually lost; but the value of the oil, when they are successful, is an inducement to man, and no dangers will deter him from pursuing the sea-elephant until the species is extinct."—pp. 332, 333.

The anxiety of mind which the author suffered during his detention on the island, is painted in lively colors, in the following passage, which is under the date of the 26th June, the weather having then undergone a considerable change for the better, though a tremendous swell was still upon the sea.

"At ten o'clock A. M., saw a sail, which appeared to be standing towards the land: all employed making signal fires. She fell to leeward of the

island, and there lay to, evidently anxious to speak with us; but being to leeward, our boats durst not venture off: so after laying to for about four hours, she filled and stood off on her course. This is the second mortification of the same kind I have experienced. To-day the vessel came so near, that we could distinguish her decks crowded with people, and we imagined her to be a Botany Bay ship; and if so, she was most likely bound for the Cape, the very place I wished to arrive at. If any thing could add to my anxiety, at being shut up a prisoner in Tristan d'Acunha, it is thus to see chances thrown in my way of being released, and not be able to avail myself of them; none but those who have experienced similar disappointments can judge of my sufferings: nothing that ever before occurred to me so completely depressed my spirits. And I feel now the sickening sensation of "the hope deferred." From one week's end to another I station myself upon the rocks, straining my eyes with looking along the horizon in search of a sail, often fancying the form of one where nothing is, and when at length one actually presents itself, and the cheering sound of "A sail! a sail!" is heard, it puts "all hands" into commotion, as all these island settlers are anxious to communicate with every vessel that passes,—we see she notices our signal fires,—she lays to for us,—but an insurmountable barrier is still between us,—all attempts to launch the boat are vain,—she passes on her trackless way,—again the horizon becomes vacant, and again I retire to my lodging with increased melancholy and disappointment!"—pp. 334–336.

Among the animals which frequent the beach of this island, is that curious amphibious creature, the penguin, half fish, half bird. It is about the size of the common duck, but infinitely more beautiful in appearance. The back and head are of a glossy black, while the belly, neck, and part of the legs, are of a very clear white. From the head, just over the eyes, is suspended a bunch of bright yellow feathers, which hang down on each side, and give the creature an animated and even elegant appearance. The eyes are luminous, large, and round. They have two small flippers, which in the water serve as fins, and on the shore assist them in running. The beak is large and strong. They are generally fat, but too fishy for eating, unless in case of necessity. Their eggs, however, are delicious; they are sometimes found laid upon the sand, but more abundantly among the thick high grass on the declivity of the hill, where the penguins have established what is called by the settlers a regular "rookery." The ground which they usually occupy is at least a mile in circumference, covered in many parts with grasses and reeds, which grow higher than a man's head. On all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appear above the grass, are seen groups of these strange-looking animals, in hundreds and thousands. The noise which they make is said to baffle all description, resembling very much in tone that of the human voice. They all sit in exact rows, and so systematically regular are their manners, that they seem all to open their beaks at the same time. The sailors say that the penguins utter the words "Cover 'em up, cover 'em up." "And however incredible it may appear," observes Mr. Earle, "it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various

"tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see "one of the men at my elbow." Strange to say, although thus apparently gregarious, the penguins are very far from being sociable among themselves. Whenever one of them feels an inclination, while thus sitting upon her eggs, to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole row that leads down to the beach, every one unmercifully pecking at her as she passes. The eggs of the penguin formed an agreeable addition to the usually frugal table of the settlers; yet, frugal as it was, it was found by Earle to be extremely conducive to health.

"Here our food is of the coarsest description: bread we never see; milk and potatoes are our standing dishes; fish we have when we chance to catch them; and flesh when we can bring down a goat. In order to procure materials to furnish forth a dinner, I go early in the morning to the mountains; and the exertions I go through make me ready to retire to bed by eight o'clock in the evening, when I enjoy the soundest sleep; and though certainly I have nothing here to exhilarate my spirits,—on the contrary, much to depress them, as anxiety for absent friends, who are ignorant of my fate, and my irksome situation, thus shut out from the world,—yet, in spite of every disagreeable, I never enjoyed so calm and even a flow of spirits, which is doubtless caused by my abstemious living, and the exercise I am obliged to take. These last four months' experience has done more to convince me of the 'beauty of temperance' than all the books that ever were written could have done. I now begin to think the life of an anchorite was not so miserable as is generally imagined by the gay and dissipated, and that his quiet enjoyments and serene nights may well be balanced against their feverish slumbers and palled appetites. The temperate man enjoys the solid consolation of knowing he is not wearing out his constitution, and may reasonably look forward to a happy and respected old age; while the votary of sense soon loses all relish for former enjoyments, and pays the penalty of early excesses in a broken and diseased frame. He finds himself helpless, and has the mortifying reflection that he has only himself to blame; that he has piloted himself into this misery, contrary to his own common sense and the admonition of his friends; that no helping hand can save him; whilst the memory of his former enjoyments aggravates his humiliating situation; and pain and sorrow are the only attendants to conduct him to his last home!"—pp. 352–354.

It was not until the 29th of November, that our adventurer was enabled to get away from this miserable island. On that day, the "Admiral Cockburn" came in sight, and with some difficulty he succeeded in getting on board, when he found that she was bound for Van Dieman's Land, where he arrived in safety. From this island he proceeded to New South Wales, and there became acquainted with a Mr. Shand, whom he persuaded to accompany him on a tour to New Zealand. The savage character for which that region had already been notorious, and which had rendered it the terror of every mariner, would have prevented most men from voluntarily exposing their lives amongst its inhabitants. But Earle was not to be easily driven from his purpose. His curiosity for novel scenery and manners was so insatiable, that he was resolved to afford it even temporary indulgence at any price.

Accordingly, he was wafted once more into the great Pacific ocean in October, 1827, in company with his friend Shand, and several other passengers, who were on the way to the same destination, for the purpose of assisting in the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission. The voyage was completed in little more than nine days. The islands which go under the name of New Zealand, were at first supposed by Tasman, the discoverer of that region, to form part of the continent of New Holland, or, as we call it, New South Wales. Cook demonstrated his mistake, and within the last five years it has been proved that several parts of the supposed continent are so many separate islands. The entrance to the principal island is by the mouth of the E. O. Ke Anga river, which is only prevented by its bar from being one of the finest harbours in the world. The bar once crossed, no other obstacle lies in the way: the navigator, floating gradually into a beautiful river, soon loses sight of the sea, and sails up a spacious sheet of water, which becomes considerably wider after entering it; while majestic hills rise on each side, covered with verdure to their very summits. Looking up the river, he beholds various headlands stretching into the water, and gradually contracting its width, till they become fainter and fainter in the distance, and all is lost in the azure of the horizon.

The author had been much struck, while at Sydney, with the appearance of several of the natives of New Zealand whom he had seen there, and he was very anxious to judge whether, as a nation, they were finer in their proportions than the English. He now examined them with the critical eye of an artist, and he says that he found them generally taller and larger men than ourselves. "Those of middle height were broad-chested and muscular, and their limbs as sinewy as though they had been occupied all their lives in laborious employments. Their color is lighter than that of the American Indian, their features small and regular; their hair is in a profusion of beautiful curls: whereas that of the Indian is strait and lank. The disposition of the New-Zealander appears to be full of fun and gayety, while the Indian is dull, shy, and suspicious." The author thinks that they are a very different race from the American Indians; they are much more industrious, and they have very generally a strong dislike to intoxicating liquors, though very fond of tobacco. They were nearly all armed with muskets, and had cartouche-boxes buckled round their waists, filled with ball-cartridges. Crowding on the deck of the ship, they hailed the arrival of the strangers in their own way, by dancing and stamping furiously, having first, according to custom, stripped themselves completely naked. Their usual clothing is a kind of matting called *kaka-hoos*. Their villages are collections of rude huts, huddled together without system or regularity, few of them being more than four feet high, with a door-way about half that height. In the fine season the natives generally live in the open air.

Our adventurer had too many proofs of the lamentable fact that the New-Zealanders still retain the horrible practice of cannibalism. For the slightest offence, a master thinks nothing of killing his slave. The body is then regularly baked or roasted, and consumed by the family ! Several instances of this savage custom are mentioned, which are too disgusting to be repeated. Their ancient propensity to thieving has, however, been much diminished ; so injurious was it found to their trading intercourse with our colonial people, that if any body be now convicted of theft, his head is cut off on the spot ! Their soil produces potatoes and Indian corn in great abundance. With industry they combine great frugality and order. Their plantations are remarkable for their regularity, — a circumstance greatly to their credit, considering their want of convenient tools, and their ignorance of the principles of agriculture. In common with most of the South-Sea islanders, they have the system of taboo, and it is only necessary to declare a particular house or piece of ground tabooed, to preserve it sacred from violation. They display considerable ingenuity and taste in their carvings in wood, in some of which they make good attempts at groups of figures as large as life. Many of these specimens are quite as good, in the author's opinion, as those which he had seen of the first efforts of the early Egyptians. The natives are great admirers both of painting and sculpture. "Every house of consequence is ornamented and embellished, and their canoes have "the most minute and elaborate workmanship bestowed upon "them."

It appears that some enterprising merchants from Port Jackson have established a dockyard and a number of saw-pits up the river, where one vessel had been already built, launched, and sent to sea, and another of one hundred and fifty tons' burthen was then on the stocks.

"On landing at this establishment at E. O. Racky, or, as the Englishmen have called it, 'Deptford,' I was greatly delighted with the appearance of order, bustle and industry it presented. Here were storehouses, dwelling-houses, and various offices for the mechanics ; and every department seemed as well filled as it could have been in a civilized country. To me the most interesting circumstance was to notice the great delight of the natives, and the pleasure they seemed to take in observing the progress of the various works. All were officious to 'lend a hand,' and each seemed eager to be employed. This feeling corresponds with my idea of the best method of civilizing a savage. Nothing can more completely show the importance of the useful arts than a dockyard. In it are practised nearly all the mechanical trades ; and these present to the busy enquiring mind of a New-Zealander a practical encyclopædia of knowledge. When he sees the combined exertions of the smith and carpenter create so huge a fabric as a ship, his mind is filled with wonder and delight ; and when he witnesses the moulding of iron at the anvil, it excites his astonishment and emulation.

"The people of the dockyard informed me, that although it was constantly crowded with natives, scarcely any thing had ever been stolen, and all the chiefs in the neighbourhood took so great an interest in the work,

that any annoyance offered to those employed would immediately be re-vengeful as a personal affront."—pp. 25, 26.

The dances of the New-Zealanders are particularly horrible. On these occasions they work themselves up to such a pitch of phrenzy, that the distortions of their countenances become dreadful. The women mix in the dance indiscriminately with the men, and go through the same frightful gestures. Nevertheless the more our adventurer became acquainted with the natives, the better he liked them. He rambled among their villages without the least precaution, and found them, almost without exception, very kindly disposed. The country is remarkable for the total absence of quadrupeds. Birds are so numerous, that at times they darken the air. Many of them possess very sweet notes. There seems to be little or no grass in the country, almost every part being covered with fern or flax. The cattle imported by the missionaries feed and even get fat upon the former. The principal town of the New-Zealanders is called Ty-a-my. It is situated on the top of a beautiful hill, in the midst of an extensive plain covered with plantations of Indian corn, cumera, and potatoes. Its situation, remarkable for quiet beauty and fertility, reminded the author forcibly of the scenery around Canterbury. Though in the same latitude as Sydney, the climate of New Zealand is infinitely superior. The heat of summer is moderate, and the skies are beautifully clear. There are no feverish oppressive heats, no pestilential winds, no long continued droughts, which are felt more or less in the Australian settlements. The temperature is so equal, that the author strongly recommends our government to pay attention to New Zealand, as affording more than one spot highly favorable for the establishment of a colony. The natives carry the art of tattooing to great perfection. A professor of this art, named Aranghie, was the Sir Thomas Lawrence of the nation. His works are highly prized. He was originally a slave; but to such a degree of eminence had he raised himself by his skill, that he was admitted to a perfect equality with the greatest men of his country. The author could not discover that the New-Zealanders had any general form of government: each chieftain governs his own tribe. Among the most remarkable persons with whom he became acquainted, were a few venerable old men, who, as he truly observes, would do honor to any age, country, or religion. "They had passed their whole lives in travelling from one chieftain's residence to another, for the purpose of endeavouring to explain away insults, to offer apologies, and to strive by every means in their power to establish peace between those who were about to plunge their country into the horrors of war." These men, as the heralds of peace, are every where treated with the greatest respect. There is no order of priesthood, nor any system of religion, known to these people. They have a great abundance of carved figures, which a stranger would be disposed to take for idols; but they are intended as mere ornaments. They believe in the exis-

tence of a Great and Invisible Spirit, whom they call Atna; but they fear his wrath rather than love his attributes. They have amongst them a set of cunning men, who practise on their fears by pretending to dive into futurity. The people hold public assemblies, on great occasions, at which eloquence is all-predominant. They listen to each speaker with the greatest attention. He generally rises from his seat on the ground, and proceeding into an oblong space reserved in the centre, he walks to and fro, flourishing his hatchet, and pouring forth his words in a rapid manner. Previous to rising, he throws a mat or blanket over his shoulders, which he arranges in the most graceful style. A great part of the figure is exposed, and forms a study for an artist which the author thought it well worth going many miles to witness, and invariably reminded him of the great models of antiquity.

After spending some time in New Zealand, which the author found extremely interesting, he returned to Sydney, where he made several drawings, which furnished Mr. Burford with designs for his panorama, recently exhibited in Leicester-square. He next proceeded to the Eastern Archipelago, the Manillas, Madras, and the Mauritius, where he executed a variety of estimable drawings. Upon his return to England, he was very properly employed as draughtsman to his Majesty's ship "Beagle," commanded by Captain Fitzroy, which has lately left our shores on a voyage of discovery.

[From "The Penny Magazine, No. 21."]

ART. IV. — *A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps.*

By WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY, M. A., Prebendary of Durham.
Rivington. 1832.

THIS is a volume which no one can read without improvement. It contains the history of a young Protestant clergyman, Felix Neff, who devoted his life to the duty of preaching the divine word to the scattered inhabitants of the dreary regions called "The High Alps" of France*; — and who, in the discharge of this sacred trust, felt that he was advancing his principal object while he was improving the physical condition of these poor people, and leading them to the acquirement of *general* knowledge. The difficulties which this wise and pious man encountered, could only have been overcome by the most ardent zeal. The labors which he underwent, and the privations which he sustained, ruined his health, and

* The High Alps were originally peopled by Christians who fled to these sterile and gloomy mountains and valleys to escape persecution for their religious opinions. They were a hiding-place for centuries.

consigned him prematurely to the grave. But his career, though short, was one of permanent usefulness to the mountaineers in whose service he perished:—and he has left behind him a new example of how much one man may accomplish for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, who goes forward in a good work with singleness of purpose, regardless of any other reward but the approbation of his own conscience.

Neff was not a man in whom book-learning constituted the only knowledge. He received a tolerable education from the pastor of the village near Geneva in which he was born; and the contemplative and devout qualities of his mind were called forth by the grand and beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded in his boyhood. But he had a strong love for what was practically useful, and he therefore learnt the trade of a nursery gardener; he had a stronger passion for romantic adventure, and he entered as a private soldier in the service of Geneva, in 1815. At sixteen, when he was a gardener, he published a valuable little treatise on the culture of trees; and, within two years after he became a soldier at the age of seventeen, he was promoted to be serjeant of artillery, in consequence of his theoretical and practical knowledge of mathematics. His anxious desire, however, was to be a teacher of religion; and he at length quitted the army to devote himself to the studies which would be necessary previous to his ordination as a minister. He first assumed the functions of what is called a pastor-catechist; and was ultimately called to the vocation for which he was so anxious, by one of those independent congregations of England, whose ministers are received in the Protestant churches of France. Neff adopted the resolution to be ordained in London, for the satisfaction of some religious scruples. This ceremony took place in a chapel in the Poultry, in 1823; and within six months after he was appointed authorized pastor of the department of the High Alps. To form an estimate of the labors which such an appointment involved, it may be sufficient to mention that, in order to visit his various flocks, the pastor had to travel, from his fixed residence, twelve miles in a western direction, sixty in an eastern, twenty in a southern, and thirty-three in a northern; and that Neff steadily persevered, in all seasons, in passing on foot from one district to another, climbing mountains covered with snow, forcing a way through valleys choked up by the masses of rocks that were hurled down by the winter's storm, partaking of the coarse fare and imperfect shelter of the peasant's hut, and never allowing himself any repose or relaxation, because the ignorance of the poor people who were intrusted to his charge was so great, that nothing but incessant activity on his part could surmount its evils. Mr. Gilly has justly observed (speaking in his character of an English clergyman), "it is well that we should see how hard some of our brethren work, and how hard they live; and that we should discover, to our humiliation, that it is not always where there is the greatest company of preachers that the word takes deepest root."

The course of Neff's life, and the affection which he inspired, will be better understood from the following extract :

"When his arrival was expected in certain hamlets, whose rotation to be visited was supposed to be coming round, it was beautiful to see the cottages send forth their inhabitants, to watch the coming of the beloved minister. 'Come take your dinner with us.'—'Let me prepare your supper.'—'Permit me to give up my bed to you,'—were reëchoed from many a voice; and though there was nothing in the repast which denoted a feast-day, yet never was festival observed with greater rejoicing than by those whose rye-bread and pottage were shared with the pastor Neff. Sometimes, when the old people of one cabin were standing at their doors, and straining their eyes to catch the first view of their 'guide to heaven,' the youngsters of another were perched on the summit of a rock, and stealing a prospect which would afford them an earlier sight of him, and give them the opportunity of offering the first invitation. It was on these occasions that he obtained a perfect knowledge of the people, questioning them about such of their domestic concerns as he might be supposed to take an interest in, as well as about their spiritual condition, and finding where he could be useful both as a secular adviser and a religious counsellor. 'Could all their children read? Did they understand what they read? Did they offer 'up morning and evening prayers? Had they any wants that he could relieve? Any doubts that he could remove? Any afflictions wherein he 'could be a comforter?'

"It was thus that he was the father of his flock, and master of their affections and their opinions; and when the seniors asked for his blessing, and the children took hold of his hands or his knees, he felt all the fatigue of his long journeys pass away, and became recruited with new strength. But for the high and holy feelings which sustained him, it is impossible that he could have borne up against his numerous toils and exposures, even for the few months in which he thus put his constitution to the trial. Neither rugged paths, nor the inclement weather of these Alps, which would change suddenly from sunshine to rain, and from rain to sleet, and from sleet to snow; nor snow deep under foot, and obscuring the view when dangers lay thick on his road; nothing of this sort deterred him from setting out, with his staff in his hand, and his wallet on his back, when he imagined that his duty summoned him. I have been assured by those who have received him into their houses at such times, that he has come in chilly, wet, and fatigued; or exhausted by heat, and sudden transitions from excessive heat to piercing cold, and that after sitting down a few minutes his elastic spirits would seem to renovate his sinking frame, and he would enter into discourse with all the mental vigor of one who was neither weary nor languid.

"When he was not resident at the presbytery, he was the guest of some peasant, who found him willing to live as he lived, and to make a scanty meal of soup-maigre, often without salt or bread, and to retire to rest in the same apartment, where a numerous family were crowded together, amidst all the inconveniences of a dirty and smoky hovel."

We have already stated that the benevolent pastor of the High Alps was intent upon improving the condition of his people as to physical comfort, at the same time that he proclaimed to them the hopes and consolations of religion. Let us see how he set about this work :

"His first attempt was to impart an idea of domestic convenience.

Chimneys and windows to their hovels were luxuries to which few of them had aspired, till he showed them how easy it was to make a passage for the smoke, and admittance for the light and air. He next convinced them that warmth might be obtained more healthily than by pigging together for six or seven months in stables, from which the muck of the cattle was removed but once during the year. For their coarse and unwholesome food, he had, indeed, no substitute, because the sterility of the soil would produce no other; but he pointed out a mode of tillage, by which they increased the quantity: and in cases of illness, where they had no conception of applying the simplest remedies, he pointed out the comfort which a sick person may derive from light and warm soups and other soothing assistance. So ignorant were they of what was hurtful or beneficial in acute disorders, that wine and brandy were no unusual prescriptions in the height of a raging fever. Strange enough, and still more characteristic of savage life, the women, till Neff taught the men better manners, were treated with so much disregard, that they never sat at table with their husbands or brothers, but stood behind them, and received morsels from their hands with obeisance and profound reverence."

He taught the people of the valleys how to irrigate their lands, so as to increase the crop of grass, which is exceedingly small. He found the utmost difficulty in explaining to his hearers that the water might be made to rise and fall, and might be dammed up and distributed accordingly as it might be required for use. The labor and expense appeared to them insuperable difficulties. In spite of their prejudices he accomplished his object, working with the people as a common laborer, and applying his knowledge as an engineer for their exclusive advantage. By thus teaching them how to double their crops he saved them from some of their most severe privations. He taught them also how to cultivate the potato with advantage. But he did more even than this. He incited the people to build a school-house in one of the districts where knowledge was most wanted: and that proper teachers might be spread throughout these regions so shut out from the ordinary means of education, he persuaded a number of young persons to assemble together, one or two from each community, during the most dreary of the winter months, when they could not labor in the fields, and during that time to work hard with him in the attainment of that knowledge which they were afterwards to spread amongst their uninstructed friends and neighbours. The perseverance of these young people was worthy of their zealous pastor. To accomplish this good work perfectly he obtained the assistance of a studious young friend, who was preparing himself for a great public school. Neff's own account of his progress as a schoolmaster is so interesting that we are sure our readers will not complain of its length:

"The short space of time which we had before us, rendered every moment precious. We divided the day into three parts. The first was from sunrise to eleven o'clock, when we breakfasted. The second from noon to sunset, when we supped. The third from supper till ten or eleven o'clock at night, making in all fourteen or fifteen hours of study in the twenty-four. We devoted much of this time to lessons in reading, which the wretched manner in which they had been taught, their detestable ac-

cent, and strange tone of voice, rendered a most necessary, but tiresome duty. The grammar, too, of which not one of them had the least idea, occupied much of our time. People who have been brought up in towns can have no conception of the difficulty which mountaineers and rustics, whose ideas are confined to those objects only to which they have been familiarized, find in learning this branch of science. There is scarcely any way of conveying the meaning of it to them. All the usual terms and definitions, and the means which are commonly employed in schools, are utterly unintelligible here. But the curious and novel devices which must be employed, have this advantage,—that they exercise their understanding, and help to form their judgment. Dictation was one of the methods to which I had recourse: without it they would have made no progress in grammar and orthography; but they wrote so miserably, and slowly, that this consumed a great portion of valuable time. Observing that they were ignorant of the signification of a great number of French words, of constant use and recurrence, I made a selection from the vocabulary, and I set them to write down in little copy-books, words which were in most frequent use; but the explanations contained in the dictionary were not enough, and I was obliged to rack my brain for new and brief definitions which they could understand, and to make them transcribe these. Arithmetic was another branch of knowledge which required many a weary hour. Geography was considered a matter of recreation after dinner: and they pored over the maps with a feeling of delight and amusement, which was quite new to them. I also busied myself in giving them some notions of the sphere, and of the form and motion of the earth; of the seasons and the climates, and of the heavenly bodies. Every thing of this sort was as perfectly novel to them, as it would have been to the islanders of Otaheite; and even the elementary books, which are usually put into the hands of children, were at first as unintelligible as the most abstruse treatises on mathematics. I was consequently forced to use the simplest and plainest modes of demonstration; but these amused and instructed them at the same time. A ball made of the box-tree, with a hole through it, and moving on an axle, and on which I had traced the principal circles; some large potatoes hollowed out; a candle, and sometimes the skulls of my scholars served for the instruments by which I illustrated the movements of the heavenly bodies, and of the earth itself. Proceeding from one step to another, I pointed out the situation of different countries on the chart of the world, and in separate maps, and took pains to give some slight idea, as we went on, of the characteristics, religion, customs, and history of each nation. These details fixed topics of moment in their recollection. Up to this time I had been astonished by the little interest they took, Christian-minded as they were, in the subject of Christian missions; but, when they began to have some idea of geography, I discovered that their former ignorance of this science, and of the very existence of many foreign nations in distant quarters of the globe, was the cause of such indifference. But as soon as they began to learn who the people are who require to have the gospel preached to them, and in what part of the globe they dwell, they felt the same concern for the circulation of the gospel that other Christians entertained. These new acquirements, in fact, enlarged their spirit, made new creatures of them, and seemed to triple their very existence.

“In the end, I advanced so far as to give some lectures in geometry, and this too produced a happy moral development.

“Lessons in music formed part of our evening employment, and those being, like geography, a sort of amusement, they were regularly succeeded by grave and edifying reading, and by such reflections as I took care to suggest for their improvement.”

The unremitting labors of Neff destroyed his health, and he was at length obliged to quit the inclement district in which he had accomplished so much good. He lingered for some time in a state of great debility, and died at Geneva on the 12th April, 1829.

We cannot better conclude this brief and imperfect notice of a truly valuable and delightful book, than by the following observations of its author on the character of the admirable individual whose noble labors he has recommended to the imitation, not only of every Christian minister, but of every one, however humble, who feels a desire to advance his own real happiness and that of his fellow-creatures:

"It was his anxiety to build up the Christian on a foundation where self-dependence, vain-glory, and imaginary merit were to have no place whatever; and yet every act of his ministry proved that he set a just value on knowledge and attainments. It was his labor of love to show, that whenever any addition is made to our stock of knowledge, we not only gain something in the way of enjoyment, but are laying up a store for the improvement of our moral and religious feelings, and of our general habits of industry. The spiritual advancement of his flock was the great end and object of all his toils; but no man ever took a warmer interest in the temporal comforts of those about him, and this he evinced by instructing them in the management of their fields and gardens, in the construction of their cottages, and in employing all his own acquirements in philosophy and science for the amelioration of their condition.

He so condescended to things of low estate, as to become a teacher of a, b, c, not only to ignorant infancy, but to the dull and unpliant capacities of adults. Beginning with the most tiresome rudiments, he proceeded upwards, leading on his scholars methodically, kindly, and patiently, until he had made them proficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and could lead them into the pleasanter paths of music, geography, history, and astronomy. His mind was too enlarged to fear that he should be teaching his peasant boys too much. It was his aim to show what a variety of enjoyments may be extracted out of knowledge, and that even the shepherd and the goatherd of the mountain-side will be all the happier and the better for every piece of solid information that he can acquire."

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 139."]

ART. V.—*The Story of the Life of Lafayette, as told by a Father to his Children.* By AN AMERICAN LADY.*

THE new Chapter added to the Life of Lafayette, the two unhappy days of June, 1832, suggests an excellent occasion of considering the character of this remarkable man. In consequence of his early heroism having been displayed, apparently to the cost of England, in North America, and in consequence also of the false steps

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taken by Great Britain in the first years of the French Revolution, we have been disposed in this country to look upon his career with unfriendly eyes; and even at home, meeting with difficulties in the national character attributable to centuries of misrule, it has not yet produced all the good which such qualities as Lafayette possesses must one day produce. When, however, his calm steadiness of conduct shall be more carefully imitated by the millions amongst his countrymen, and when his soundness of principle shall have duly influenced the corrupted few in France, the true use will have been drawn there from his glorious example, and the whole world will do his noble character justice. Remarkable for qualities himself in which the French are singularly deficient, his honors will rest upon their improvement. Almost destitute of the power of calculating and combining the means of civil action, their efforts against universally admitted misrule are sudden and misdirected. Their zeal for particular opinions amounts to intolerance; and gives to the common enemy a false influence only to be destroyed by the union and mutual forbearance of real patriots. Hence the policy, that could not stand for a short year before judiciously planned and perseveringly pursued attack, actually gains unexpected strength in the defeat of honest, but injudicious assailants. Lafayette, however, falls into no errors of this kind. Never hesitating to offer himself to danger, when fortune, and liberty, and life can be usefully hazarded, he proves to his countrymen, and he has especially done so in these latter days, that the calmer efforts of mind are in certain conjunctures likely to be more effectual than the most resolute physical resistance.

It is said with apparent truth, that after the revolution of July 1830, Lafayette was deceived through the guilelessness of his own heart; and then mischievously placed in Louis Philippe a degree of trust which more crafty politicians would have withheld. This undoubtedly detracts from the patriot's reputation for judgment; and hitherto the event has been most unfortunate for France, in the postponement of guarantees for good government to be secured only by future struggles. But the error may be corrected; and the brave men who have thrown themselves away in the late mad contest, must find consolation for their defeat in the better considered means of victory which the generous career of Lafayette so well exemplifies.

The Americans have proved themselves worthy of the devotedness of Lafayette to their cause by unwearied acknowledgment and gratitude. If Englishmen have treated this glorious citizen of the two worlds with neglect, and even with vindictive insolence, he is amply indemnified in the admiration of our countrymen across the Atlantic, whilst we, as a people, may only encounter enmities where, by being just, we should secure respectful and affectionate attachment.

These reflections have arisen from the perusal of a recent little work upon the Life of Lafayette, written by an American Lady for

young readers, — a work which ought to be read by all to whom the success of good principles, and the best reward of that success, the applause of an enlightened people, are matters of proper concern. The object of this work is to exhibit the superiority of civil glory, such as that which has been obtained by Lafayette, over the military fame of conquerors like Alexander and Napoleon. The Story of Lafayette's Life, told by a Father to his Children, is the subject by which this most important lesson is exemplified in a familiar style, well adapted to the understandings of youth.

[From "The Westminster Review, No 33."]

[We have omitted some remarks of the Reviewer of little interest, and one or two of the least characteristic extracts.]

ART. VI. — *The Adventures of a Younger Son*.* Colburn & Bentley. 1831. 3 vols. post 8vo.

THERE seem to have been no pains taken to conceal the fact that the author of these volumes is Mr. Trelawney, the friend of Lord Byron, and the person from whom the poet is said to have taken the idea of the character and exploits of his Conrad. As Lord Byron was always confounded with his own Childe, so must Mr. Trelawney expect to be taken for his own hero. He probably intends that it should be so, for though his work bears many marks of being a fiction, there are more of reality; and indeed, such is the vigor, and freshness, and novelty of many parts of the narrative, that there can be no doubt the writer is consulting the deep imprints of experience, rather than the brilliant shadows of his imagination. The known European adventures of Mr. Trelawney prepared us not to be surprised that marvels should have happened to him in the East, the native land of passion and extravagance. His enthusiastic adoption of the Greek cause, his romantic friendship with the chief Odysseus, his inhabitation of that hero's fortress cave, his espousal of his daughter, and his ultimate assassination by a scoundrel Englishman, and the long and painful recovery from his wounds, under the careful nursing, we believe, of his Greek wife, though on board an English brig: these, and other circumstances, more especially the strength and beauty of his form, while it was a youthful one, have for some time marked him out as a likely man to do and dare all those wild things here set down by him. And he was not the less adapted for the hero of romance, that it was darkly whispered here and there, that there was a mystery about his early life, that he had been concerned in strange transactions in distant climes; though the informers did not condescend to particulars, as the Scotch say, yet they looked

[* Republished by Messrs. J. & J. Harper, New York.]

nothing short of "privy conspiracy" and "sudden death." Mr. Trelawney now tells us in three volumes what they uttered in a glance. He informs us in the person of his hero, who is anonymous, — a blank being left, which we presume is meant to be filled up with the name of the author, — that very unscrupulous people have declared that he had richly earned a halter. His hero, most undoubtedly, would often have been hanged had he been caught, and he often would have been caught if he had had any foolish scruples as to the manner of disposing of the obstacles he met in his way. Whether he would have been hanged justly or not, it is difficult to say, for he has almost always taken care to prevent the other party from ever being heard in any earthly court. No gazette ever exceeded him in the number of his killed and wounded.

"The Adventures of a Younger Son" are, in short, the history of a modern Buccaneer; the scenes of his exploits are chiefly the Indian seas, the islands of the Indian Archipelago, the straits of Sunda, the latitudes of spice, where the gale is impregnated with aroma, and all nature bursts with luxuriance and splendor. His nearest approach westward during his high career, or rather his career of the high seas, is the Isle of France, Madagascar, and the Mosambique channel. He begins life as a young gentleman, but is flogged and cuffed at school, and frowned and browbeaten at home, into a young devil: his diabolical education is completed aboard of ship in the quality of midshipman, where he kicks and buffets himself into a kind of lazy fiend, now and then visited with fits of industry, and capricious movements of generosity. His ship he leaves in India, after stabbing the captain's clerk in twenty places, and nearly destroying the second lieutenant with the butt-end of a billiard-cue. Leaving him for dead, he provides for himself, and sets off Mazeppa-wise, on a wild horse, as mad and untamable as himself. The career of this amiable pair is only fatal to one of them, and that apparently the least vicious of the two. The next step is naturally enough piracy. He joins a colleague with whom he has struck up a warm friendship, — a merchant in disguise, but in fact a philosophical pirate, who on principle takes every opportunity of robbing the East-India Company: apparently on the ground of the said Company being themselves robbers on a more extensive scale. Henceforth we have nothing but fights at sea, retreats in island-solitudes, sojourns among native savages of every shade of color and of disposition, storms, gales, simooms, the chase, the action, the manœuvre, the escape, the wreck, and all the wild and boisterous adventures which may be supposed to happen to a crew of lawless and ferocious sailors, careless of life, greedy of plunder, of every nation that goes to sea, of all shades of character, thoroughly unscrupulous, now and then generous, oftener drunk, and, in short, a shipful of wild beasts, whose humanity only serves them to supply craft for circumvention, skill for self-preservation, and fun for amusement. Blood runs like water: death comes and goes like a squall:

the blood is up, the head is hot, the human devils struggle, and away goes the knife or the creese, and all is quiet: the thing is considered as well ended, for death is repose, and revenge is a restless hell: a corpse, more or less, is no matter, the sea is at hand for a grave, — and a bucket or two of salt water seems to wash away all stains, whether from the deck or the conscience. This it will be observed, is the spirit of the Corsair: it was the spirit of Harry Morgan and his contemporaries, and at this moment flourishes as well in the West as in the East Indies. Whether the author is the inventor or the actor in such scenes, it is not for us to say; but assuredly it was not in doing nothing he got his admirable knowledge of the countries he describes so well, and whatever he may have done, it is clear he has seen a good deal.

A passage occurs very early in the first volume, which may be said to be the key to the character of the hero, whom our readers will see we never cease to consider as the author. It contains his entrance at school, the portrait of a respectable pedagogue, and a foretaste of the pupil's treatment. The result of his education at school is the sheerest ignorance, the most hardened hide, the most dogged obstinacy, and hatred of all official authority.

"In compliance with my father's notions respecting the inutility of early education, I was not sent to school till I was between nine and ten years old. I was then an unusually great, bony, awkward boy. Whilst my parents were in their daily discussion of the question as to the period at which the schooling of their sons was to commence, a trivial occurrence decided the question. I was perched on an apple-tree, throwing the fruit down to my brother, when our father came on us suddenly. Every trifle put him in a passion. Commanding us to follow him, he walked rapidly on through the grounds, into the road, without entering the house. He led us towards the town and through the streets, without uttering a syllable, a distance of two miles. I followed with dogged indifference, yet at times enquired of my brother what he thought would be the probable result, but he made no reply. Arriving at the further extremity of the town, my father stopped, asked some questions inaudible to us, and stalked forward to a walled and dreary building. We followed our dignified father up a long passage; he rung at a prison-looking entrance-gate; we were admitted into a court; then crossing a spacious, dark hall, we were conducted into a small parlour, when the door was shut, and the servant left us. In ten minutes, which seemed an eternity, entered a dapper little man, carrying his head high in the air, with large bright silver buckles in his shoes, a stock buckled tightly round his neck, spectacled and powdered. There was a formal precision about him, most fearful to a boy. A hasty glance from his hawk's eye, first at our father, and then at us, gave him an insight into the affair. With repeated bows to our father, he requested him to take a chair, and pointed with his finger for us to do the same. There was an impatience and rapidity in every thing he said; which indicated that he liked doing and not talking.

" 'Sir,' said our parent, 'I believe you are Mr. Sayers?'

" 'Yes, Sir.'

" 'Have you any vacancies in your school?'

" 'Yes, Sir.'

" 'Well, Sir, will you undertake the charge of these ungovernable vaga-

bonds? I can do nothing with them. Why, Sir, this fellow' (meaning me) 'does more mischief in my house than your sixty boys can possibly commit in yours.'

"At this the pedagogue, moving his spectacles towards the sharpened tip of his nose, peered over them, measuring me from head to foot; and clenching his hand, as if, in imagination, it already grasped the birch, gave an oblique nod, to intimate that he would subdue me. My inauguration proceeded:—

"He is savage, incorrigible! Sir, he will come to the gallows, if you do not scourge the devil out of him. I have this morning detected him in an act of felony, for which he deserves a halter. My elder son, Sir, was instigated by him to be an accomplice; for naturally he is of a better disposition.' With this, my father, after arranging what was indispensable, bowed to Mr. Sayers, and without noticing us withdrew.

"Consider the outrage to my feelings. Torn from my home, without notice or preparation, delivered, in bitter words, an outcast, into the power of a stranger, and, a minute afterwards, to find myself in a slip of ground, dedicated to play, but, by its high walls and fastnesses, looking more like a prison-yard. Thirty or forty boys, from five to fifteen years of age, stood around us, making comments, and asking questions. I wished the earth to open and bury me, and hide the torturing emotions with which my bosom swelled. Now that I look back, I repeat that wish with my whole soul; and could I have known the future, or but have dreamed of the destiny that awaited me, boy as I was, I would have dashed my brains out against the wall, where I leaned in sullenness and silence. My brother's disposition enabled him to bear his fate in comparative calmness; but the red spots on his cheeks, the heavy eye-lid, the suppressed voice, showed our feelings, though differing in acuteness, to be the same.

"Miserable as I was during my school-days, the first was the bitterest. At supper, I remember, I was so choked with my feelings, that I could not swallow my dog-like food, arranged in scanty portions; and my first relief was when, in my beggarly pallet, the rush-lights extinguished, and surrounded by the snoring of the wearied boys, to me a sound of comfort, I could give vent to my overcharged heart in tears. I sobbed aloud; but on any one's moving, as if awake, I held my breath till reassured. Thus I sobbed on, and was not heard; till the night was far advanced, and my pillow bathed in tears, when, outworn, I fell into a sleep, from which I was rudely shaken, unrefreshed, at seven in the morning. I then descended to the school-room.

"Boys, acting under the oppression of their absolute masters, are cruel, and delight in cruelty. All that is evil in them is called forth; all that is good repressed. They remember what they endured when consigned as bond-slaves; the tricks, all brutish, that were played on them; the gibes at their simplicity; their being pilfered by the cunning, and beaten by the strong; and they will not allow a new comer to escape from the ordeal. Boys at school are taught cruelty, cunning, and selfishness; and he is their victim and fool who retains a touch of kindness.

"The master entered. He was one of those pedagogues of, what is called, the old school. He had implicit faith in his divining-rod, which he kept in continual exercise, applying it on all doubtful occasions. It seemed more like a house of correction than an academy of learning; and when I thought on my father's injunction not to spare the rod, my heart sickened.

"As my school-life was one scene of suffering, I am impelled to hasten it over as briefly as possible; more particularly as the abuses, of which I complain, are, if not altogether remedied, at least mitigated. I was

flogged seldom more than once a day, or caned more than once an hour. After I had become inured to it, I was callous; and was considered by the master the most obdurate, violent, and incorrigible rascal that had ever fallen under his hands. Every variation of punishment was inflicted on me without effect. As to kindness, it never entered into his speculations to essay it, since he, possibly, had not heard of such a thing.

"In a short while I grew indifferent to shame and fear. Every kind and gentle feeling of my naturally affectionate disposition seemed subdued by the harsh and savage treatment of my master; and I was sullen, vindictive, or insensible. Vain efforts, for they were ever vain, to avoid the disgrace of punishment, occupied the minds of others. I began by venting my rage on the boys, and soon gained that respect by fear, which I would not obtain by application to my book. I thus had my first lesson as to the necessity of depending upon myself; and the spirit in me was gathering strength, in despite of every endeavour to destroy it, like a young pine flourishing in the cleft of a bed of granite." — Vol. i. p. 14.

The exemplification of the feelings implanted at school is seen on shipboard, where he is sent by his father as the last resort of all untamable spirits. To be sent to sea, is in English to be sent to honorable prison: they who have spoiled or maddened their children at home, in time of war conveniently dispose of them as midshipmen on board one of his Majesty's ships; which is better than the Port Jackson, and less expensive than a lunatic asylum. The discipline of a marine life generally either kills or cures; the devil that lurks in a fierce boy's veins either promotes him, or consigns his mutilated form to fame and the ocean: but in the case of our hero, he was neither to be killed nor cured, and no glory lured him to a seaman's grave. Here is his own picture of himself:

"Before this, I had gained respect in the ship by a reckless daring. My indifference and neglect of all the ordinary duties were in some degree tolerated, owing to my unwearied diligence and anxiety in every case of difficulty, danger, or sudden squalls. In the Indian seas a squall is not to be trifled with; when the masts are bending like fishing-rods, the light sails fluttering in ribbons, the sailors swinging to and fro on the bow-bent yards, the ship thrown on her beam-ends, the wild roar of the sea and wind, and no other light than the red and rapid lightning. Then I used to rouse myself from dozing on the carronade-slide, springing aloft ere my eyes were half open, when the only reply to Aston's trumpet was my voice. I felt at home amidst the conflict of the elements. It was a kind of war, and harmonized with my feelings. The more furious the storm, the greater my delight. My contempt of the danger insured my safety; while the solemn and methodical disciplinarians, who prided themselves on the exact performance of their separate duties at their respective stations, beheld with astonishment the youngster, whom they were always abusing for neglect of duty, voluntarily thrusting himself into every arduous and perilous undertaking, ere they could decide on the possibility or prudence of its being attempted. The sailors liked me for this, and prognosticated I should yet turn out a thorough sailor. Even the officers, who had hitherto looked on me as a useless idler, viewed my conduct with gaping wonder, and entertained better hopes of me.

"But these hopes died away with the bustling scenes in which they

were begotten; and, during the fine and calm weather, I lost the reputation I had acquired in storms and battles. Among my messmates I was decidedly a favorite. What I principally prided myself in was protecting the weak from the strong. I permitted none to tyrannize. I had grown prematurely very tall and strong; and was of so unyielding a disposition, that in my struggles with those, who were not much more than my equals in strength, though above me in years, I wore them out with pertinacity. My rashness and impetuosity bore down all before them. None liked to contend with me; for I never acknowledged myself beaten, but renewed the quarrel, without respect to time or place. Yet what my messmates chiefly lauded and respected, was the fearless independence with which I treated those above me.

"The utmost of their power had been wreaked against me; yet, had the rack been added, they could not have intimidated me. Indeed, from very wantonness, I went beyond their inflictions. For instance, the common punishment was sending us to the mast-head for four or five hours. Immediately I was ordered thither. I used to lie along the cross-trees, as if perfectly at my ease, and either feign to sleep, or, if it was hot, really go to sleep. They were alarmed at the chance of my falling from so hazardous a perch; and to prevent, as it was thought, the possibility of my sleeping, the Scotchman one day, during a heavy sea with little wind, ordered me, in his anger, to go to the extreme end of the top-sail yard-arm, and remain there for four hours. I murmured, but, obliged to comply, up I went; and walking along the yard on the dizzy height, got hold of the top-sail lift, laid myself down between the yard and the studding-sail-boom, and pretended to sleep as usual. The lieutenant frequently hailed me, bidding me to keep awake, or I should fall overboard. This repeated caution suggested to me the means of putting an end to this sort of annoyance, by antedating his fears, and falling overboard;—not, however, with the idea of drowning, as few in the ship could swim so well as myself. I had seen a man jump from the lower yard in sport, and had determined to try the experiment. Besides, the roll of the ship was in my favor; so, watching my opportunity, when the officers and crew were at their quarters at sunset, I took advantage of a heavy roll of the ship, and dropped on the crest of a monstrous wave. I sunk deep into its bosom, and the agony of suppressed respiration, after the fall, was horrible. Had I not taken the precaution to maintain my poise, by keeping my hands over my head, preserving an erect posture in my descent, and moving my limbs in the air, I should inevitably have lost my life. As it was, I was insensible to every thing but a swelling sensation in my chest, to bursting; and the frightful conviction of going downwards, with the rapidity of a thunder-bolt, notwithstanding my convulsive struggles to rise, was torture such as it is vain to describe. A death-like torpidness came over me; then I heard a din of voices, and a noise on the sea, and within it, like a hurricane; my head and breast seemed to be splitting. After which I thought I saw a confused crowd of faces bent over me; and I felt a loathsome sickness. A cold shivering shook my limbs, and I gnashed my teeth, imagining myself still struggling as in the last efforts at escape from drowning. This impression must have continued for a long time. The first circumstance I can distinctly remember was Aston's voice, saying, 'How are you now?' I tried to speak, but in vain; my lips moved without a word. He told me, I was now safe on board. I looked round; but a sensation of water rushing in my mouth, ears, and nostrils, still made me think I was amidst the waves. For eight and forty hours I suffered inexpressible pain; a thousand times greater, in my restoration to life, than before I lost my recollection.

"But what signifies what I endured?—I gained my point."—Vol. 1. p. 87.

But this division of the book we must reluctantly leave and proceed to close our task. Falsifying the proverb of "Don't care, came to a bad end," the refractory midshipman escapes to ramble over the wide world, sometimes in the character of Llononais, cutting out the hearts of his mutinous crew, or refractory prisoners, and then again wandering in untrod wilds, and along shores known only to the sea-birds, like Robinson Crusoe.

Let us repose upon a Java calm, or rather a splendid torpor, as it shines and sleeps in the pages of the Younger Son's adventures.

"We ran along the eastern coast for a bay, in which, according to my chart, there was anchorage, with the intention of procuring a supply of wood and water. We kept as close in-shore as possible, to be within reach of the land-winds; but, for many days, we lay stationary under the high land, within whose dark shadows I thought we were enchanted; for not a breath of air reached us, either from the land at night, or from the sea in the day. The buoyant rubbish of chips, feathers, and rope-yarn, thrown over-board, remained as stationary as the rubbish cast out of a cottage door. The waters seemed petrified into polished blue marble, tempting one to walk on their treacherous surface. Among the few moving things around were those little azure-tinctured children of the sea, called Portuguese men-of-war, with sails light as gossamer, and tiny paddles; they manœuvred about us, like a fairy fleet, the largest as big as the chrysal stopper of a decanter, which, except in color, they resembled. Here and there were scattered the jellied-looking sea-stars; and a singular phenomenon, called the *puree*, which comes from the bottom to the surface by inflating itself with air, till from a shrunken, withered, empty thing, it becomes round and plumped out like a blown bladder; after this, it cannot sink for a length of time. We amused ourselves by practising with our carbines at them; and also by lowering the square sail overboard to bathe in, using that method to avoid the ground-sharks, which, in those seas, near the shore, lie like silent watch-dogs in their submerged kennels. The heat was so piercing, that the Raypoots, who worship the sun, fought on the deck for a square foot of the awning's shade. I experienced the greatest relief from anointing my body with oil, and continually, like a duck, plunging my head in water; yet my lips and skin were cracked like a plum-tree. No vessel is so ill adapted for a hot climate as a schooner; she requires a great many men to work her, and has less space than any other vessel wherein to stow them. On coming on deck from below, the men appeared as if they had emerged from a steam-bath.

"However, calms at sea, like the calms of life, are transitory and far between; a breeze, a squall, a gale, or a tempest must follow, as certain as the night the day. With us the winds came gentle as a lover's voice to woo the sleeping canvass, not like the simoom of wedlock, and we glided peacefully along the rich and varied scenery of the shore to our anchorage near Balamhua, withinside the island of Abaran. Here we found an extensive range of sandy beach, a small river, and the wood so abundant, that the trees seemed enamoured of salt water and sea-breezes, drooping their heads over its surface, as if they courted the spray, and were nurtured by the briny waves laving their roots. There was a small village of Javanese at the mouth of the river, the chief of which, in consideration of a small supply of powder and brandy, readily gave us permission to procure what

we wanted on shore. We landed our empty water-casks, and began to cut wood."— Vol. III. p. 106.

Again, for a scenic sketch let us recommend the reader's attention to the lively coloring of the following blissful scenes, glorying in a beauty scarcely rivalled by the masterly description of the shark-fight.

"In one of my excursions around the great bay [the bay of Bonny], I had provided myself with a sear for fishing, and weapons for the chase. As we were pulling along the shore of the southernmost point, we opened, through a somewhat narrow entrance, to a smaller bay. It was perfectly calm, but the ground-swell rolled in heavily, and we heard the surf breaking on the shelving-beach at its extremity or bottom; above which arose a small, but rocky and rugged hill, bare on the sides, but crowned with majestic timber and patches of underwood. On each side of the bay the land was high, broken, and shelving, with jagged and rent rocks, whose sharp points continued in successive lines, bearing a most forbidding and inhospitable aspect. The prolific and rife vegetation of the East appeared vainly struggling for existence on its arid surface. Only those low and creeping plants thrived well, with wiry roots to insinuate themselves into the fissures of the hardest stone, till, swelling into wedges, they break through them, and enter the hard crust of the earth. Around the entire margin of this bay, formed like a horse-shoe, was laid, I suppose by the waves, a carpet of the finest and smoothest sand; its yellow surface here and there strewn with glittering shells, and bones bleached by the salt-water and the sun, but without a single pebble. The general transparent blueness of the water, indicative of its depth, and the absence of rocks and shoals, was the more remarkable as contrasted with the peculiar abruptness and ruggedness of its shores, on which there did not appear enough of level surface for the foundation of a fisherman's cot, nor were there any signs of human habitation.

"Aided by a boar-spear, I ascended, with one of the men, an Arab, the rough rocks to overlook the bay. In my youth I loved climbing and scrambling up rocks and mountains; now I seldom intrude on the dweller of a second story, and my greatest enemy or friend may avoid me altogether on the third; so humbled is the aspiring spirit of my youth. We wound our way along the precipitous sides of the rude barrier, which encompassed us, towards the bite, or bottom of the bay; and, rather wearied, gained a rude and jutting ledge of rocks, forming a small platform, nearly half-way to the summit. There I seated myself, lighted my pipe, and looked down on the entire bay, which lay under my feet; and further onwards, the bay of Bonny, which, banked in by islands on the sea-side, appeared an extensive lake. Looking down on the water, its aspect was flat and unruffled; many of the picturesque *proas* of the natives were scudding in with the last of the sea-breeze. On the narrow strip of bright sand, which lay round the water like a golden frame to a dark, oval, Venetian picture, lay our little boat, the fishing-net drawn over, and its ends spreading along the beach, like a black spider veiled in its grey web.

"My hawk-eyed Arab now pointed out to me a line of dark spots, moving rapidly in the water, rounding the arm of the sea, and entering the great bay. At first I thought they were canoes capsized, coming in keel uppermost; but the Arab declared they were sharks, and said, 'The bay is called Shark's Bay; and their coming in from the sea is an infallible sign of bad weather.' A small pocket telescope convinced me they were large blue sharks. I counted eight; their fins and sharp backs were out

of the water. After sailing majestically up the great bay till they came opposite the mouth of a smaller one, they turned towards it in a regular line; one, the largest I had seen any where, taking the lead, like an admiral. He had attained the entrance, with the other seven following, when some monster arose from the bottom, near the shore, where he had been lurking, opposed his further progress, and a conflict instantly ensued. The daring assailant I distinguished to be a sword-fish, or sea-unicorn, the knight-errant of the sea, attacking every thing in its domain; his head is as hard and as rough as a rock, out of the centre of which grows horizontally an ivory spear, longer and far tougher than any warrior's lance; with this weapon he fights. The shark, with a jaw larger and stronger than a crocodile's, with a mouth deeper and more capacious, strikes also with his tail, in tremendous force and rapidity, enabling him to repel any sudden attack by confusing or stunning his foe, till he can turn on his back, which he is obliged to do ere he can use his mouth. This wily and experienced shark, not daring to turn and expose his more vulnerable parts to the formidable sword of his enemy, lashed at him with his heavy tail, as a man uses a flail, working the water into a syllabub. Meanwhile, in honor, I suppose, or in the love of fair play, his seven compatriot sharks stood aloof, lying to with their fins, in no degree interfering in the fray. Frequently I could observe, by the water's eddying in concentric ripples, that the great shark had sunk to the bottom, to seek refuge there, or elude his enemy by beating up the sand; or, what is more probable, by this manœuvre to lure the sword-fish downwards, which, when enraged, will blindly plunge its armed head against a rock, in which case its horn is broken; or, if the bottom is soft, it becomes transfixed, and then would fall an easy prey. De Ruyter, while in a country vessel, had her struck by one of these fish, (perhaps mistaking her for a whale, which, though of the same species, it often attacks), with such velocity and force, that its sword passed completely through the bow of the vessel; and, having been broken by the shock, it was with great difficulty extracted. It measured seven feet; about one foot of it, the part attached to the head, was hollow, and the size of my wrist; the remainder was solid, and very heavy, being indeed the exquisite ivory of which the Eastern people manufacture their beautiful chess-men. But to return to our sea-combat, which continued a long time, the shark evidently getting worsted. Possibly the bottom, which was clear, was favorable for his enemy; whose blow, if he succeeds in striking while the shark is descending, is fatal. I think he had struck him, for the blue shark is seldom seen in shoal or discolored water; yet now he floundered on towards the bottom of the bay, madly lashing the water into foam, and rolling and pitching like a vessel dismasted. For a few minutes his conqueror pursued him, then wheeled round and disappeared; while the shark grounded himself on the sand, where he lay writhing and lashing the shore feebly with his tail. His seven companions, with seeming unconcern, wore round, and, slowly moving down the bay, returned by the outlet at which they had entered. Hastening down to the scene of action, I saw no more of them. My boat's crew were assembled at the bottom of the bay, firing muskets at the huge monster as he lay aground; before I could join them, he was despatched, and his dead carcass laid on the beach like a stranded vessel."— Vol. III. 253–261.

In these extracts is much of that love and enjoyment of nature that redeem the turbulent passions and fierce contentions of other parts of the work: it is a wild beast, as we have said of the hero, but it is a noble one, and pursues his prey amidst the most glorious

wilds of unhackneyed nature. We have reserved for the last a small specimen of description, which, if it be not thought to be perfect in its kind, and worthy of the sister art of painting, we must be content to forego all credit for taste in such matters. The hero's guide and model, — a species of angel-devil or robber-philosopher, — had, in the course of previous wanderings, discovered, within some week or so of Java, the hull of a foundered vessel, sunk as it were among a cradle of rocks; and, the occasion turning up, it was determined to visit it, and try if the contents would repay a couple of idle crews for hauling it from the vasty deep. The following passage is an account of the progress and performance of the experiment.

"We now got out our boats; after pulling about all day, under a sun so hot that our brains seemed undergoing the process of frying, we happily, before the night set in, hit on the very spot marked by De Ruyter; but, the day closing, we were compelled to desist till daylight. We ran the boats on shore on a pretty island, supped, and slept; then, with the earliest dawn, we pushed on our discovery, till we came on the identical foundered wreck. The water was transparent as glass. By sounding on the hull of the wreck, we found there was not more than twenty feet water from her deck; and that, lying on rocks, but little sand had collected near her. We laid down a buoy to indicate the spot, and returned to the vessels, which were drawing near to take us on board, impelled by sweeps; for so still was the wind, that the feathered vanes above the lofty truck drooped motionless.

"With lines, halsers, grapnels, and the other necessary materials, not forgetting the divers, we again went towards the submerged vessel. As I gazed below, long and steadily, so perfectly was every portion of her visible, that she forcibly reminded me of those models of ships enclosed in glass cases, — the rough and jagged bed on which she lay resembling the mimic waves which sometimes surround them. Even the heaps of shell-fish that now incrustated and peopled her deck with marine life, and the living sea-verdure of weeds and mosses, might have been as distinctly noted and classed as if exhibited on a table. When the dark divers descended on her decks, the glass-like element, as in a broken mirror, multiplied their forms, till they seemed to be the demons, hidden in her hold, rushing up in multitudes to defend their vessel, assaulted even under the sanctuary of the mighty ocean.

"After many fruitless efforts and long-continued toil, we succeeded in getting a purchase on her. Then by sinking butts of water, carefully securing them to the tackle affixed to the wreck, and restoring their buoyancy by pumping out the water from them, at length we moved her, and passed strong halsers under her. On the second day the grab and schooner were placed on each side of her, the number of casks was increased, and we hove on many and complicated purchases, till she was fairly suspended, and, at length, her almost shapeless hull reluctantly arose to the surface. It looked like a huge coffin, in which some antediluvian sea-colossus had been entombed. The light of day shone strangely on her incrustated, hoary, and slimy hull. Sea-stars, crabs, crayfish, and all sorts of shell-fish crawled and clung in and about her, amazed at the transition from the bottom of the cool element, in which they had dwelt, to a fiery death from the sun, whose rays, darting on their scaled armour, transfixed them as with a spear. We turned to, and, by baling, partially cleared her of water; so that it

was evident, although she leaked considerably, she was not bilged. The deck and main-hold had been cleared, either by the water or by the people of Sumatra, whose fishing-boats might possibly have come athwart her; but the after-hold, which was battened securely down, protected by a double deck, and bulkheaded off, was untouched. I forgot to mention that, as we were baling, we disturbed a huge water-snake at the bottom of the hold, which the men had mistaken for the bite of a cable, and that he speedily cleared the decks. Either he had a taste for shell-fish, or preferred a wooden kennel to a coral cave. We made a simultaneous and vigorous attack on him with pikes and fire-arms; yet it was not till he was gashed like a crimped cod that he struck his flag, and permitted us to continue our work. The divers said he might have eaten them when they were under water;—I know not that, but can aver that the men, more ferocious and greedy than the shark, did incontinently, now that he was out of water, eat him.”—Vol. III. 212–215.

The mottoes of every chapter are, without exception, from one of three authors, Byron, Shelley, or Keats. Trelawney was the friend and favorite of each of these gifted men; and it is possible that previous to his acquaintance with them in Italy, he had read little, though he had done more than perhaps all these sons of Apollo put together. He has at any rate exhibited his taste in the selection of these fragments from the remains of his departed companions; and it is singular to observe how remarkably the imaginations of each in their kind had shadowed forth scenes and images of a kindred spirit with those which it has been the fate of their more muscular friend to see and struggle in.

[Translated from the “Revue Encyclopédique, Avril, 1832.”]

[The following article contains a sketch of the life of Hegel, one of the most noted of the modern German metaphysicians, if they will consent to be called by that name. In whatever estimation one may hold the “transcendental philosophy,” its history, like that of the philosophy of the later Platonists, with which it has many points of resemblance, forms an important article in the history of human opinions. Perhaps the best brief account of the doctrines of its different teachers is to be found in a volume entitled “Grundzüge und Kritik der Philosophien Kant’s, Fichte’s, und Schelling’s,” u. s. f.;—i. e. “The Principles of the Philosophy of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, stated and examined. Second edition, revised and enlarged, with additions concerning Hegel, Kleins, Oken, Rirner, and Steffens. By J. A. Wendel, Director of the Ducal Gymnasium at Coburg. 1824.” The volume, which is a 12mo of about 300 pages, would be worth translating.]

Of the Life and Literary Correspondence of Fichte, the publication was commenced by his son, in 1830. The first volume contains his Life. We have seen a remark quoted from it respecting Fichte’s lectures at Jena, which will deserve preservation in the history, whenever it may be written, of the transcendental philosophy; “There was,” it is said, “a confident faith in Fichte such as there never had been in Reinhold. His hearers understood him, it is true, far less; but they believed, in consequence, the more obstinately.” (“Man versteht freilich jenen noch ungleich weniger als diesen, aber man glaubt dafür auch desto hartnäckiger”). How important the unintelligible is to the belief of many

who are very obstinate in their belief, is a consideration which was never presented with more brevity and simplicity.

Of Krause, who is mentioned in the conclusion of this article, the two principal works, we believe, are "Outlines of the System of Philosophy" ("Abriss des Systems der Philosophie"), of which the first part was published in 1823, and no other, as far as we are informed, has yet appeared; and "Lectures upon the System of Philosophy" ("Vorlesungen," u.s.f.), published the same year. His dialect, from the notices which we have seen of these works, seems to distinguish him even among transcendental philosophers by its technical barbarisms.

The "Revue Encyclopédique" has passed into the hands of one sect of the Saint Simonians; and from the praise bestowed upon Krause at the conclusion of this article, his works may be concluded to favor their principles. EDD.]

ART. VII. — *Winke zur Kritik Hegels, etc. Hints for a Criticism on Hegel, occasioned by the Uscivistic Claims of M. G—s in the "Prussian State Gazette."* Mül.ich. 1832; Georges Tranz. 12mo. pp. 36.

THIS little pamphlet, which is written with clearness and precision, is an answer to the assertions made by M. Gans, in relation to Hegel, his master and friend, in the "Prussian State Gazette," on announcing in it the death of this distinguished philosopher. Before entering upon an examination of this answer, we will give some extracts from the article of M. Gans, which form a biographical notice of Hegel, and appear to us adapted to interest our readers.

"George William Frederic Hegel was born at Stuttgart, August 27th, 1770. At the age of 18, he repaired to the university of Tübingen, or rather to the theological school in that city, with the view of devoting himself to the study of theology, and afterwards to that of philosophy. He was for several years the room-mate of Schelling: and thus a small apartment contained at the same time him, who, in the enthusiasm of youth, was to give a new impulse to philosophy, and him who was called to elaborate it with the profoundness of riper years. Hegel never forgot this youthful attachment; his most intimate friends never heard him detract in the slightest degree, either from the character of Schelling, or from the merits of his system, able as he was to raise himself above it. The first period of Hegel's life coincided with an era of critical agitation. In the west of Europe the ideas of the eighteenth century had shaken the political constitution of society, and in the east, Kant, the founder of modern philosophy, had overthrown the empty dogmatism which prevailed before him. Hegel was affected at the same time by both these commotions, and resolved to devote himself wholly to philosophy. When Fichte appeared with so much splendor upon the scene, at the end of the eighteenth century, he numbered for a time among his disciples Schelling and Hegel, who were soon to oppose and to go beyond him.

"In 1800, Hegel, having come into possession of his paternal estate, repaired to Jena, a city whose university had raised itself to the first rank in Germany, as a school of philosophy. He there endeavoured to spread the principles of Schelling; published a book upon the difference between the systems of Fichte and Schelling, as well as several remarkable articles in the "Critical Journal of Philosophy," and undertook a course in which he was assisted by men who have since gained celebrity by their important labors, as Gabler

of Bayreuth, and Troxler of Lucerne. His residence at Jena also brought him into connexion with Schiller and Goethe, whose sagacity even then detected the fruitful germ which was concealed in him under a somewhat rough bark. Meanwhile political circumstances long prevented the government from doing any thing for Hegel; and when, in 1806, after the departure of Schelling, he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Philosophy, he still received but a very moderate compensation. It was within hearing of the battle of Jena that Hegel finished his *Phenomenology of the Mind*, a work in which he separated himself for ever from the school of Schelling. In this he established, in direct opposition to the principles of the latter philosopher, that knowledge does not consist in the simple intuition of the *absolute*, that intellectual intuition is the achievement of philosophical science in its final result, and that a reform was needed in philosophy, to remove that Pindaric style, that tone of mystical enthusiasm, which is the chief failing of the disciples of Schelling, and to restore to philosophy its true form, the scientific form.

"In the autumn of 1808, Hegel was appointed rector of the gymnasium at Nuremberg, where he married Mademoiselle de Tucher, who still survives him, after a union of twenty years. Here he displayed his talents and activity in a new department, that of instruction. The peace which followed the restoration opened a vast field for philosophical labors, and what Hegel had as yet represented only *phenomenologically*, by degrees assumed, in his mind, *objective* forms. He published his *Logic*, the first and principal part of philosophy. It is not composed of the forms of *subjective* thought alone; for under the name of logic, Hegel also comprehends metaphysics.

"In 1816, he accepted a Professorship of Philosophy which was offered to him at Heidelberg. Here commenced the brilliant period of his philosophico-academical career. Around him assembled a circle of young pupils in all the branches of study. The originality and profoundness of his system broke through his obscure exposition of it, and displayed themselves even to those who did not yet fully comprehend it. The name of Hegel, hitherto known only among men particularly devoted to philosophical science, became celebrated throughout Germany. But it was upon another stage that Hegel was to carry out his ideas to their full development, and to extend his fame over Europe. On the publication of his *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences*, the first act of the great statesman, then placed at the head of public instruction in Prussia, was to invite Hegel to the University of Berlin. In spite of the efforts of the government of Baden to retain him, Hegel, desirous of widening his sphere of action, accepted the situation offered to him. During the first year he divided the instruction with Solger, then performed its duties alone for twelve years; and, with the assistance of his pupils, many of whom had become masters in their turn, he extended the reputation of his philosophy throughout Europe. The enjoyments of every kind which he found at Berlin, restored to him the ardor of youth; he delivered at the University nine courses in succession, upon logic and metaphysics, nature, psychology and jurisprudence, history, art, religion, and the history of philosophy. In the exposition of his system, he wanted that facility, that readiness of expression, which is often possessed by ordinary men; but he who did not suffer himself to be repelled by these external defects, felt himself transported into a magic circle, by the clearness which the professor was able to give to every subject, and the energy of his language.

"In the last year of his life, the king of Prussia expressed his sense of his merit by honoring him with the Red Eagle of the third class. Then too his name and his works reached foreign nations. The French, in par-

ticular, were attracted by his principles concerning the philosophy of history. Cousin, Chateaubriand, Lherminier, Michelet, and, finally, the Saint Simonians studied him, and brought him into notice; the English placed his writings in their libraries; his name and his works reached even to the New World. Hegel died on the fourteenth of November, 1831, the anniversary of the death of Leibnitz: he rests by the side of Fichte, his illustrious predecessor. His loss will be sensibly felt in the philosophical world, in which he leaves a void that it is impossible to fill. Kant, in his old age, beheld the rise of Fichte; Fichte animated with his spirit the precocious intellect of Schelling; Schelling beheld Hegel growing up by his side, and after having retired for twenty years from philosophical labors, he survives his friend. Hegel leaves behind him a crowd of distinguished disciples, but no successor. *Philosophy has now completed its destined circle; further progress can now be made only in conformity to the method marked out, with equal clearness and precision, by the great man whose irreparable loss we are deploring."*

It is these last expressions in particular which have provoked the reply of M. de L—i, a reply in which, perhaps, there is a little bitterness of tone. The author objects to the too great importance attributed, in his view, to the philosophical labors of Hegel. At the same time with Hegel, he says, lived another philosopher of an original, vast and independent mind, whose system, in its principles, and in its practical results, is infinitely superior to that of Hegel. The philosopher referred to is M. Frederic Krause (now at Munich). If, heretofore, Krause has not had an extensive field for the employment of his powers, it is because the governments which he has never flattered, have left him without support, and have even endeavoured to throw obstacles in his way; but the world must soon appreciate the high theological and practical bearing of the system of Krause. We too, who also pride ourselves upon being among the disciples of this philosopher, are a party interested in this contest, and we fully subscribe to every thing advanced by M. de L—i with regard to his system and his character. This pamphlet can be regarded only as the forerunner of a greater conflict, which must soon take place between principles so different as those of Hegel and Krause. The fundamental questions to be examined and decided are clearly laid down in it. Hegel's great merit is his having contributed, by his logic, to establish philosophy upon a deep and fixed basis, and of having guarded it against the superficial tendency which threatened to prevail in Germany. All this is justly appreciated by M. L—i, but at the same time he maintains that the philosophy of Hegel, taken as a point of departure, would carry civilization several ages backward, and that the conclusions relating to the constitution of society, by which it would endeavour to limit the infinite reign of ideas to certain conditions of place and time, to exhibit human nature as having arrived at its most perfect degree of development in the institutions established on the bank of the Spree, and, in a word, to impose on philosophical science the office of being the monograph of the Prussian empire, are contrary to the true spirit of human nature;

and, in fine, that a disciple of Hegel would do wisely to keep silence upon this part of the system of his master. The system of Krause, on the contrary, says the author, embraces human nature in all its intellectual and social aspects. The new spirit of civilization calls for this system as a guide in its future progress. With it a new era in human nature will commence.

We will not here carry out the ideas which we entertain in common with M. L.—i. We have promised to give an exposition of the philosophical system of Krause, which will be admitted into an early number of this Review. The French public will then be able to form an opinion upon this system.

H. AHRENS, of Göttingen.

[Abridged from "The British Critic, No. 24."]

[What follows is the most entertaining part of a long article on the works mentioned, together with an extract or two not found in the review quoted. Captain Mundy's "Sketches" are spoken of in the same style of praise in most of the other notices of them. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali is an English lady married to a Mussulmaun of India. EDD.]

ART. VIII. — 1. *Observations on the Mussulmauns of India; descriptive of their Manners, Customs, Habits, and Religious Opinions. Made during a Twelve Years' Residence in their immediate Society.* By MRS. MEER HASSAN ALI. 2 vols. London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

2. *Pen and Pencil Sketches; being the Journal of a Tour in India.* By CAPTAIN MUNDY, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. London: Murray.

THESE are precisely the books from which information, on matters of ordinary occurrence in India, may be most agreeably derived; and, although differing from each other in many respects, both as to object and to character, they have quite enough similarity to justify us in classing them together.

From her connection with the *Syaads* Mrs. Hassan Ali, by right of her husband, derives the honorable title *Meer*. The *Syaads* are descendants from Mohammed, and as such form the Mussulmaun aristocracy. Their genealogy is most carefully preserved; and every child born to Syaad parents is taught, as soon as it can speak intelligibly and before it quits the *Zeenahnah*, to recount its lineage up to Hassan or Hosein, the two sons of Ali by his cousin Fatima, daughter of the Prophet. The daughters, who by birth are hereditary Begums, or Ladies, are rarely matched out of their own race, whatever may be the wealth of the suitor; and many therefore, in consequence of this unbending pride of family, are condemned to celibacy and poverty. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali speaks of three Syaad ladies with whom she was intimately acquainted,

young women, "remarkable for their industrious habits, morality, " and strict observance of their religious duties, handsome, well-formed, polite and sensible," and possessing, in addition, an accomplishment by no means common among the females of Hindostan, that of being able to read the Koran in Arabic and its commentary in Persian. These ladies had refused numerous offers from persons of great wealth but of defective pedigree; and they preferred the scanty subsistence which they could procure by the hard labor of their hands to the degradation of a *mesalliance*. "I have known them to be employed in working the *jaullie* (netting) for *courties* (a part of the female dress) which after six days' close application, at the utmost could not realize three shillings each; yet I never saw them other than contented, happy, and cheerful; a family of love and patterns of sincere piety."

Much of the insight which Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali obtained into the recondite parts of Mussulmaun doctrine was derived from her father-in-law, Meer Hadjee Shah, a venerable octogenarian, who had thrice achieved the pilgrimage to Mecca, and who still hoped to perform it a fourth time in company with his son's wife, albeit she was a Christian, and to lay his bones in the consecrated soil of the holy district. A mania for accommodating prophecy to passing events, and a belief in the approach of a season, resembling the supposed Millennium, in which there shall be perfect peace and happiness over all the world, appears to be no less prevalent among the Oriental devotees of the present day, than it is among some of our own fanatics; and the cause is probably the same in both cases, — namely, superabundant *animal* piety operating upon half-knowledge and unsound judgment. The contest between the Greeks and Turks, of which, after all, the Indian Mussulmauns possess but very incorrect knowledge, is referred by them to a prophecy which declares that "when Mecca is filled with Christian people, Emaum Mhidhie will appear to draw men to the true Faith, and then also Jesus Christ will descend from Heaven to Mecca; there will be great slaughter among men, after which there will be but one Faith;" and the period of universal *earthly* beatitude will commence. This Emaum Mhidhie, between whom and the prophetic Elias a resemblance in some respects may be discerned, is in others a most ambiguous and mystic personage, admirably adapted to the use of Apocalyptical *Ædipi*. He is called "the standing proof," and all parties agree that he is to visit the earth at a future period. Some, however, maintain that he is yet to be born, others that he is only to reappear. One sect affirms that he is still on earth, dwelling in wilds and forests; and many believe that he annually visits the Holy House (Caaba) of Mecca, on the great day of sacrifice, *without being recognised*.

"There is but little more to finish," — "The time draws near," are common Mussulmaun expressions when speaking of those which, for the sake of convenience, we shall call Millenniumarian prophecies. Meer Hadjee Shah, through his daughter-in-law, had

become intimately acquainted with the Bible; he acknowledged its divine origin, and he admitted it and the Koran to be the "two witnesses" of God. No slight proof of the benevolent and tolerant spirit of the amiable old man is afforded by the pleasure with which he frequently recalled two favorite texts, — "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd;" — and again, "In my Father's house are many mansions." In his last serious conversation with Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, which occurred but a few days before his death, and which, she says, contains "the real sentiments of most, if not of every religious, reflecting, true Mussulmaun of his sect in India," he thus expressed himself:

"We had been talking of the time when peace on earth should be universal; 'My time, dear battie, (daughter), is drawing to a quick conclusion. You may live to see the events foretold, I shall be in my grave; but remember, I tell you now, though I am dead, yet when Jesus Christ returns to earth, at his coming, I shall rise again from my grave; and I shall be with him, and with Emaun Mhidhie also.'" *Observations*, vol. 1. p. 145.

The life of Meer Hadjee Shah was strongly tinctured with eastern adventure. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali intends, at some future time, to write a detailed biographical memoir of her father-in-law, and we shall here abridge her present abridgment. Meer Hadjee Shah was the eldest son of a Kauzy, or Judge, in the city of Looddeanah, the capital of the Punjaab territory, and he was destined by his father for his own profession. An uncontrollable spirit of enterprise, however, directed the youth's course to another path, and this spirit was strikingly manifested by an incident of his boyhood. On one occasion, during his play-hours, he attempted, in company with some school-fellows, to possess himself of a flock of wild pigeons which lodged in an old well without the town; and on account of his well-known courage he was selected as the hero who was to descend, seated on a piece of board, to snare the birds, by groping for them in a hole which gave them refuge. He had already deposited several of these prizes in a bag slung round him for the purpose, when something met his grasp which he felt assured was *not* a bird; and which, on extricating his arm from the hole, he discovered to be a large and living snake. With great presence of mind he determined not to alarm his play-fellows, who in their terror might have let go the rope and precipitated him to the abyss below; but calling out to them to draw him up quickly, he continued to grasp the snake firmly behind the head, so that it could neither extricate itself nor injure him, unless by the severe pressure of its coiling. During his ascent he rubbed the venomous animal's head against the side-wall, and after he had borne it triumphantly to the summit, the other boys dispatched it with stones. Yet so violent had been the snake's struggles and so powerful its

compression, that the skin peeled entirely off the boy's arm, which was useless for many months afterwards.

At seventeen, he determined to engage himself in the military service of a neighbouring Rajah who was levying troops; and on presenting himself at the Durbar he was accepted and enrolled among the Chief's immediate followers. During several years he accompanied his master to the field, and obtained considerable distinction by the prowess which he exhibited against the Sikhs. He was yet in very early youth when he undertook his first pilgrimage to Mecca; and while in Arabia his funds were wholly exhausted without his possessing acquaintance with a single individual by whom they could be replenished. From this fearful difficulty he was extricated by a lucky incident, which might have happened either to Sindbad or to one of the monocular Calenders; and in the recital of which some allowance perhaps must be made for the romantic coloring which is, for the most part, thrown over oriental histories. A rich Arabian widow, who had been long tormented with a grievous disease which medical art had failed to relieve, dreamed one night that a certain Syaad pilgrim from India, then abiding at the Serai without the town of her residence, possessed an infallible remedy. Meer Hadjee Shah answered the description of the dream; he was summoned to the Begum's presence, and there disavowed all acquaintance with medicine, but offered a powder which he had about him, and which had greatly benefited a brother pilgrim. Such a testimonial for the efficacy of his drug was quite sufficient to justify an Arabian she-dreamer in swallowing it; and either her own faith or Meer Hadjee Shah's physis entirely cured the sick Begum's complaint, and as a consequence replenished the pocket of her *Médecin malgré lui-même*.

We pass over the rout of a pack of wolves by the Hadjee's staff; and the sabring a tiger by a weapon, which having, in the hands of his grandsire, severed the head from the carcass of a like animal, at a single blow, was preserved as a proud family memorial. These are little more than every-day events in Indian life; and where Captain Mundy is in reserve, it would be most unjust to anticipate tigers. A dream once saved Meer Hadjee Shah from the plague. In the night-season it was whispered to him, "Go not to Shiraaz, where thou shalt not find profit or pleasure, but bend thy steps towards Kraaballah." He obeyed, in spite of the sneers of his comrades, and escaped the contagion, which they afterwards learned was raging at Shiraaz. Once was he captured by Arab pirates, but he harangued them so pathetically in their own language, that they not only released him and his whole ship's crew, but even forced presents upon them in compensation for their inconvenient detention. It would have been remarkable, indeed, if the marriage of such a personage as we are describing had been the result of common-place courtship; and one of his brides, Fatima, was thrown into his arms by a train of circumstances in full accordance with the remaining tenor of Meer Hadjee Shah's ad-

ventures. Fatima, the orphan daughter of an Arab chief of Yemen, when in her sixteenth year, in order to escape ill treatment from some of the relations under whose protection she had been left, sought refuge among other kinsfolk in her neighbourhood. In her passage to the new roof she was intercepted by some Bedouin robbers, and carried to their strong hold; where, during her first night's abode with them, she overheard a conversation, by which she learned that in order to prevent detection, they had resolved to put her to death. The intercession of a female among the tribe saved her life, and she was carried a day's journey on a swift camel, and sold to a slave-merchant at Mocha. One of the singular privileges of the anomalous state of slavery in Arabia entitles the captive to a veto on her sale; and Fatima, who was nobly born, resolved to exercise her right to the utmost, and not permit herself to be transferred unless to a proprietor whom she fully approved. A fisherman accordingly, who tendered a large price, and who would have married her, was scornfully refused; and many subsequent chapmen encountered the same fate. It happened that Meer Hadjee Shah, who had promised to carry home a slave for his wife, was passing through Mocha on his return home. Fatima was satisfied by his appearance at the first glance, and was yet more pleased when she learned that he was a Syaad of India, and although not rich, a descendant of the Emaums. The merchant also was heartily glad to dispose of so difficult a piece of goods at a very moderate profit, and the bargain therefore was easily completed. No sooner, however, had Meer Hadjee Shah learned the history of his new acquisition, than he informed Fatima that she was free, and that he would appropriate half the sum which he had with him for his own journey, to restore her under safe convoy to Yemen. The captive heard him with gratitude and astonishment; and weighing the difficulties of return and the chance of an evil reception by her family, against the protection which she felt assured of receiving from so benevolent a master, she declined the proffered boon, and earnestly begged that she might be conveyed to India in his service. Meer Hadjee Shah was at first a little perplexed at this unexpected proposition, and he whispered something about his wife and children; but when Fatima persisted, the accommodating nature of the Mohammedan law stood him greatly in stead.

"After maturely weighing all the circumstances of the voyage by sea, and the long journey by land from Bombay to Lucknow, he came to the determination of giving Fatima a legal claim to his protection, and thereby a security also from slanderous imputations either against her or himself, by marrying her before they embarked at Mocha; and on their arrival at Lucknow, Fatima was presented to his first wife as worthy her sympathy and kindness, by whom she was received and cherished as a dear sister. The whole family were sincerely attached to the amiable lady during the many years she lived with them in Hindoostan. Her days were passed in piety and peace, leaving not an instance to call forth the regrets of Meer Hadjee Shah, that he had complied with her entreaties in giving her his permanent protection. Her removal from this life to a better was mourned by every

member of the family with equal sorrow as when their dearest relative ceased to live." — *Observations*, &c. Vol. II. pp. 417, 418.

Of the severity of the Mussulmaun's Fast during Rumzaun it is probable that very inadequate notions are in general entertained. As it is moveable it sometimes occurs during the hottest and longest days of the year, and it lasts from the moment at which the first streak of light borders the East, till the stars are clearly discerned. During that interval not one particle of food nor drop of liquid passes the lips, and even the hookha, a great antidote to hunger, is rigidly forbidden. It is usually broken by a cooling draught called *tundhie*, composed of the seeds of lettuces, cucumbers, melons, and coriander, pounded in water, strained, and flavored with rose-water, sugar, syrup of pomegranate and *kurah*, a pleasant water distilled from the blossoms of a species of aloe. Without some such preparatory beverage, which varies according to taste, age, constitution, and pocket, the immediate relief of hunger by solids would be attended with danger. The noviciate fast of children is a great family event, and often productive of very distressing consequences. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali mentions the deaths of a son and daughter of respectable parents in Lucknow, which occurred within her own knowledge, during their attempt to perform this most painful duty. The unhappy victims of superstition were respectively thirteen and eleven years of age. Encouraged by their mother, they persevered with constancy till three of the four watches into which the Mussulmaun day is divided had passed. They then fainted from exhaustion; every attempt to force water down their swollen throats failed, and they died within a few minutes of each other.

Custom renders the seclusion to which females are condemned in the Zeenahnah, far less irksome than is imagined by a European habituated to freedom. The commonest operations of nature, even in the processes of the garden, are unknown to them; and when they received a *dhaullie* or basket of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, they frequently inquired from Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, "How do they grow? How do they look in the ground?" Yet of their resignation to this ignorance she offers the following remarkable example:

"A lady, whose friendship I have enjoyed from my first arrival in India, heard me very often speak of the different places I had visited, and she fancied her happiness very much depended on seeing a river and a bridge. I undertook to gain permission from her husband and father, that the treat might be permitted; they, however, did not approve of the lady being gratified, and I was vexed to be obliged to convey the disappointment to my friend. She very mildly answered me, 'I was much to blame to request what I knew was improper for me to be indulged in; I hope my husband and family will not be displeased with me for my childish wish; pray make them understand how much I repent of my folly. I shall be ashamed to speak on the subject when we meet.' — Vol. I. pp. 315, 316.

In the medical art, the Mussulmauns still retain many supersti-

tious practices, and sundry remnants of astrology continue to find place in their Pharmacopœia. In nervous cases and for palpitations of the heart, the patient is often recommended to "drink the "moon at a draught," which remedy is thus administered; a silver basin filled with water is so held as to receive the reflection of the full moon; and the sick person after having looked steadfastly at the image, is to shut his eyes and to swallow the water at a draught. "I have seen this practised," says Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, adding with exquisite simplicity, "but I am not aware of any "real benefit derived by the patient from the prescription."

A most astounding story is one related by a Mussulmaun gentleman of his own achievements in exorcism. The conversation arose in consequence of an attack upon an old woman in the streets of Lucknow, who, as a reputed witch, was declared to be "eating "the heart" of a man and his child wasting away under her incantations. She was rescued after some difficulty, and not till her accuser had been permitted to pluck some hairs from her head as an antidote to her charms. A friend of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, who had been the chief agent in this poor wretch's deliverance from the infuriated rabble, afterwards declared his implicit belief in the common practice of witchcraft; and added that he himself had been a chosen instrument through which several women had been relieved from possession by evil spirits. Curiosity on this mysterious point had induced him, when a very young man, to apply to "a certain venerable personage who was willing to impart "his knowledge;" and who recommended, in the first instance, two years seclusion from the world, in abstinence, prayer, and austerity. Thus prepared for practice, and having acquired a great reputation as a dervise, his first experiment was tried on a respectable woman who fancied that she was visited by a demon regularly, on every eighth day. The only apparatus with which the fiend was attacked was fumigation; and no sooner were the drugs and flowers of the exorcist sprinkled on the chafing-dish than the demon became furious in the woman, and called out loudly for mercy. To an interrogation as to who and what it was, it replied that it was the spirit of an old woman who once inhabited the same house; and that it had taken possession of the wife in order to torment the husband, who was the present owner of the premises. It may be remarked that few ghosts, even in Europe, ever give more satisfactory reasons for their appearance than did this imp of Hindústan; insomuch that we might almost venture to pledge ourselves to a belief in the authenticity of any spectre who could once prove on sound evidence that he came back to this world on other than a fee-faw-fum errand. The exorcist threatened to destroy the spirit in fire, and the poor woman's agony immediately became so terrific that instant death was apprehended. After two hours conversation, during which the devil evinced the extent of his knowledge by twice informing the dervise what was the substance which he held concealed in his clenched hand; and also avowed his belief

in one God the creator of all things ; it agreed to a compromise, and on condition of being relieved from the fiery torment, it promised faithfully to quit the woman and to go out into the forests. During several months afterwards the freed energumen enjoyed health and tranquillity. But on the reappearance of some former symptoms the aid of the dervise was again required ; and then by destroying the " Evil Soul," he gave his patient permanent ease. It is but just to Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali to state that although convinced of the sincerity of the friend from whose lips she received this choice piece of autobiography, she plainly believes him to have labored under delusion.

But it is high time to direct ourselves to Captain Mundy with whom we shall commence in his first tiger-hunt in the Dooab. The party consisted of ten sportsmen, each mounted on an elephant, and twenty pad elephants besides, to carry the guides and the game. On rousing the first tiger, every elephant but that of Lord Combermere turned about and made off expeditiously ; the beast, however, was killed, and so, not long afterwards, was a second ; a third sprang on the upper part of the tail of one of the elephants and clung to it with its teeth, within six inches of the unhappy coolie, who stood behind the howdah ; and it was not shot till the elephant had been so much injured that it died within ten days from the effect of its wounds.

The second essay in this agreeable pastime was attended with far more danger than the first, and the double fences and swollen brooks of Leicestershire sink into insignificance before the perils of the jungle.

" On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high ; a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush, — when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprung the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run ; and as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed ; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoos,* which I had refused to allow him to recover ; and the elephant being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable : — he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the

* Iron goad to drive the elephant.

thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas,* was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of the elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace. It was a very fine female, with the most beautiful skin I ever saw." — Vol. i. pp. 160 – 163.

Nor was the sportsman's repose less hazardous than his situation in the field. On the night after these exploits he was awakened by the attack of a black robber in his tent.

"I retired to my tent this evening pretty well knocked up; and during the night had an adventure, which might have terminated with more loss to myself, had I slept sounder. My bed, a low charpoy, or 'four feet,' was in one corner of the tent, close to a door, and I woke several times from a feverish doze, fancying I heard something moving in my tent; but could not discover anything, though a cheraug, or little Indian lamp, was burning on the table. I therefore wooed the balmy power, and slept. At length, just as 'the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve' (for I had looked at my watch five minutes before, and replaced it under my pillow), I was awakened by a rustling sound under my head; and, half opening my eyes, without changing my position, I saw a hideous black face within a foot of mine, and the owner of this index of a cut-throat, or, at least, cut-purse disposition, kneeling on the carpet, with one hand under my pillow, and the other grasping — not a dagger! — but the door-post. Still without moving my body, and with half-closed eyes, I gently stole my right hand to a boar-spear, which at night was always placed between my bed and the wall; and as soon as I had clutched it, made a rapid and violent movement, in order to wrench it from its place, and try the virtue of its point upon the intruder's body, — but I wrenched in vain. Fortunately for the robber, my bearer, in placing the weapon in its usual recess, had forced the point into the top of the tent and the butt into the ground so firmly, that I failed to extract it at the first effort; and my visiter, alarmed by the movement, started upon his feet and rushed through the door. I had time to see that he was perfectly naked, with the exception of a black blanket twisted round his loins, and that he had already stowed away in his cloth my candlesticks and my dressing-case, which latter contained letters, keys, money, and other valuables. I had also leisure, in that brief space, to judge, from the size of the arm extended to my bed, that the bearer was more formed for activity than strength; and, by his grizzled beard, that he was rather old than young. I, therefore, sprang from my bed, and darting through the purdar of the inner door, seized him by the cummerbund just as he was passing the outer entrance.† The cloth, however, being loose, gave way, and ere I could confirm my grasp, he snatched it from my hand, tearing away my thumb-nail down to the quick. In his anxiety to escape, he stumbled through the outer purdar, and the much-esteemed dressing-

* Hind seat in the howdah.

† The tents in India have double flaps; the outer khanaut, or wall, forming a verandah, of some four feet wide, round the interior pavilion.

case fell out of his loosened zone. I was so close at his heels, that he could not recover it; and jumping over the tent-ropes, — which, doubtless, the rogue calculated would trip me up, — he ran towards the road. I was in such a fury, that, forgetting my bare feet, I gave chase, vociferating lustily, ‘Choor! choor!’ (thief! thief!) but was soon brought up by some sharp stones, just in time to see my rascal, by the faint light of the moon through the thick foliage overhead, jump upon a horse standing unheld near the road, and dash down the path at full speed, his black blanket flying in the wind. What would I have given for my double-barrelled Joe at that moment! As he and his steed went clattering along the rocky forest-road, I thought of the black huntsman of the Hartz, or the erl-king! Returning to my tent, I solaced myself by abusing my servants, who were just rubbing their eyes and stirring themselves, and by threatening the terrified sepoy sentry with a court-martial. My trunks at night were always placed outside the tent, under the sentry’s eye; the robber, therefore, must have made his entry on the opposite side, and he must have been an adept in his vocation, as four or five servants were sleeping between the khanauts. The poor devil did not get much booty for his trouble, having only secured a razor, a pot of pomatum (which will serve to lubricate his person for his next exploit),* and the candlesticks, which, on closer inspection, will prove to him the truth of the axiom, that ‘all is not gold that glitters,’ nor even silver. The next morning, on relating my adventure, I was told I was fortunate in having escaped cold steel; and many comfortable instances were recited, of the robbed being stabbed in attempting to secure the robber.” — Vol. i. p. 165.

A few days afterwards, a brother officer was brought home having marvellously escaped from the very jaws of a tiger. He was shooting in a jungle, the reputation of which would be deemed evil or good according to the taste of its frequenters, for it abounded in wild beasts; and he had just fired both barrels at a deer, when a tiger sprung from a thicket and knocked him down. Fortunately, the animal, instead of seizing the sportsman’s head, caught in his mouth the gun which he was carrying on his shoulder; and finding the morsel somewhat tough, he relinquished it and bounded on. The officer was much torn on the shoulders and breast, one cheek was pierced through, he found the fragment of a shivered tiger-tooth in his waistcoat pocket, and the barrel of his gun was distinctly marked by the whole range of tusks which had embraced it. Nevertheless, Captain Mundy, unappalled, was once more in the field a few days afterwards. A cub and its mother soon filled his bag, and a second cub was obliged to be knocked on the head after one of the party had failed to take it alive, by dismounting from his elephant and receiving the little fury’s charge with no other weapon than his mountain-dagger.†

Captain Mundy’s tour in the Surmour mountains will be read with great interest; the difficulties which he encountered, and the

* Indian thieves oil their naked bodies to render their seizure difficult.

† “In his accounts of Indian hunting,” says another reviewer, “with which the volumes abound, and which are truly excellent, Captain Mundy gives full sway to his buoyant spirit and hilarity; and as the animal pursued is not the timid hare or the paltry fox, but generally the cruel, destructive, and formidable

good humor with which he overcame them, are related with much spirit and vivacity. But we prefer offering our readers one or two specimens of living manners. The first shall be Anglo-Indian, the second, native. One of the most distinguished corps of irregular cavalry in Hindústan is commanded by Colonel Skinner, who served with high reputation under Lords Lake and Hastings, and was enrolled K. C. B. for his conduct at the siege of Bhurt-pore. He is described as an amiable man and a gallant soldier, who has seen forty years of very chequered adventures; and who, in his youth, was partizan of more than one native Power.

"In this Cossack-like life he was joined by a near relation,—since dead,—who was as valiant a warrior as himself; but he was a man of wild and ungoverned passions, and the last scene of his life was Othello exaggerated! Having suspected his wife, a native lady, of infidelity to his bed, he surrendered himself to the bloody suggestions of the green-eyed monster; murdered her and her two female attendants, and concluded the tragedy by blowing out his own brains. His passion for the sex, and extravagance in expense knew no bounds; of which additions the following anecdote, related to me this day, affords no bad instance.

"Being present at a grand entertainment given by some native prince at Delhi, he became desperately épris of a young and beautiful nautch-girl, a slave of the prince's wife; and at the close of the fête he seized her by force, and carried her off to Hansi. Being pursued by some troops from Delhi, he shut himself in his house, which was soon surrounded by a force that rendered resistance hopeless; when, rather than yield up his charmer, he offered to purchase her for her weight in silver. The bargain was struck, the scales produced, and the maiden being weighed against rupees, the ravisher retained his prize."—Vol. i. pp. 341–343.

The Begum Sumroo, of whom we shall next speak, if her lot had been cast in Russia, might have rivalled the Empress Catherine.

"The history of her life, if properly known, would (according to Colonel Skinner, and others who have had opportunities of hearing of, and witnessing her exploits,) form a series of scenes, such as, perhaps, no other female could have gone through.

"The above mentioned officer has often, during his service with the Mahrattas, seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops

tiger, and as there is both adventure and danger, we can frequently follow him in these hunts with great interest. The following is his account of the sagacity of an elephant in a lion-hunt:

"A lion had charged my friend's elephant, and he, having wounded the lion, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah (elephant's castle) suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated over the head of the elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout (the driver, who sits on the elephant's neck), stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down hard across the loins of the lion, and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold! My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders. The lion was afterwards slain by the other sportsmen who came up."

to the attack in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind. The Begum has been twice married, and both her husbands were Europeans. Her appellation of 'Sumroo' is a corruption of the French word Sombre, the nom de guerre of her first lord, Remaud, who *bought* her when a young and handsome dancing-girl; married, and converted her to the Roman Catholic religion. Her second husband, — named Le Vassu, — was an independent, roving adventurer, a sort of land pirate; became powerful in his own right, if right it can be called, and possessed a considerable army. It is of this man that the following anecdote is related, which is 'wondrous strange — if it be true;' it was the closing scene of his life, and the first in which our heroine played any very distinguished part. I have said that her husband had become possessed of wealth, power, and a numerous army; of these his ambitious wife coveted the undivided possession, and she thus accomplished her purpose.

"A mutinous disposition, on the subject of pay, having manifested itself among Le Vassu's body-guard, the Begum, then about twenty-five, exaggerated the danger to her husband, and got intelligence conveyed to him that the rebels had formed a plan to seize and confine him, and to dishonor his wife. They, consequently, arranged to escape together from the fury of the soldiery; and at night started secretly from their palace in palankeens, with only a few devoted guards and attendants. The whole of the following scene was projected by the ambitious and bloody-minded lady. Towards morning the attendants, in great alarm, announced that they were pursued; and our heroine, in well-feigned despair, vowed that, if their escort was overcome and the palankeens stopped, she would stab herself to the heart. The devoted husband, as she expected, swore he would not survive her. Soon after, the pretended rebels came up, and after a short skirmish, drove back the attendants, and forced the bearers to put down the palankeens. At this instant Le Vassu heard a scream, and his wife's female slave rushed up to him, bearing a shawl drenched in blood, and exclaiming that her mistress had stabbed herself to death. The husband, true to his vow, instantly seized a pistol, and blew out his own brains. No sooner did the wily lady hear the welcome report, than she started from her palankeen, and, for the first time exposing herself to the gaze of men, claimed homage from the soldiery. This, her beauty, and promises of speedy payment of arrears, soon obtained for her; and she assumed, in due form, the reins of government.

"Well knowing, however, that so inconsiderable a state as her's could not exist long in those troublesome times without some formidable ally, she prudently threw herself under the protection of the Company, who confirmed her in the possession, with the condition that it should revert to the English government after her death. The old lady seems disposed to make the most of her life-lease. Her revenue is, I believe, one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and she has amassed considerable treasures. I never heard how her other husband was disposed of, but we will, in charity, suppose that he died a natural death. His tomb is at Agra.

"During her long life, many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependents have transpired; one of which is thus narrated: — The Begum, having discovered a slave-girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried into execution; and the fate of the beautiful victim having excited strong feelings of compassion, the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a rescue, ordered her carpet to be spread over the vault, and smoked her *houkah*, and slept on the spot; thus making assurance doubly sure." — Vol. i. pp 370–374.

Captain Mundy pointedly affirms, respecting the Cholera, that

"he never heard even so much as the possibility of its contagion "canvassed." Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali expresses herself to the same purpose, but more intelligibly, when, in speaking of the close attendance paid to the sick, and the rigid observance of the ordinary duties to the dead, which the Mussulmauns never omit in these cases, she says, "No fears were ever entertained, nor did I "ever hear an opinion expressed among them, that it had been or "could be conveyed from one person to another." Abstemiousness is the great Mussulmaun remedy; and Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali administered with success a medicine, the character of which may be readily understood when we name brandy, oil of peppermint, and black pepper, to be the principal ingredients. Native children generally escaped the attack, and she never heard an instance of an infant being in the slightest degree visited by the malady. Saffron to the amount of twelve grains, moistened with rose-water (a very favorite vehicle) is used with great benefit for the relief of the sickness which accompanies this melancholy disease.

We cannot part from Captain Mundy without expressing the pleasure which we have derived from one minor characteristic of his pages, the keen remembrance of early associations with which they are imbued. And, we may add, that in spite of a little occasional exuberance, Captain Mundy's overflowing animal spirits never in a single passage betray him into a violation of strict decorum. The pages of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali herself are more grave, but pure as they are, they are not more pure than those of the young and rattling Aid-de-Camp.

[Principally from "The British Critic, No. 23."]

[The article, which is the foundation of the following, is a review of Mr. Babbage's work as it first appeared in "The Encyclopædia Metropolitana." We have given the title of the separate publication, which is enlarged and improved; and, omitting a part of the review, have furnished some additional extracts. *EDD.*]

ART. IX. — *On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.* By CHARLES BABBAGE, Esq., A. M., Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, and Member of several Academies.* London: C. Knight. 12mo.

In reviewing Mr. Babbage's work, we can do little more than condense into a narrow compass some of the extraordinary facts which he mentions, and allow him to display the merits of his style in others by extracting his own words.

[* Republished by Messrs. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, 12mo. We have before us a very beautiful copy of the London edition on large paper, a present from the author to Professor Farrar.]

The three chief advantages derived from Machinery and Manufactures may be represented by "the addition which they make to human power, — the economy of human time, — and the conversion of substances, apparently the most common and the most worthless, into valuable products;" and of these benefits some short, but striking illustrations, are offered by Mr. Babbage. The addition to human power may be perceived in an experiment which M. Redelet has noticed in his work *Sur l'Art de Bâtir*.

"A block of squared stone was taken for the subject of experiment, weighing 1080 lbs.

	lbs.
1. Weight of stone	1080
2. In order to drag this stone along the floor of the quarry roughly chiselled, it required a force equal to	758
3. The same stone dragged over a floor of planks required	652
4. The same stone placed on a platform of wood, and dragged over a floor of planks, required	606
5. After soaping the two surfaces of wood which slid over each other it required	182
6. The same stone was now placed upon rollers of three inches diameter, when it required to put it in motion along the floor of the quarry	34
7. To drag it by these rollers over a wooden floor required	28
8. When the stone was mounted on a wooden platform, and the same rollers placed between that and a plank floor, it required	22

"From this experiment it results, that the force necessary to move a stone along the smoothed floor of its quarry is nearly two-thirds of its weight; to move it along a wooden floor, three-fifths; by wood upon wood, five ninths; if the wooden surfaces are soaped, one-sixth; if rollers are used on the floor of the quarry, it requires one-thirty-second part of the weight; if they roll over wood, one-fortieth; and if they roll between wood, one-fiftieth of its weight."

The economy of time is exhibited in a recent improvement, made within twelve years, in the mounting of a glazier's diamond. According to the old system, even after a diligently served apprenticeship, many a journeyman was unable to acquire the nice art of finding the precise angle at which the diamond would cut, and afterwards of continuing to guide it at the proper inclination. All the time expended, and the glass destroyed, in learning that knack, may now be saved by a very simple contrivance adjusted to the tool itself. Thirdly, the value of seemingly worthless materials is demonstrated in the metempsychosis undergone by defunct saucepans, kettles, and coal-skuttles.

"These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish, for the use of the trunk-maker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the out-skirts of the town, who employ

them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico printers."

The cotton of Java is carried in junks to the coast of China, but the seed not being previously separated, only one quarter of the net weight is cotton; the cotton afterwards, as packed by the Chinese, occupies three times the space of an equal quantity shipped by Europeans for their own markets. Thus, from want of mechanical methods, the cost of the freight of a given quantity of cotton is twelve times greater to a Chinese than it is to a European.

Boot-tag laces, as is well known, consist of very thin, tinned plate-iron, and they used to be cut out of long strips of that material into pieces of such a breadth that, when bent round, they just inclosed the laces. Two pieces of steel have recently been fixed to the side of the shears, by which each piece of tin, as soon as it is cut, is bent into a semi-cylindrical form. The additional power required for this operation is almost insensible, and it is executed by the same motion of the arm which produces the cut. This work is usually performed by women and children, and with the improved tool more than three times the quantity is produced in a given time.

The improvements made of late years in the different processes of typography are among the most remarkable triumphs of mechanism.

"In the old method of inking type, by large hemispherical balls stuffed and covered with leather, the printer, after taking a small portion of ink from the ink-block, was continually rolling them in various directions against each other, in order that a thin layer of ink might be uniformly spread over their surface. This he again transferred to the type by a kind of rolling action. In such a process, even admitting considerable skill in the operator, it could not fail to happen that a large quantity of ink should get near the edges of the balls, which, not being transferred to the type, became hard and useless, and was taken off in the form of a thick black crust. Another inconvenience also arose, — the quantity of ink spread on the block not being regulated by measure, and the number and direction of the transits of the inking balls over each other depending on the will of the operator and being irregular, it was impossible to place on the type a uniform layer of ink, of exactly the quantity sufficient for the impression. The introduction of cylindrical rollers of an elastic substance, formed by the mixture of glue and treacle, superseded the inking balls, and produced considerable saving in the consumption of ink: — but the most perfect economy was to be produced only by mechanism.

"When printing-presses moved by the power of steam were introduced, the action of these rollers was found well calculated to be performed by the machine, and a reservoir of ink was formed, from which one roller regularly abstracted a small quantity at each impression. From three to five other rollers spread this portion uniformly over the slab (by most ingenious contrivances varied in almost each kind of press,) and another travelling roller having fed itself on the slab, passed and repassed over the type just previously to its giving the impression on the paper. The following is an account of the results of an accurate experiment made at one of the largest

printing establishments in the metropolis. Two hundred reams of paper were printed off, the old method of inking with balls being employed; two hundred reams of the same paper, and for the same book, were then printed off in the presses which inked their own type.

"The consumption of ink by the machine was to that by the balls as four to nine, or rather less than one-half.

"In order to show that this plan of inking puts the proper quantity of ink upon the type, we must prove first that it is not too little:—this would soon have been discovered from the complaints of the public and the booksellers; and, secondly,—that it is not too much. This latter point is satisfactorily established by a reference to the frequency of change of what is called 'the set-off sheet' in the old method. A few hours after one side of a sheet of paper has been printed upon, the ink is sufficiently dry to allow it to receive the impression on the other, and as considerable pressure is made use of, the tympan on which the side first printed is laid, is guarded from soiling it by a sheet of paper called the set-off sheet. This paper receives in succession every sheet of the work to be printed, and acquires from them more or less of the ink, according to their dryness or the quantity upon them. It was usual in the former process, after about one hundred impressions, to change the set-off sheet, which in that time became too much soiled for further use. In the new method of printing by machinery no set-off sheet is used, but a blanket is employed as its substitute: this does not require changing above once in five thousand impressions, and instances have occurred of its remaining sufficiently clean for twenty thousand. Here, then, is proof that the quantity of superfluous ink put upon the paper in machine-printing is so small, that if multiplied by five thousand, and in some instances even by twenty thousand, it is only sufficient to render useless a single piece of clean cloth."

Mr. Babbage thus speaks of a new use to which lithographic printing may be applied.

"There is one application of lithographic printing which does not appear to have received sufficient attention, and perhaps farther experiments are necessary to bring it to perfection. It is the reprinting of works which have just arrived from other countries. A few years ago, one of the Paris newspapers was reprinted at Brussels as soon as it arrived, by means of lithography. Whilst the ink is yet fresh this may easily be accomplished: it is only necessary to place one copy of the newspaper on a lithographic stone; and by means of great pressure applied to it in a rolling press, a sufficient quantity of the printing-ink will be transferred to the stone. By similar means, the other side of the newspaper may be copied on another stone, and these stones will then furnish impressions in the usual way. If printing from stone could be reduced to the same price per thousand as that from movable types, this process might be adopted with great advantage for the supply of works for the use of distant countries possessing the same language. For a single copy of the work might be printed off with *transfer ink*, which is better adapted to this purpose; and thus an English work, for example, might be published in America from stone, whilst the original, printed from movable types, made its appearance on the same day in England."

The system of copying has been largely benefited by improved machinery. A copper-plate engraving, which perhaps had occupied the time of an artist for two years or longer, seldom furnished more than 500 perfect impressions; and a bank-note engraved on

copper permitted, at the utmost, 3,000 impressions without sensible deterioration. Two impressions of a bank-note from a *steel* plate were submitted to a first-rate artist,* who was requested to decide on their priority. He replied that he could not pronounce with any degree of confidence. Nevertheless one of them was among the first thousand which had been struck off, the other was between the seventy thousandth and eighty thousandth impression.

"Engraving copper plates by pressure."—This is one of the most beautiful instances of the art of copying carried to an almost unlimited extent; and the delicacy with which it can be executed, and the precision with which the finest traces of the graving tool can be transferred from steel to copper, or even from hard steel to soft steel, is most unexpected. We are indebted to Mr. Perkins for most of the contrivances which have brought this art at once almost to perfection. An engraving is first made upon soft steel, which is hardened by a peculiar process without in the least injuring its delicacy. A cylinder of soft steel, pressed with great force against the hardened steel engraving, is now made to roll slowly backward and forward over it. The soft steel cylinder receives the design, but it is in relief. This is in its turn hardened without injury; and if it be slowly rolled to and fro with strong pressure on successive plates of copper, it will imprint on a thousand of them a perfect fac-simile of the original steel engraving from which it resulted. Thus is the number of copies producible from the same design multiplied a thousand-fold.

"But even this is very far short of the limits to which this process may be extended. The hardened steel roller may be employed to make a few of its first impressions upon plates of *soft steel*, and these being hardened may in their turn become the parents of other rollers, each generating copper plates like the original. The possible extent to which fac-similes of an original engraving may thus be multiplied, almost confounds the imagination, and appears to be, for all practical purposes, unlimited. There are two principles which peculiarly fit this art for rendering the forgery of bank-notes, to prevent which Mr. Perkins proposed it, a matter of great difficulty. The first is the perfect identity of every impression with every other, so that any variation in the minutest line would at once cause detection. The other principle is, that the plates from which all the impressions are deduced may be formed by the united labors of artists, most eminent in their several departments, all working at the same time; and that, as only one original of each design is necessary, the expense, however great, will be trifling, compared with the immense multitude of copies produced from it."

"Some very singular specimens of an art of copying, not yet made public, were brought from Paris a few years since. A watch-maker in that city, of the name of Gonord, had contrived a method by which he could take from the same copper plate impressions of different sizes, either larger or smaller than the original design. Four impressions of an eagle were examined in the presence of the writer of this paper, by a late artist* equally distinguished for his skill and for the many mechanical contrivances with which he enriched his art. The largest was four times the superficial size of the smallest, and no lines were detected in one which had not corresponding lines in the others. There appeared to be a difference in the quantity of ink, but none in the traces of the engraving. The pro-

* The late Mr. Lowry.

cesses by which this singular operation was executed have not been published."

The following account of a manufacture, in which insects are the operatives, will be new to many of our readers.

"A most extraordinary species of manufacture, which is in a slight degree connected with copying, has been contrived by an officer of engineers, residing at Munich. It consists of lace, and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted. — Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant, on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighed only 1.51 grains, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made, weighs four grains and one third, whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs one hundred and thirty-seven grains, and one square yard of the finest patent net weighs two hundred and sixty-two grains and a half. The ladies' colored muslin dresses, mentioned in the table subjoined, cost ten shillings per dress, and each weighs six ounces; the cotton from which they are made weighing nearly six and two-ninth ounces avoirdupois weight.

*Weight of One Square Yard of each of the following Articles.**

Description of Goods.	Value per Yard Measure.		Weight finished of One Square Yard.	Weight of Cotton used in making One Square Yard.	
	s.	d.	Troy Grains.	Troy	Grains.
Caterpillar Veils,	4½		
Silk Gauze 3-4 wide,	1	0	137		
Finest Patent Net,	262½		
Fine Cambric Muslin,	551		
6-4ths Jaconet Muslin,	2	0	613		670
Ladies' colored Muslin Dresses,	3	0	788		875
6-4ths Cambric,	1	2	972		1069
9-8ths Calico,	0	9	988		1085
¼ yard Nankeen,	0	8	2240		2432

The part of Mr. Babbage's work in which he treats of the economical principles of manufactures exceeds in interest and importance even that through which we have just past. More correct views of "the advantages of the division of labor" are presented to

* Some of these weights and measures are calculated from a statement in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Printed Cotton Goods; and the widths of the pieces there given are presumed to be the real widths, not those by which they are called in the retail shops.

us than political economists for the most part are in the habit of affording, and they are conveyed with such admirable simplicity and precision of language as may well shame the herd of ordinary *Pandemoploutographists*. It has been usually said that the division of labor among numerous hands, saves time in learning, for it is plain that a single process is more easily acquired than a variety; it saves material, for the waste made by the learner is necessarily diminished; it saves the time lost in every new change of occupation; it increases skill in the particular process by greater frequency of repetition; and it facilitates the improvement of tools by addressing the thoughts of each workman exclusively to the one process before him. Such are the advantages which have been assigned by Adam Smith and others to the division of labor; and to these Mr. Babbage has added another, which, like all truth when once enunciated, carries with it so forcible conviction as to excite surprise that it has been so long hitherto overlooked.

"That the master-manufacturer, by dividing the work to be executed into different processes, each requiring different degrees of skill and of force, can purchase exactly that precise quantity which is necessary for each process;* whereas, if the whole work were executed by one workman, it is evident that that workman must possess sufficient skill to perform the most difficult, and sufficient strength to execute the most laborious, of the operations into which the art is divided."

This principle is illustrated by Mr. Babbage from the art of pin-making, which he selects, not because he thinks it is quite the best for his purpose, but because it has been already employed by Adam Smith, and therefore is associated with the inquiry. The statements, however, are too ample for extraction, and we must content ourselves by noticing the result which is deduced from the following tabular view of the chief processes.

Name of the Process.	Operative.	Time employed in making one pound of pins.	Cost of making one pound of pins.	Operative usually earns per day.	Price of making each part of a single pin in millionths of a penny.
		HOURS.	PENCE.	s. d.	
1. Drawing Wire,	Man,	.3636	1.2500	3 3	225
2. Cutting and pointing,	{ Man,	.3000	1.7750	5 3	319
	{ Woman,	.3000	.2840	1 0	51
	{ Girl,	.3000	.1420	0 6	26
3. Twisting the heading and cutting,	{ Boy,	.0400	.0147	0 4½	3
	{ Man,	.0400	.2103	5 4½	38
4. Rivetting the heads,	Woman,	4.0000	5.0000	1 3	901
5. Whitening,	{ Man,	.1071	.6666	6 0	121
	{ Woman,	.1071	.3333	3 0	60
6. Papering,	Woman,	2.1314	3.1973	1 6	576
		7.6892	12.8732		2320

Number of persons employed: — Men, 4; Women, 4; Children, 2. Total 10.

* "The writer of this essay derived his first knowledge of this principle from a

"From an examination of this table, it appears that the wages earned by the operatives vary from 4½d. per day up to 6s., and consequently the skill which is required for their respective employments will be measured by those sums. Now it is evident that if one person is required to make the whole pound of pins, he must have skill enough to earn about 5s. 3d. a day whilst he is pointing or cutting off the heads, and 6s. when he is whitening the pins; which three operations together would occupy little more than the seventeenth part of his time. It is also apparent, that during more than one half of his time he must be earning only 1s. 3d. per day in putting on the heads, although his skill, if properly employed, would, in the same time, produce nearly five times as much.

"It appears from the analysis we have given of the art of pin-making, that it occupies rather more than seven hours and a half of time for ten different individuals working in succession on the same material to convert it into a pound of pins, and that the expense of their labor, each being paid in the joint ratio of his skill and the time he is employed, amounts to nearly 1s. 1d. Now if we were to employ the man who whitens the pins, and who earns 6s. a day, even supposing that he could make the pound of pins in an equally short time, yet we must pay him for his time 46.14 pence, or nearly 3s. 10d. *The pins would therefore cost in making three times and three quarters as much as they now do by the application of the division of labor.*

"The higher the skill required of the workman in any one process of a manufacture, and the smaller the time during which it is employed, so much the greater will be the advantage of separating that process from the rest and devoting one person's attention entirely to it. Had we selected the art of needle-making as our illustration, the economy arising from the division of labor would have been still larger, for the process of tempering the needles requires great skill, attention, and experience, and although from three to four thousand are tempered at once, the workman is paid a very high rate of wages. In another process of the same art, dry-pointing, which is also executed with great rapidity, the wages earned by the workman reach from 7s. to 12s., 15s., and even in some instances, to 20s. a day, whilst other processes in the same art are carried on by children paid at the rate of 6d. per day."

After asserting the similar advantages which *mental* labor also may derive from a like division, and exemplifying them in the instances adopted for the construction of the French mathematical tables, Mr. Babbage proceeds to a very clear incidental explanation of an invention which at first every where excited the most unbounded astonishment and admiration; and which indeed is still received by persons unaccustomed to the speculations upon which it depends, either with skepticism, or with downright incredulity. We mean his own semi-intellectual Calculating Machine; the *Frankenstein*, as it were, of Mechanics.*

personal examination of a variety of manufactories and workshops devoted to different purposes; but he has since found that it has been distinctly stated in the work of Gioja, *Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche*, 6 tom. 4to. Milano, 1815, tom. 1. cap. iv."

[* Of the operations of this extraordinary machine, the following account is given by Dr. Brewster in his "Natural Magic," a work of which a notice appears in the preceding pages.

"Of all the machines which have been constructed in modern times, the cal-

In considering the "Size of Factories," Mr. Babbage enunciates the following principle, that "When (from the peculiar nature of "the produce of each manufacture) the number of processes into

culating-machine is doubtless the most extraordinary. Pieces of mechanism for performing particular arithmetical operations have been long ago constructed, but these bear no comparison either in ingenuity or in magnitude to the grand design conceived and nearly executed by Mr. Babbage. Great as the power of mechanism is known to be, yet we venture to say that many of the most intelligent of our readers will scarcely admit it to be possible that astronomical and navigation tables can be accurately computed by machinery; that the machine can itself correct the errors which it may commit; and that the results of its calculations, when absolutely free from error, can be printed off, without the aid of human hands, or the operation of human intelligence. All this, however, Mr. Babbage's machine can do; and as I have had the advantage of seeing it actually calculate, and of studying its construction with Mr. Babbage himself, I am able to make the above statement on personal observation. The calculating-machine, now constructing under the superintendence of the inventor, has been executed at the expense of the British Government, and is of course their property. It consists essentially of two parts, a calculating part, and a printing part, both of which are necessary to the fulfilment of Mr. Babbage's views, for the whole advantage would be lost, if the computations made by the machine were copied by human hands, and transferred to types by the common process. The greater part of the calculating-machinery is already constructed, and exhibits workmanship of such extraordinary skill and beauty, that nothing approaching to it has been witnessed. In order to execute it, particularly those parts of the apparatus which are dissimilar to any used in ordinary mechanical constructions, tools and machinery of great expense and complexity have been invented and constructed; and in many instances contrivances of singular ingenuity have been resorted to, which cannot fail to prove extensively useful in various branches of the mechanical arts.

"The drawings of this machinery, which form a large part of the work, and on which all the contrivance has been bestowed, and all the alterations made, cover upwards of 400 *square feet of surface*, and are executed with extraordinary care and precision.

"In so complex a piece of mechanism, in which interrupted motions are propagated simultaneously along a great variety of trains of mechanism, it might have been supposed that obstructions would arise, or even incompatibilities occur, from the impracticability of foreseeing all the possible combinations of the parts; but this doubt has been entirely removed, by the constant employment of a system of mechanical notation invented by Mr. Babbage, which places distinctly in view, at every instant, the progress of motion through all the parts of this or any other machine, and by writing down in tables the times required for all the movements, this method renders it easy to avoid all risk of two opposite actions arriving at the same instant at any part of the engine.

"In the printing part of the machine less progress has been made in the actual execution than in the calculating part. The cause of this is the greater difficulty of its contrivance, not for transferring the computations from the calculating part to the copper or other plate destined to receive it, but for giving to the plate itself that number and variety of movements, which the forms adopted in printed tables may call for in practice.

"The practical object of the calculating engine is to compute and print a great variety and extent of astronomical and navigation tables, which could not be done without enormous intellectual and manual labor, and which, even if executed by such labor, could not be calculated with the requisite accuracy. Mathematicians, astronomers, and navigators, do not require to be informed of the real value of such tables; but it may be proper to state, for the information of others, that *seventeen* large folio volumes of logarithmic tables alone were calculated at an enormous expense by the French Government; and that the British Government regarded these tables to be of such national value, that they pro-

“ which it is most advantageous to divide it is ascertained, as well
 “ as the number of individuals to be employed, then all other
 “ manufactures which do not employ a direct multiple of that
 “ number, will produce the article at a greater cost.” The influence of the employment of large capitals in manufactures next passes under review; and it is shown plainly that manufactured goods become cheaper to the consumer in proportion to the capital employed, because the expense of verifying the quality of the article purchased decreases in similar proportion. In some instances, verification is most costly. In flour, for example, contrary to a received principle, Government has found it cheaper to manufacture than to buy; because of the facilities of adulteration. In the calico trade, also, while calico was woven in the cottages of the operatives, a class of middle-men purchased, in the first instance, whose employment was to ascertain that each piece was perfect and of full measure. Fraud might be practised at far less general risk of exposure by the single cottager, than it can be by the great and opulent manufacturer; and the loss of the latter by general impeachment of reputation, if discovered in one act of dishonesty, must be almost infinitely disproportioned to his gain, if he escapes undetected. *Character*, therefore, in this case, supplies *verification*, and consequently saves its expense. Of the truth of this reasoning the following is an instance not a little gratifying to just and honorable national pride.

“ The powerful influence of established character in producing confidence operated in a very marked manner at the time of the exclusion of British manufacture from the continent during the last war. One of our largest establishments had been in the habit of doing extensive business with a house in the centre of Germany, but on the closing of the continental ports against our manufactures, heavy penalties were inflicted on all those who contravened the Berlin and Milan decrees. The English manufacturer continued to receive orders, with directions how to consign them, and appointments for the time and mode of payment, in letters, the handwriting of which was known to him, but which were never signed, except by the Christian name of one of the firm, and even in some instances they were without any signature at all. These orders were executed, and in no instance was there the least irregularity in the payments.”

posed to the French Board of Longitude to print an *abridgment* of them at the joint expense of the two nations, and offered to advance £5,000 for that purpose. Besides logarithmic tables, Mr. Babbage's machine will calculate tables of the powers and products of numbers, and all astronomical tables for determining the positions of the sun, moon, and planets; and the same mechanical principles have enabled him to integrate innumerable equations of finite differences, that is, when the equation of differences is given, he can, by setting an engine, produce at the end of a given time any distant term which may be required, or any succession of terms commencing at a distant point.

“ Beside the cheapness and celerity with which this machine will perform its work, the *absolute accuracy* of the printed results deserves especial notice. By peculiar contrivances, any small error produced by accidental dust, or by any slight inaccuracy in one of the wheels, is corrected as soon as it is transmitted to the next, and this is done in such a manner as effectually to prevent any accumulation of small errors from producing an erroneous figure in the result.”]

Amid all his correct reasoning and sobriety of views, we rejoice to find in Mr. Babbage manifest traces of that delightful enthusiasm in his favorite pursuit, which ever and anon is sure to display itself in those who belong to the highest class of intellects. In his aspirations after the *possible*, he soars occasionally almost as high as Bishop Wilkins.

The section on Combinations amongst Masters or Workmen is eminently useful and practical; and both parties may derive advantage from the lesson which is there read to them, that such evil alliances are seldom less injurious to themselves, than they are to the public. Sometimes, however, the public has derived benefit at the cost of the combiners. Certain useful inventions in gun-making, by which prices have been reduced, have arisen out of the occasional necessity of manufacturers in consequence of a *strike*. The *general* disadvantage may be estimated from a single fact. The proprietors of one establishment in the iron-trade find it expedient always to keep on hand a supply of coal sufficient for six months' consumption, in order to guard against the hazard of a combination among the pitmen. The dead capital invested in this particular instance is £10,000, and the interest of that sum must accordingly be added to the price of the manufacture. The workmen, in this case also, are injured no less than the public; for *their* loss is always proportioned to the increased limit of demand.

The sections on "The effect of Taxes and of Legal Restrictions upon Manufactures," and on "The Exportation of Machinery," are replete with sound and original thinking; and seem well adapted to correct the narrow, petty, and illiberal maxims which seek to convert that knowledge, which is ever more beneficial to the individual as it becomes more universal, which contributes to the happiness of separate nations in proportion as it gladdens the whole world, into a jealous, pitiful, and exclusive monopoly. In his concluding paragraphs, Mr. Babbage evinces that eloquence is as much at his command as logic; that he is no less master of rich and glowing language, than he has shown himself to be of convincing argument. It is thus that he ends his work.

"In whatever light we examine the triumphs and achievements of our species over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder. But if science has called into real existence the visions of the poet, — if the accumulating knowledge of ages has blunted the sharpest and distanced the loftiest of the shafts of the satirist, the philosopher has conferred on the moralist an obligation of surpassing weight. In unveiling to him the living miracles which teem in rich exuberance around the minutest atom, as well as throughout the largest masses of ever-active matter, he has placed before him resistless evidence of immeasurable design. Surrounded by every form of animate and inanimate existence, the sun of science has yet penetrated but through the outer fold of Nature's majestic robe; but if the philosopher were required to separate, from amongst those countless evidences of creative power, one being, the masterpiece of its skill; and from that being to select one gift, the choicest of all the attributes of life; — turning within his own breast and conscious of those

powers which have subjugated to his race the external world, and of those higher powers by which he has subjugated to himself that creative faculty which aids his faltering conceptions of a Deity, — the humble worshipper at the altar of truth would pronounce that being, — man ; that endowment, — human reason.

“ But however large the interval that separates the lowest from the highest of those sentient beings which inhabit our planet, all the results of observation, enlightened by all the reasonings of the philosopher, combine to render it probable that, in the vast extent of creation, the proudest attribute of our race is but, perchance, the lowest step in the gradation of intellectual existence. For, since every portion of our own material globe, and every animated being it supports, afford, on more scrutinizing inquiry, more perfect evidence of design, it would indeed be most unphilosophical to believe that those sister spheres, glowing with light and heat radiant from the same central source, — and that the members of those kindred systems, almost lost in the remoteness of space, and perceptible only from the countless multitude of their congregated globes, — should each be no more than a floating chaos of unformed matter ; — or, being all the work of the same Almighty Architect, that no living eye should be gladdened by their forms of beauty, that no intellectual being should expand its faculties in deciphering their laws.”

[From “ The Metropolitan, No. 17.”]

ART. X. — *Polonia; or Monthly Reports on Polish Affairs.* Published by the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. No. I. August 1832. pp. 54. Fox, Hatchard, & Ridgway.

WE have been much amused by a florid description of the courtesies of the Russian Czar to the officers of the Talavera, which conveyed Lord Durham lately to the North. The tiger there seems to emulate the lamb ; the specious hypocrite puts on the mask of sincerity, as if he would say with his Tory friends in England, “ Am I what they accuse me of being, — am I not the most “ urbane, and merciful, and just, and gentlemanly of beings ? ” We could not help being struck, however, with the admission of the good, easy, purblind correspondent of the *Morning Herald* (in which we saw the statement), that the Czar moved alone, — that no crowds of boats and yachts with gay streamers, no shoals of vessels and myriads of people voluntarily attended him in his aquatic visit, such as attend our own king. His vessel was alone ; the image of his desolations. No cheerful subjects surrounded him with gratulations ; he went and returned as if no human sympathy of the fifty millions under his iron rod attended his footsteps. “ Tyrants never sleep,” said Voltaire ; he might have added, “ because they must cease to simulate.” This little work comes just *à propos* to remove the false impression which might be caused by the correspondence above alluded to. We had heard that a Polish

lady had shot two of her children to prevent their being carried away from her to colonies in Russia or Siberia, — a thing commonly practised by Russia in the countries she subjugates (of which it is difficult to say, whether the stupid folly of the measure in respect to adaptation to the end, colonization, is not as great as its cruelty); but we were hardly prepared for all the well-authenticated statements this work unfolds, proving that Nicolas is an equal monster to his brother Constantine, only that the latter was a little more honest, — he did not dissimulate in his atrocities.

We recommend this work to all honest Englishmen of every party. The following are two or three facts which concern the Czar's conduct:

1. The Poles, who surrendered on the promise of an amnesty, have been condemned to fifteen years' slavery in Siberia!

2. Infants have been torn away from their mothers to be sent into Russia, to acquire a foreign tongue, religion, and manners, before they can have a knowledge of their parents, and ultimately to supply the lavish waste of life among the Russian military, under the notion of losing the Pole in the Russian! Two thousand children were thus torn from their mothers in Warsaw alone. Sir Robert Peel has vindicated the Czar: he ought to know that this is an old Russian practice, and, perhaps, as "ancient usages" are so much valued by the honorable Baronet, they may justify Catherine's obliging seventy-five thousand Christians of the Crimea to leave their country and people that of the Nogai Tartars, where nearly all perished; or the *pious* Alexander, whom Napoleon always characterized as the double dealer; he whom the fashion was to consider the religious, kind, moral Czar (indeed for Russia he was so), he made twenty-five thousand Poles leave their country, to inhabit that of the Tchernemoski Cossacks, whose numbers had been reduced by being forced to emigrate into the country they then inhabited. Thousands perished from the inclemency of the season, when they were compelled to move, it being the commencement of winter. Lastly, every one has heard of Sebastopol, the once increasing Russian port on the Black Sea. The cholera appeared there in 1829 and 1830. A sanitary cordon was ordered, and the town was to be victualled by the military commanders. It is well known such an order would be equivalent to starvation, for the emoluments of office are so bad in Russia, that every rank plunders out of what is confided to it. In the streets lay the dead bodies of the starved people under the noses of the commissioners who were to supply them with food! Despair seized the living; they rose at last upon the officers, and put them to death. Six persons were sentenced to be knouted in consequence; the town was now quiet. The sentence awaited confirmation from the Emperor Nicolas, who wrote with his own hand, "*The six convicts must be hanged; thirty-six others must be found out and knouted, and those who survive are to be sent to Siberia for life; finally, the town of Sebastopol is to be razed to the ground!*" The officers to

whom the order was sent remonstrated on the destruction to trade and navigation, and on the cost to the nation. The tyrant then wrote, that the town should not be razed, but all the inhabitants, "without distinction," should be carried to the Crimea, and dispersed there, to work as peasants, and that the Bulgarian refugees from Turkey should be conducted to the place, and settled there. This was done to the letter! These savage acts show why Russia is so unpopular in every country she annexes to herself, that she is obliged to keep up immense garrisons in them, and her disposable force is consequently the smaller. Thus we may foretell the breaking asunder, ere long, of an empire which, governed by the rules of civilization, might direct the world. Let Sir Robert Peel justify Nicolas now. As to his urbanity, Byron says Ali Pacha was one of the mildest looking and most courteous of mankind!

[The Second Number of this work is thus noticed in the 18th Number of "The Metropolitan."]

This is the Second Number of a little work, to which we have already referred. It contains a very interesting memoir of Claudia Potocka, with an introductory sketch on female education in Poland, — the destinies of Slavonic nations, — Polish translation by Niemcewicz of *de la Mannais'* hymn to Poland, — home intelligence relative to that interesting and unfortunate country, — foreign intelligence, &c. &c. Every friend to Poland and humanity will read this interesting publication.

NOTICES OF EMINENT INDIVIDUALS LATELY DECEASED.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT DIED AT ABBOTSFORD ON THE 21ST OF SEPTEMBER, AGED 62. — There is perhaps little to be added to the feelings which these few simple words suggest. In the death of one to whom we have been indebted for so much enjoyment, whose name is so associated with our domestic and fire-side pleasures, and whose works have soothed us in sickness, weariness, and sorrow, we can hardly help feeling as if a long-known personal friend were taken away. It is something to have been the contemporary of such an individual, the intense and diffusive brilliancy of whose genius always shone with so benign and genial a light; who, with nothing of the poetical hyperbole with which the words were first applied,

"ran

"Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

We have lived during the same period with one of those highly-gifted men, whom the world has yet produced only at intervals of centuries.

Nor is there any thing to mar our pleasure in the contemplation of his character. To have spent a few hours in his company is a privilege to be remembered through life, — not merely or principally from the gratification of our natural curiosity to see the countenance and hear the voice of an eminent man, — but because the urbanity, the kindness, the simplicity, and the dignity of his manners, left behind a most agreeable remembrance of him; and heightened the pleasure of his writings, by connecting with them the image of their author. Separated from others by his undisputed and universal fame, and raised above them by his transcendent powers, he had lost nothing of the general sympathy of the most benevolent and forbearing. Notwithstanding the constant demands upon his time and attention, — for who did not desire to see him? — he received a stranger, almost as if that stranger were conferring an obligation.

We are unable fully to estimate the value of the favors, which, as an author, he has rendered to his fellow men. We may think of the amount of pleasure that has beamed forth from his single mind over the civilized world, and of the weary hours that his genius has cheered or alleviated. We may remember that his writings are read with delight, wherever readers are to be found. But this is not all. Johnson seldom uttered a more weighty sentence of moral wisdom than when he taught, that, “whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.” No writer has possessed greater power to do this than Scott. He has not interested his readers by addressing their morbid feelings, their disordered passions, or their meaner propensities, but by appealing to their best sympathies, their more generous affections. He has enlarged the sphere of our thoughts and sentiments by his presentations of human nature under aspects so various, by exhibiting in his magic-glass vivid images and scenes of past ages, of which history generally shows us but faint outlines and indistinct forms; and by opening for us a new world, peopled with beings with whom we are almost as familiar as with our daily acquaintance, — almost as familiar as with the creations of Shakspeare. Such a writer forms an era in the progress of human improvement.

A large portion of the most effective precepts and exhortations that have been addressed to men, whether tending to good or evil, have been conveyed to them in some form of fiction. The mind of an ancient Greek was fashioned in great part upon the poems of Homer. History has been said to be philosophy teaching by example. But history, as it has commonly been written, teaches little that comes home to the business and feelings of a private individual. It arrays public characters in their costume of state, and exhibits them as they appeared to public gaze. It tells of battles and negotiations. It falters, it errs, it exaggerates, it accommodates itself to the vulgar estimate of things, it

overloads with panegyric or censure; and, at best, leaves the truth but half told, because but half known. But in the highest class of works of fiction, in those of Scott, and, with a more evident moral purpose, in those of Miss Edgeworth, philosophy does teach by example. Were we to reduce into the forms of direct instruction all that may be learnt from the novels of "The Author of Waverley," we should find that we had collected a body of truths, respecting human nature and human duty, such as none but a philosopher of a very high order could have furnished. And were we then to add all the vivid conceptions, all the glowing expressions which give distinctness to our feelings, all the embodyings of external and of moral beauty, which his poetry and his prose afford, we should feel that we had received from him much of the treasure of our minds.

The splendor of his prose works has in some measure, withdrawn our attention from the earlier glory of his poems. But he created a new style of poetry, a style in the highest degree picturesque, unsurpassed in its presentation of images, distinct and true, in rapid succession. None ever described with more power. We are upon the spot, eye-witnesses of all. Here is one instance, among a thousand which his works afford, of how much may be told in a few lines.

"The death shot parts — his charger springs —
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumed helmet rings,
Rings on the ground, to rise no more."

What a contrast to these lines is presented by the following beautiful picture of equal distinctness:

"The moon, half hid, in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Glittering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head."

His country is indebted to him for throwing a charm of romantic and poetical associations over her scenes and localities, her mountains, lakes, and streams, which makes her all but the rival of Greece. Her ruins breathe forth his poetry. In the very streets and wynds of Edinburgh, a stranger, at least, feels that the genius of Scott is with him.

I have referred to the moral instruction which his writings afford. It is a subject that cannot be treated of in such a notice as this: but I may allude to one lesson which they teach, intimately connected with the character of the author, and in accordance with all that Christianity and philosophy inculcate. They teach universal tolerance. Human nature is delineated as kindly as it is justly. The mixture of good in imperfect characters, the qualities which redeem the bad from utter depravity, all the points to which our sympathy can attach itself, are brought before us. The artifi-

cial tastes, distinctions, and prejudices, which separate us from our fellow men, are done away. The genius and, what is better, the goodness of the writer, interest us more for a beggar, than a French tragedian of the old school could for a princess.

To this tolerant view of human nature, in itself so amiable, we are principally, I think, to ascribe a few judgments concerning real personages, which one is sometimes tempted to wish had been expressed with sterner morality. But if there were any failing in this respect, it leaned to virtue's side. Some prejudices too in favor of rank and birth we must impute to the institutions of his country, and to the temperament of a poet. If bodily strength and skill, and feats of war, hold too high an estimation in his works, he errs but where most writers of romantic fiction, from the time of Homer, have erred before. His political loyalty may be thought to have been excessive. But there are, it must be remembered, prejudices equally mischievous of an opposite kind. Loyalty was once almost a name for virtue; and so far as we intend by it, strong attachment and deference to worth or rightful authority, gratitude for kindness, readiness to acknowledge and respect true superiority, and willingness to follow in a good cause, when we are unable to lead, these are qualities equally necessary to the virtue of an individual and the well-being of society.

He has left to all future times the legacy of his works, and his high example of moral worth in all the relations of society. The world has now only to place him among her most honored names. There is something solemn and cheering in the universal feeling which his death has excited, in thus entering into communion with our fellow-men in distant nations, in hearing, as it were, the voice of praise and sympathy sounding from Europe, and returned across the Atlantic.— A. N.]

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1832."]

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

May 30th, 1832. Died, at his house in Langham-place, London, aged 69, the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, Knt., a Privy Councillor, one of the Commissioners for the Affairs of India, M. P. for Knaresborough, and D. C. L.

Sir James Mackintosh was born at Alldowrie, in the county of Inverness, Oct. 24, 1765. His father, Captain John Mackintosh, of Kellachie, was the intimate companion of Major Mercer, the poet, who thus spoke of him, in a letter to Lord Glenbervie;—"We lived together for two years in the same tent, without an unkind word or look. John Mackintosh was one of the liveliest,

"most good-humored, gallant lads I ever knew." Capt. Mackintosh, being stationed at Gibraltar, left his children, consisting of two sons and a daughter, in the care of their grandfather. Sir James was educated at Fortrose, under Mr. Stalker, and at King's College, Aberdeen, under Mr. Leslie. He also received instructions under James Dunbar, LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, Professor of Humanity. The late Rev. Robert Hall was his intimate companion. Having formed an intention of applying to medicine as a profession, he repaired to Edinburgh, and there attended the lectures of Dr. Cullen and Professor Black. He became a member of the Royal Medical Society, of which he was one of the annual presidents, together with John Haslam, M. D. It is said, however, that Mr. Mackintosh received greater pleasure from the Speculative Society, originally instituted in 1764, for the purpose of improvement in public speaking. He there distinguished himself, with Wild, Laing, and Gillies, names afterwards known in the southern portion of the island. Among his intimate friends at Edinburgh were Adam Smith and the Earl of Buchan.

In 1787, he took the degree of M. D., on which occasion he composed a Latin thesis, "*De Actione Musculari*." He then travelled southward, in company with the eldest son of Sir James Grant, of Grant, who about that period became knight of the shire for the county of Moray, and might have rendered essential service to the young physician, had he not shortly after fallen into a state of ill health, which obliged him to retire from active life.

In the mean time the attention of Mr. Mackintosh was rather diverted from his professional studies to the science of politics; and in 1789 he published a pamphlet on the regency question, in which he advocated the arguments of the Whigs. Among the numerous essays on the same subject, however, this pamphlet did not attract attention; and the author shortly after repaired to Leyden, and afterwards visited Liege, in which city he was an eye-witness of the memorable conflict between the Prince Bishop and his subjects, a forerunner of the French revolution. On his return he relinquished the use of his medical degree, and entered himself of Lincoln's Inn. In 1789 he married Miss Stuart, of Gerrard-street, sister to Mr. Charles Stuart, the author of several dramatic pieces. She died in 1797, leaving three daughters, who will be noticed hereafter.

It was not until 1791 that the name of Mr. Mackintosh became known to the world. He then suddenly acquired considerable celebrity as the antagonist of Mr. Burke, in "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, or "a Defence of the French Revolution and its English Admirers," against the Accusations of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; including some Strictures on the late Production of Monsieur de "Calonne," an octavo volume of 379 pages. This dissertation he sold, when only partially composed, for a trifling sum; but the publisher liberally presented the author with triple the original price. At the end of four months the two first editions were dispersed, and a third appeared at the end of August, 1791. The

talent displayed in this work procured him the acquaintance of Sheridan, Grey, Whitbread, Fox, and the Duke of Bedford. He was previously intimate with Mr. Brand Hollis, Godwin, and some other even more notorious republicans. The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" called forth the following eulogium from Dr. Parr in his "Sequel": "In Mackintosh I see the sternness of a republican without his acrimony, and the ardor of a reformer without his impetuosity. His taste in morals, like that of Mr. Burke, is equally pure and delicate with his taste in literature. His mind is so comprehensive, that generalities cease to be barren; and so vigorous, that detail itself becomes interesting. He introduces every question with perspicuity, states it with precision, and pursues it with easy, unaffected method. Sometimes, perhaps, he may amuse his readers with excursions into paradox; but he never bewilders them by flights into romance. His philosophy is far more just, and far more amiable, than the philosophy of Paine, and his eloquence is only not equal to the eloquence of Burke. He is argumentative without sophistry, fervid without fury, profound without obscurity, and sublime without extravagance."

The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," however, had not been very long published, before Mr. Mackintosh was accidentally led to a correspondence with Mr. Burke, on account of a third party. This led to an interview, and to a visit to Beaconsfield; and on his return to town he frankly owned to his private friends, that he was a convert to the arguments of his quondam antagonist.

In the mean time, Mr. Mackintosh had been called to the bar, but did not for some years attain any considerable practice. As the means of enlarging his income, he was induced to resort to a course of subscription lectures, which were delivered in the hall of Lincoln's Inn. It is said that the benchers at first refused him the use of their hall, on account of his Jacobinical character, and that it was not granted until at the repeated request of Mr. Pitt and Lord Loughborough. The lectures were most respectably attended, and their substance was published under the title of "*A Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and of Nations*," and "*Discourses on the Laws of England*." Their author was called to the bar in 1795.

About this time Mr. Mackintosh lost his first wife, a woman endeared to him not only as the mother of his children and the partner of his heart,—but as the faithful friend to whom he could freely unburthen himself, and who urged him on to resist his somewhat constitutional indolence. In 1798 he married, secondly, a daughter of J. B. Allen, Esq., of Cressella in Pembrokeshire.

After the general election in 1802, Mr. Mackintosh was retained as counsel in several controverted cases, and acquitted himself ably before Committees of the House of Commons. In 1803, he greatly increased his celebrity by his speech delivered in defence of the French journalist Peltier, who was tried at the suit of the Attorney General for libels on the First Consul of France. In the catalogue

of Dr. Parr's library, occurs "Drewe's admired Sermon on the "Duty of defending our Country, preached in the cathedral of "Exeter, Aug. 19, 1803, but written," says Dr. Parr, "in all probability, by Sir James Mackintosh." Some letters of Mackintosh to Parr on the latter's epitaphs for Burke and Mrs. Mackintosh, are printed in Parr's *Life and Works*, vol. viii. pp. 572-576.

We are not informed how long Mr. Mackintosh held the appointment of Professor of General Polity and the Laws in the East India College at Hertford; but it was from that situation that he was removed to the office of Recorder of Bombay, on which occasion he received the honor of knighthood, Dec. 21, 1803.

In India the oratorical talents of Sir James Mackintosh were highly appreciated, and it was whilst he was there resident that he first commenced the composition of his "History of England," which was long talked of, but at last (as far as is hitherto published) is dwindled down to three pocket volumes. His departure from India in Nov. 1811, was hastened by a severe illness; he retired from the Recordship with a pension of £1200 from the East India Company.

After his return, he obtained, in July, 1813, a seat in the House of Commons, as member for the county of Nairn. In 1818 he was elected for Knaresborough, through the influence of the Duke of Devonshire; and was re-chosen at the subsequent elections of 1820, 1826, 1830, and 1831. He was appointed one of the Commissioners for the affairs of India, Dec. 1, 1830. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1822, and again in 1823. Sir James Mackintosh had great disadvantages to contend against as a speaker. Amongst the most prominent was a harsh voice, a strong provincial accent, and an uncouth delivery. But the warmth of his feelings, the power of his language, and the frequent depth of his reflections, enabled him to triumph over every defect; and though it was late in life when he entered the House of Commons, he acquired a reputation within its walls, such as many have not been able to attain under circumstances much more favorable. It has been objected to Sir James Mackintosh that he was too fond of dealing in panegyric; but he had the art of praising with great delicacy and elegance, and he never employed that power to promote his own interests, or to serve any unworthy object. It may be said that from the outset of his career to the close, he excited expectations which, partly through bodily debility, and principally from an excessive sensibility of taste, he never realized. As a writer he was slow, laborious, and fastidious; that he was a clear and vigorous thinker, his works, which are few, abundantly testify; his style of composition was remarkable for a constant effort after purity. It is said that he has left a mass of historical materials which will speedily be arranged and given to the public, particularly respecting the period of the Revolution. He was the author of several articles in "The Monthly Review," particularly those on Burke's "Regicide Peace," and Gibbon's *Historical Works*; was

afterwards an extensive contributor to "The Edinburgh Review"; and wrote a dissertation on the History of Ethical Science, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Sir James Mackintosh had been unwell for some time. The attack of which he died may be said to have originated in an accident. About the beginning of March, while at dinner, a portion of the breast of a boiled chicken remained in his throat, and gave rise to several distressing symptoms. At the end of two days the obstruction was removed by an emetic, and it was found to consist of the flesh of the chicken, with a portion of thin bone projecting at one side in a sharp point. The effects of the accident completely unsettled his general health. He anticipated the near approach of his dissolution with the most perfect resignation, retaining nearly to the last the command of the powerful mental faculties which distinguished him through an arduous life. His funeral took place on the 4th of June, at Hampstead. Among the carriages in the procession were noticed those of the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Carlisle, Lords Holland and Dover, Right Hon. C. Grant, Sir Robert Inglis, Bart. M. P., &c.

By his first marriage Sir James Mackintosh had three daughters; of whom the eldest was married to Claudius John Rich, Esq., Resident at Bagdad, who died Oct. 5, 1831: the second daughter, Catherine, was married in 1812, at Bagdad, to Sir William Wiseman, Bart.; she died in 1822, leaving four children; the third daughter was married to Mr. Erskine, of Bombay. By his second lady Sir James had two daughters and one son. A portrait of Sir James Mackintosh, by Edridge, was published in Cadell's "Contemporary Portraits" in 1814; another by Derby, in "The European Magazine" for June, 1824. A lithographic portrait has been lately published by Mr. Isaac W. Slater, from a drawing completed in June last year.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1832."]

JEREMY BENTHAM.

June 6, 1832. Died, at his house, in Queen-square-place, Westminster, aged 85, Jeremy Bentham, Esq., M. A., the celebrated jurist.

He was the eldest son of Mr. Jeremiah Bentham, attorney, and was born at his father's house, in Red-lion-street, Houndsditch, Feb. 15, (old style) 1747-8. His grandfather, who had followed the same profession, and had occupied the same two houses in the City and at Barking, was clerk to the Company of Scriveners.

The name of Jeremy was derived from an ancestor, Sir Jeremy Snow, a banker in the reign of Charles the Second. The late General Sir Samuel Bentham, of the Russian service, who died April 30, 1831, was his brother. His father married, secondly, Sarah, widow of the Rev. John Abbot, D.D., Rector of All Saints, Colchester, and mother of the late Lord Colchester. She died Sept. 27, 1809, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Bentham was remarkably forward in his youth. Soon after he was three years of age he read Rapin's "History of England" as an amusement; and at seven he read "Télémaque" in French. At eight he played the violin, an instrument on which, at a subsequent period of his life, he became remarkably proficient. He was very distinguished at Westminster school, and at the age of thirteen he was removed to Queen's college, Oxford, where he attained the degree of M.A. in 1767, and voted at the election of 1768, before he was of age. At Oxford he attended the lectures of Sir William Blackstone, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn, of which society he became a bencher in 1817.

About 1765 his father purchased the house in Queen-square-place, where he and his son both passed the remainder of their lives. It had previously been the residence of the notorious courtesan, Theresa Constantia Phillips, author of *Memoirs in three vols.* 1761.

In one of his pamphlets ("Indications respecting Lord Eldon") Mr. Bentham has thus related some circumstances of his short period of practice at the bar: "By the command of a father I entered into the profession, and in the year 1772, or thereabouts, was called to the bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a Master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or so distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days, but it is not customary to attend before the third!' What I learnt afterwards was, that, though no attendance more than one was ever bestowed, three were on every occasion regularly charged for; for each of the two falsely pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee for 6s. 8d. paid by him to the Master; the consequence was, that for every attendance the Master, instead of 6s. 8d. received £1.; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that subordinate judge and his superiors. . . . These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to abandon the profession; and, as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so. I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

In 1785 Mr. Bentham visited Paris for the third time, and after-

wards, by way of Italy, Greece, and Turkey, went to Crechoff in Russia, which was the station of the battalion his brother then commanded, but who was then unfortunately absent at Cherson in consequence of an apprehended attack from the Capitan Pacha. During his stay at Crechoff, Mr. Bentham wrote his Letters on the Usury Laws. After three years' absence, he returned home, through Poland, Germany, and the United Provinces, in February, 1788.

The death of his father in 1792 left him with a moderate fortune, and the free choice of his course of life, when he wholly abandoned all prospect of professional emoluments and honors, and devoted himself entirely to the composition of his laborious works. These voluminous writings have been published in the following order :

A Fragment on Government, being an examination of what is delivered on the subject in Blackstone's Commentaries. 1776. 8vo.

A View of the Hard Labor Bill; being an abstract of a Pamphlet entitled, "Draught of a Bill to punish by Imprisonment and "Hard Labor certain offenders; and to establish proper places for "their reception." Interspersed with observations relative to the subject of the above draught in particular, and to Penal Jurisprudence in general. 1778.

Defence of Usury; showing the impolicy of the present legal restraints on the terms of pecuniary bargains. In a series of letters to a friend. To which is added, a letter to Adam Smith, Esq., LL. D., on the discouragement opposed by the above restraints to the progress of inventive industry. 1787.

Letter to a Member of the National Convention. 1787.

An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation. 4to. Printed in 1780, published in 1789.

Draught of a new Plan for the Organization of the Judicial Establishments in France. 1790.

Panopticon, or the Inspection-house; containing* the idea of a new principle of construction, applicable to any sort of establishment in which persons of any description are to be kept under inspection; with a plan of management adapted to the principle. 1791. 2 vols. 8vo.

Essay on Political Tactics; containing six of the principal rules proper to be observed by a political assembly, in the process of forming a decision; with the reasons on which they are grounded, and a comparative application of them to British and French practice, being a fragment of a larger work, a sketch of which is subjoined. 1791. 4to.

Truth *versus* Ashurst; or, Law as it is, contrasted with what it is said to be. Written in December, 1792, printed 1823.

Supply without Burden; or, Escheat *vice* Taxation, 1795; to which was prefixed a Protest against Law Taxes, which had been printed in 1763.

Traité de Législation civile et pénale, publiés en Français d'après les MSS. par Étienne Dumont, 3 vols. 8vo. 1802.

First and Second Letters to Lord Pelham, giving a comparative view of the system of penal colonization in New South Wales and the Home Penitentiary system, prescribed by two Acts of Parliament of the years 1794 and 1799.

A Plea for the Constitution, also directed against the New South Wales Colony, of which he recommended the abandonment! 1803.

Scotch Reform considered; with reference to the plan proposed for the Courts and the Administration of Justice in Scotland, with illustrations from English Non-Reform; in letters to Lord Grenville. 1808.

Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses, redigée en Français par Étienne Dumont, 2 vols. 1812.

On the Law of Evidence, 1813.

"Swear not at all;" containing an exposure of the needlessness and mischievousness, as well as anti-Christianity of the ceremony of an oath, with proof of the abuses of it, especially in the University of Oxford. Printed 1813; published 1817.

Table of Springs of Action; printed 1815; published 1817.

Chrestomathia. Part I. explanatory of a proposed school for the extension of the new system of instruction to the higher branches of learning, for the use of the middling and higher ranks of life, 1816. Part II. being an Essay on Nomenclature and Classification; including a critical examination of the encyclopedical table of Lord Bacon, as improved by D'Alembert, 1817.

Plan of Parliamentary Reform, with reasons for each article; and an introduction, showing the necessity of radical, and the inadequacy of moderate Reform. 1817.

Papers relative to Codification and Public Instruction; including correspondence with the Russian Emperor, and divers constituted authorities in the American United States. 1817.

The Rationale of Reward, 1825. Translated by a Friend from M. Dumont's "*Traité des Récompenses*," as above, with the benefit of some parts of the original, which were in English.

Church-of-Englandism and its Catechism examined; preceded by strictures on the exclusionary system, as pursued in the National Society's Schools; interspersed with parallel views of the English and Scottish established churches; and concluding with remedies proposed for abuses indicated; and an examination of the Parliamentary system of church reform lately pursued, and still pursuing, including the proposed new churches. Printed 1817; published 1818.

Bentham's Radical Reform Bill, with reasons in notes, 1819.

Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System, especially with a reference to the Decree of the Spanish Cortes of July, 1820. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. By John Bowring.

Letters to Count Toreno, on the proposed Penal Code delivered in by the Legislation Committee of the Spanish Cortes, April 25, 1821; written at the Count's request, 1822.

Codification Proposal, addressed to all nations professing liberal opinions, 1822. Supplement, 1827.

The Book of Fallacies; from unfinished papers of Jeremy Bentham. By a Friend. 1824.

Rationale of Judicial Evidence, specially applied to English practice, 1827. Five thick 8vo. vols.

These are only a portion of Mr. Bentham's writings. Some, which have been esteemed the most valuable, particularly an "Essay on Judicial Establishments," have never in reality been published. Repeated proposals have been made to publish a complete edition of his works. A few weeks before his death, Prince Talleyrand, who at all times has professed his high admiration of the author, made proposals to have a complete edition of all his works in French published in Paris. Amongst the unpublished works is one on the use of language, with a view to the giving certainty to the expression of the will of the legislature. He had also lately projected a new work on language, and one on mathematics. Some, if not all of these productions, will, it is expected, be edited by a gentleman competent to the task,* and will, at some future period, be made public in a complete and uniform shape. Mr. Bentham's correspondence with many of the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, is entrusted to his chief executor, Dr. Bowring. In the second volume of Mr. Barker's "Parriana," pp. 1-40, is printed a letter of Mr. Bentham to Mr. Bowring, respecting John Lind, the celebrated writer, the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Forster, of Colchester, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr. Five lively letters of Mr. Bentham to Dr. Parr, are printed in Parr's Life and Works, vol. i. pp. 548-550; vol. viii. pp. 4-12.

As a writer Bentham was very obscure; but he had able friends, who made some of his numerous works intelligible, and who helped him to that fame which even his own obscurities could not strangle. Like Swift, he occasionally arrived at bold and startling principles through a process of banter and wit; for, absorbed as he was in the most serious pursuits, he possessed a rare vein of humor.

In 1802 Mr. Bentham again visited Paris, in company with his friend Sir Samuel Romilly; and again in 1825, when marked respect was paid to him, particularly in the courts of law.

Major Parry, in his "Last Days of Lord Byron," has given a ludicrous and somewhat disrespectful account of the visit he paid to Mr. Bentham, for the purpose of taking him to see the stores and materials preparing for the Greeks. Having been invited to "breakfast," without the hour being mentioned, the Major attended at what he considered the philosophic hour of eight, but was told that Mr. Bentham did not breakfast until three! However, having taken that meal with the great jurist's two amanuenses, Major Parry was summoned to his presence about ten o'clock. "His ap-

[* Mr. Bowring.]

“pearance struck me forcibly. His white thin locks cut straight in the fashion of the Quakers, and hanging or rather floating on his shoulders; his garments something of their color and cut, and his frame rather square and muscular, with no exuberance of flesh, made up a singular-looking, and not an inelegant old man. He welcomed me with a few hurried words, but without any ceremony, and then conducted me into several rooms to show me *his* ammunition and materials of war. One very large room was nearly filled with books; and another with unbound works, which, I understood, were the philosopher's own composition. The former, he said, furnished him his supplies.”

The remainder of the story, although very amusing, is too long to extract. It turns principally on Mr. Bentham's custom of running in the streets, which made the Major fearful lest every body should take him for a mad doctor, the attendant amanuensis for his assistant, and Mr. Bentham for his patient, just broke adrift from his keepers. “He exulted,” it is said, “in his activity, and inquired particularly, if I had ever seen a man at his time of life so active. I could not answer, No! while I was almost breathless with the exertion of following him through the crowded streets.”

“His appearance,” it has been lately remarked, “both in the amplitude of his look, the flow of his reverend hair, and the habitual benevolence of his smile, had a striking likeness to Franklin, and on a hasty glance the busts might be confounded. He had all the practical wisdom of one of the sages of good sense; took exercise as long as he could, both abroad and at home; indulged in reasonable appetite; and, notwithstanding the mechanical-mindedness with which his utilitarianism has been charged, and the suspicious jokes he could crack against fancy and the poets, could quote his passages out of Virgil, ‘like a proper Eton boy.’ He also played upon the organ, which looked the more poetical in him, because he possessed, on the border of his garden, a house in which Milton had lived, and had set up a bust against it in honor of the great bard, himself an organ-player. Emperors as well as other princes have sought to do him honor; but he was too wise to encourage their advances beyond what was good for mankind. The Emperor Alexander, who was afraid of his legislation, sent him a diamond ring, which the Philosopher to his immortal honor returned, saying (or something to that effect) that his object was not to receive rings from princes, but to do good to the world.”

During the late unhealthy season, Mr. Bentham had been subject to repeated attacks of *bronchitis*; but he had recovered from the first severe attacks with so much vigor, that it was considered by many that he would return to his former state of health; and he again received the visits of distinguished foreigners, and of those with whom he was in the habit of friendly intercourse. Several days before his death he had taken up the portion of his manu-

script for the third volume of his unpublished Constitutional Code. Another attack of his disorder, however, arrested his labors for ever. His death was singularly tranquil.

It was a part of his will that his body should be devoted to the purpose of improving the science of anatomy, and his body was in consequence laid on the table of the anatomical school in Webb-street, Borough. His friends,—those who knew him best, and had enjoyed most happy hours with him,—might not have been displeased, though affected by the sight. He looked calm and serene, presenting an appearance that might reconcile those who have the most horror of a dead body, to the aspect of death. In compliance with Mr. Bentham's wish, Dr. Southwood Smith delivered a lecture over the body.

A portrait of Mr. Bentham is prefixed to the second edition of his "Introduction to Morals and Legislation," 8vo. 1823; and in the same year one by another artist was published in "The European Magazine."

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1832."]

BARON CUVIER.

May 13, 1832. Died, at his residence in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, the Baron Cuvier, a Peer of France, and Privy Counsellor, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and Member of the French Academy.

George Leopold Cuvier, son of an officer in the Swiss regiment of Waldner, was born at Montbeliard, in August 1769; the same year which produced Napoleon, Canning, Walter Scott, Chateaubriand, and Schiller. This town, although now appertaining to France, was then capital of a county annexed to the Duchy of Wurtemberg. To this circumstance Cuvier owed the felicity of being half French, half German, an immense advantage to a man of letters and science, since it at once gave him the key of two contrasted realms of study and of thought, of which not only the united stores, but the continual comparison are of unspeakable benefit. He was educated at the college of Montbeliard, and in the Lutheran religion, which was that of his parents. They destined him to the army; but the youth himself decided for a more studious profession, and directed his views towards the church. He was chiefly incited to this, by knowing that, as a candidate for orders, he should be sent gratuitously the University of Tübingen, that is, if his proficiency entitled him to the first place at examinations. For this he labored with all his might, and, it is said, deserved it. But the caprice of examiners deprived him of the advantage, and

Cuvier was disappointed. Many of his fellow-townsmen, however, aware of the boy's exertion and talent, and suspecting unfairness, applied to Prince Frederick of Wurtemberg, who then governed the county; and he, hearkening to their recommendation, appointed Cuvier to the military school at Stuttgart, an establishment famed for scientific education.

Botany is the favorite pastime of all German students, and Cuvier, amidst his mathematical lessons, found time to give himself with ardor to it. He remained four years at Stuttgart, the period allowed, and then returned to his parents. Home, however, he soon quitted on the invitation of a school-fellow, who offered to cede to Cuvier a tuition that he could no longer keep. The subject of our sketch accordingly removed to Normandy, and assumed the office of instructor to the children of the Comte D'Héricy. Here he found ample leisure for the study of nature; but the neighbourhood of the sea, more favorable to animal than to vegetable life, turned his attention from botany to zoölogy. In this new branch of pursuit Cuvier made such discoveries as at once introduced him to the consideration and friendship of the naturalists of Paris; and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire offered to undertake a work in conjunction with him. This connexion soon called Cuvier to Paris, where he established his reputation by an introductory Essay on Zoölogy. He was soon after appointed, in consequence, to the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy; and his lectures in this capacity, rising far above the common standard of excellence and instruction, and as remarkable for eloquence as depth, at once placed him upon the summit of scientific eminence.

Here the discerning eye of Napoleon perceived his talents, and, envying Cuvier to science, he raised the Professor into the Minister. Under successive grades and titles, during the imperial reign, he performed the principal functions of Minister of Public Instruction, and in that office became as famed for his reports as in the philosophic chair for his lectures. Despite his political avocation, Cuvier found time for his scientific discoveries and classification. The restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, made little change in his position. He was too useful to be set aside. His enemies accuse him of a laxity of principle in continuing in place; but he was an administrator, not a politician,—his aim to be useful, and to be employed. Even when Louis Philippe came to the throne, the circumstance that overthrew all other men in place, made no difference with Cuvier. He was then made a peer, his previous title of Baron being merely nominal.

The great characteristics of Baron Cuvier's genius were originality and solidity; his compositions were models of elegance of style, but matter was never sacrificed to manner; and brilliancy, although almost universally existing, was always considered by him as secondary to profundity. He may be said to have created the science of Natural History, having by his extraordinary and almost intuitive perception of the organic analogies, as traced in the fossil

remains which had before been considered as mere ornaments of a cabinet of curiosities, thrown a light on the universal system of creation, of which those formed in the school of the elegant but superficial Buffon, could not have even the remotest idea.

The Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, formed wholly by him in the Jardin des Plantes, is an imperishable monument of his genius, and is at once the illustration and result of his splendid works on fossil remains and comparative anatomy. Almost up to the day of his death he was employed on his great work on Fishes, of which eight volumes (forming about half) have already appeared; and only the Monday preceding his death, he had detailed to M. Arago the improvements he contemplated making in his various works, to which he intended to devote the whole of the present year.

In private life M. Cuvier was mild, benevolent, and perfectly unassuming. The young student ever found the readiest access to his splendid collections. Every Saturday evening he assembled around him the most eminent men (particularly foreigners) in every branch of literature and science; and those who have been allowed to share the intellectual banquets there spread before them, can never lose the recollection of the urbanity of the distinguished host. Baron Cuvier has left no children, his only daughter having died a few years ago, since which his family circle has consisted only of his wife and her daughter, a young lady whose highly cultivated talents and amiable mental qualities shed an additional charm over the meetings to which we have above alluded.

The last illness of M. Cuvier was only of four days' duration. On the Tuesday preceding, he delivered his usual lecture at the College of France, and on Wednesday occupied the Chair of the Committee of the Council of State; in the afternoon of the latter day a pain which he had for some time felt in the right shoulder increased, and developed itself in a complete paralysis of the œsophagus, which resisted all the efforts of art, and pursued its fatal course, until the power of respiration was wholly destroyed, and he expired on the Sunday afternoon. He retained his faculties to the last, and was fully aware of his approaching end; in reply to an encouraging remark of one of his physicians on Sunday morning, he said, "I am too good an anatomist not to be aware of my situation; the spinal marrow is attacked, and I cannot live twenty-four hours." On dissection, however, no alteration of the spinal marrow could be discovered, — a fact so irreconcilable with the character of the disease, that the anatomists were led to believe that the appearance must have disappeared after death. The most remarkable peculiarity was the prodigious developement of the cerebral mass, and the immense number of circumvolutions it presented, which was so extraordinary as to induce them immediately to take a plaster cast of the brain. This is the more observable, as Dr. Gall, in his Cranio-logical System, considers the developement of the intellectual faculties as in direct relation to the number of those circumvolutions. M. Bérard, Professor at the Ecole de Médecine, has compared the

brain of Baron Cuvier with several of the most voluminous brains he could find, and ascertained that its weight was 3 lbs. 13½ oz., while none of the others exceeded 2 lbs. 12½ oz.

Although M. Cuvier was in possession of several lucrative appointments, he has left no fortune, save his collections and library, as what he gained by science he restored to science, employing nearly his whole income in the purchase, at any price, of all rarities which could illustrate or be useful in his scientific pursuits. The King has conferred the largest pension at his disposal (6,000 francs) on Madame Cuvier; she is to retain her last husband's apartments in the Jardin des Plantes; and a commission has been appointed to estimate, for the purpose of purchasing, his valuable library and collections of natural history.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine, Supplement, August, 1832."]

ABEL REMUSAT.

Died lately, at Paris, M. Abel Remusat, Keeper of the Royal Library, and Chinese Professor.

As a general scholar, M. Remusat occupied a very distinguished place, but was particularly skilled in oriental literature. The Asiatic Society of Paris, of which institution he was long Secretary, and some time President, owes its existence chiefly to his exertions; and at the death, in 1825, of that distinguished orientalist, M. Langlès, he was appointed his successor in the Royal Library, with, subsequently, the title of Chinese Professor, an appointment expressly created in his favor.

His most elaborate translation was "Lu-kiao-li; ou, les Deux "Cousines." He also published "Mélanges Asiatiques; ou, Recueil de Morceaux de Critique et de Mémoires relatifs aux Religions, aux Sciences, aux Coutumes, à l'Histoire, et à la Géographie des Nations Orientales;" besides several minor works, and numerous essays and criticisms in the "Journal des Savans." At the period of his decease he had just completed, for the Oriental Translation Fund, lately established in London, a translation from the Chinese of the travels of two Buddhist priests; which will be superintended through the press by his friend, M. Klaproth.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 142."]

SIR EVERARD HOME.

Sir Everard Home died at his apartments in Chelsea College. He was one of the most eminent medical men of his day. He was of ancient Scottish lineage, and at an early age embraced the pro-

fession of physic, which he practised with the greatest success in the metropolis for more than forty years. The publications of the Baronet were voluminous, and of high repute. Among his valuable works were "Lectures on Comparative Anatomy," in which are explained the preparations in the Hunterian Collection, illustrated by 171 engravings; "Hunterian Oration," in honor of Surgery, and in memory of those practitioners by whose labors it has been advanced, delivered in the theatre of the College, February 14, 1814; "Practical Observations on the Treatment of Stricture" in the Urethra and in the Œsophagus," 3 vols. 8vo. Besides these, Sir Everard contributed largely to the "Philosophical Transactions," and a variety of ably written articles to the medical periodicals of the day. His late Majesty, when Prince Regent, raised him to the dignity of a baronet, by the title of Sir Everard Home, of Well Manor Farm, in the county of Southampton, and also conferred on him the appointment of Serjeant-surgeon, in which office he was continued by the present King. His successor to this office is Benjamin Collins Brodie, Esq. Sir Everard was also Surgeon to Chelsea Hospital, Honorary Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons; for many years he was elected to the Presidentship of the College. Sir Everard was in his 77th year, having been born in 1756. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, James Everard (now Sir James Everard Home), a Commander in the Royal Navy.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 142."]

PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

Died, on the 12th of Sept., in her 82d year, Priscilla Wakefield, author of many justly popular works for children and young persons, as well as one of the earliest promoters, if not the original promoter, of those provident institutions for the laboring classes, now so generally known under the name of Savings Banks. She had been for several years almost a helpless and hopeless sufferer from bodily infirmity; yet for a considerable period after she became such, her mental faculties remained unimpaired, her spirits unbroken, and the ardor of her benevolent sympathies unchilled: and although the exercise and influence of these had been gradually overclouded, and of late totally extinguished, — so that a great proportion of the present generation was, perhaps, hardly aware of her painfully protracted existence, — society is far too much her debtor to allow of her death being recorded in our Obituary, without this brief tribute to her memory, as one of the benefactors of the human race.

She was the eldest daughter of Daniel Bell, late of Stamford-hill,

and Catherine Barclay, grand-daughter of the celebrated Robert Barclay, who wrote the famous "Apology for the Quakers." She was born on the 31st of January, 1751, in the village of Tottenham, and married Mr. Edward Wakefield, merchant of London, on the 3d of Jan. 1771, by whom she had three children, one daughter and two sons. Among her numerous relatives she had the felicity of ranking Mrs. Fry, to whom she was aunt. She was born a member of the Society of Friends, and remained in it from principle. In her private character, whether as a daughter, mother, or grandmother she was exemplary; in her disposition remarkably calm and cheerful, bearing with great patience an accumulation of extreme bodily suffering: indeed her whole conduct discovered an energy, philosophy, meekness, and resignation rarely to be met with.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 140."]

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

This accomplished lady and popular novelist died lately at Clifton, after a short illness. She was descended, on the father's side, from an Irish family of great respectability, which acted a conspicuous part in the contest between James the Second and the Prince of Orange. Mr. Porter held a commission in a regiment of dragoons, and, dying at an early age, left his widow with five young children; three sons, one of whom was the present Sir Robert Ker Porter, and two daughters, of whom Anna Maria was the younger, the elder being the highly accomplished Miss Jane Porter. Mrs. Porter, who possessed an excellent understanding, bestowed her utmost care on the education of her daughters, imbuing their minds from infancy with that literary taste, and training them to those habits of studious application, which laid the foundation of their after eminence in that pleasing department of literary composition to which they devoted themselves. Anna Maria evinced an unusual precocity of genius. When not more than thirteen years of age she commenced her career of authorship by the publication of a small work, suitably entitled *Artless Tales*. Her next work, which appeared after an interval of a few years, was a novel in one volume, entitled *Walsh Colville*, founded, we believe, on some incidents in real life, in which the fair and youthful author was in some measure personally interested. The favorable reception experienced by these works encouraged her to proceed, and she shortly afterwards published another novel in three volumes, entitled *Octavia*; which was followed, though we think with the intervention of another smaller work, by *The Hungarian Brothers*, a novel, in three volumes; and by *Don Sebastian, or the House of*

Braganza, an historical Romance, in four volumes. These works obtained a very extensive circulation, and placed the author among the favorite standard novel-writers of the time. She now prosecuted her literary labors with great ardor, and published several other works with increasing reputation. Among her more popular productions may be enumerated, *The Recluse of Norway*, in four volumes; *The Village of Mariendorpt*, also in four volumes; and *The Fast of St. Magdalen*, in three volumes. She also published a volume of Ballads and Romances, with other poems.

Miss Porter's continued mental exertions proved too much for her bodily constitution, which was naturally rather delicate. For some years her health had been gradually on the decline, her sight especially being greatly impaired. She had just entered, with her sister, on a plan of relaxation, for the summer months, when she was suddenly cut down while partaking the kind hospitalities of a valued friend at Clifton.

In private life, Miss Porter was distinguished for the purity and elevation of her moral character. Her pleasing manners, the affability of her temper, and her extraordinary powers of conversation, won for her the esteem and affection of a large circle of acquaintance, by whom her departure will long be deeply deplored. With the public she has left a well-earned reputation, which will, we doubt not, transmit her name with honor to a remote futurity.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 142."]

REV. DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Dr. Clarke was born in the county of Londonderry, Ireland, in the year 1763. He was early distinguished for the seriousness of his disposition. His boyhood was spent in acquiring the rudiments of a classical education, and in attending to the concerns of his father's farm. He was afterwards placed with Mr. Bennett, a large linen-manufacturer; but feeling more inclined to a life of literary pursuits and ministerial labors, he soon left that gentleman. He was introduced by letter to the Rev. John Wesley, and became a student of the school at Kingswood. Here his talents were soon recognised, and Mr. Wesley sent him out as an itinerant preacher at the age of 18. His youthful appearance gave an air of interest to his ministrations, which were attended by great numbers, who flocked to hear "the boy-preacher." We cannot follow him through the long course of his public labors: a few more general particulars may be added. His knowledge of languages (especially the Oriental) was extensive and profound. This is evinced (were other testimony wanting) in his Commentary on the Scriptures, — a work, in some respects, surpassing all others of its kind. His library was rich in biblical MSS., exceeding, it is said, in extent and value, those in the Duke of Sussex's collection. The Duke,

we have heard, used frequently to visit Dr. Clarke in a friendly way, and even to take a pipe in his house, — a privilege permitted by the Doctor (who was a resolute enemy to the use of tobacco) to no other man. Dr. Clarke was remarkable as a student and a father, for the perfect ease with which he could make a transition from one character to the other. The learned linguist, poring over some ancient scroll, and thence deducing matter for framing theories or confirming arguments, would be found, five minutes after, sporting in the midst of his children, with all the wild exuberance of boyish glee. The great charm, in fact, of his society, was his simplicity and playfulness of disposition, producing in him a character which united two seemingly opposite qualities, — that of comprehending the great without neglecting the little. He was made M. A. in 1805, and D. D. in 1806.

INTELLIGENCE.

[We have before us a considerable body of intelligence collected, most of which our limits compel us to omit. In making a selection from it, nothing seems to us more interesting to humanity than the following account of a new invention for alleviating the sufferings of disease. If it be found to answer the end proposed, facilities for its use will undoubtedly be devised. The account is taken from "The Penny Magazine." EDD.]

THE HYDROSTATIC BED FOR INVALIDS.

We are favored by Dr. Arnott, the author of "The Elements of Physics," with an unpublished extract from the fifth edition of his work, now in the press. The invention here described promises to be such a real blessing to humanity, that we feel great pleasure in assisting to make known an improvement of such importance in the healing art; particularly as its value is not a matter of speculation, and as its benevolent author freely allows its use wherever the wants of his fellow-creatures require its application :

"It was to mitigate all, and entirely to prevent some, of the evils attendant on the necessity of remaining in a reclining posture, that the hydrostatic bed was contrived. It was first used under the following circumstances.

"A lady after her confinement, which occurred prematurely, and when her child had been for some time dead, passed through a combination and succession of low fever, jaundice, and slight phlegmasia dolens of one leg. In her state of extreme depression of strength and of sensibility, she rested too long in one posture, and the parts of the body on which she had rested all suffered : a slough formed on the sacrum, another on the heel ; and in the left hip, on which she had lain much, inflammation began, which terminated in abscess. These evils occurred while she was using preparations of bark, and other means, to invigorate the circulation, and while her ease and comfort were watched over by the affectionate assiduity of her mother, with numerous attendants. After the occurrence, she was placed upon the bed contrived for invalids by Mr. Earle, furnished for this case with pillows of down and of air of various sizes, and out of its mattress portions were cut opposite to the sloughing parts ; and Mr. Earle himself soon

afforded his valuable aid. Such, however, was the reduction of the powers of life, that in spite of all endeavours, the mischief advanced, and about a week later, during one night, the chief slough on the back was much enlarged, another had formed near it, and a new abscess was produced in the right hip. An air-pillow had pressed where the sloughs appeared. The patient was at that time so weak that she generally fainted when her wounds were dressed; she was passing days and nights of uninterrupted suffering, and, as all known means seemed insufficient to relieve her, her life was in imminent danger.

"Under these circumstances, the idea of the hydrostatic bed occurred to me. Even the pressure of an air-pillow had killed her flesh, and it was evident that persons in such a condition could not be saved unless they could be supported without sensible inequality of pressure. I then reflected, that the support of water to a floating body is so uniformly diffused, that every thousandth of an inch of the inferior surface has, as it were, its own separate liquid pillar, and no one part bears the load of its neighbour, — that a person resting in a bath is nearly thus supported, — that this patient might be laid upon the surface of a bath over which a large sheet of the water-proof India-rubber cloth were previously thrown, she being rendered sufficiently buoyant by a soft mattress placed beneath her; — thus would she repose on the face of the water, like a swan on its plumage, without sensible pressure any where, and almost as if the weight of her body were annihilated. The pressure of the atmosphere on our bodies is of fifteen pounds per square inch of its surface, but, because uniformly diffused, is not felt. The pressure of a water-bath of depth to cover the body, is less than half a pound per inch, and is similarly unperceived. A bed such as then planned was immediately made. A trough of convenient length and breadth and a foot deep was lined with metal to make it water-tight; it was about half filled with water, and over it was thrown a sheet of the India-rubber cloth as large as would be a complete lining to it if empty. Of this sheet the edges, touched with varnish to prevent the water creeping round by capillary attraction, were afterwards secured in a water-tight manner all round to the upper border or top of the trough, shutting in the water as closely as if it had been in bottles, the only entrance left being through an opening at one corner, which could be perfectly closed. Upon this expanded dry sheet a suitable mattress was laid, and constituted a bed ready to receive its pillow and bed-clothes, and not distinguishable from a common bed but by its most surpassing softness or yielding. The bed was carried to the patient's house, and she was laid upon it; she was instantly relieved in a remarkable degree; sweet sleep came to her; she awoke refreshed; she passed the next night much better than usual; and on the following day, Mr. Earle found that all the sores had assumed a healthy appearance: the healing from that time went on rapidly, and no new sloughs were formed. When the patient was first laid upon the bed, her mother asked her where the down pillows, which she before had used, were to be placed; to which she answered, that she knew not, for that she felt no pain to direct; in fact, she needed them no more.

"Mr. Earle, within a few days of seeing the first one, had others made for patients in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and has been as much pleased with the results of them as of the first. The bed has since been introduced into St. George's Hospital by Mr. Keate, and elsewhere. — The author has now seen enough of the effects of this bed to make him feel it a duty at once to publish a notice of it."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

[Compiled.]

ART. I. — *Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Ragpoot States of India.* By Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES TOD. Vol. I. Royal 4to. Maps and Plates. pp. 836. London 1829. Price 4l. 17s. 6d. Vol. II. pp. xxxii, 774. London. 1832.

THIS work contains information concerning an important part of India before little known to Europeans. It has given occasion to long articles in different English Reviews, and is spoken of in all as a work highly creditable to its author. We have seen no single notice of it, however, which affords a very satisfactory account of the book, or which would engage the attention of most readers. The following is a series of selections from the various articles concerning it, which is, perhaps, better adapted to interest the general reader than any one of them. Rajast'han or Ragpootana lies in the northwest part of Hindostan between the Jumna on the east and the Indus on the west. Of the knowledge which previously existed of this part of India, and of India in general, the following account is given in "The Edinburgh Review."

"Till a very recent period, we really knew but little of India beyond the provinces of Bengal, rich indeed and productive, but in which the Hindu political and civil institutions are more broken down, and the character of the inhabitants, from ages of foreign servitude and oppression, more injured, than in any other portion of that great country. From these provinces, however, were our ideas of the Hindu laws and character taken, and most mischievous in many instances have been the practical consequences of acting on conclusions drawn from a too limited induction of facts. It is only since the beginning of the present century that our ideas on the subject have begun to take a wider range. The great extension of the Madras government by the successful wars against Tippoo Sultan, the enlargement of the Bombay government on the side of the Guzerat, and, finally the subjugation of the Mahratta country, and indeed we may say, of all India on the side of Bengal, accompanied by the residence of many able men, especially as political agents, in every direction, have given us a much more comprehensive knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, than we previously possessed, and showed us distinctly, what sometimes had been casually remarked before, that the uniformity of laws, manners, and character, which we had taken as the basis of our opinions and legislation, did not exist. Colonel Wilks did much to enlarge and correct our notions of the varied races in the south of India; Sir John Malcolm furnished us with most instructive and inter-

esting details of the countries between the Nerbudda and the Chumbal; Mr. Elphinstone had already made us familiar with all the countries from the Biah and the Indian desert to Tartary and Khorasan; while Captain Pottinger had laid open to our view the waste and barbarous country of the Balouches along the borders of Persia down to the Indus. In the centre of all these territories, however, that large extent of country which forms the Rajpoot states remained insulated, and was nearly the only considerable portion of India that was left undescribed. We still recollect the difficulty we experienced in following George Thomas in his singular and adventurous career in Upper India and among the Rajpoots, to cities and provinces known indeed by name, but of which, with the defective maps, and equally defective geography of the time, we were unable to trace the position. Colonel Tod has the merit of filling up this large blank, and, by completing our acquaintance with the geography as well as with the history of the west of India, has added it to the domain of science, and discharged some part of the great debt which our possessions and political situation in the East impose upon us in the eyes of the world. We have here a new country and a new people; for the little previously and inaccurately known of them was less calculated to satisfy than to excite curiosity."

The first volume of Colonel Tod's work "is chiefly occupied with the antiquities and religion of the Rajpoot tribes, the geography of the eastern part of the country, and the annals of Mewar, the principal of its political divisions. The second volume gives us the annals of all the rest of the Rajpoot states, with an interesting sketch of the western part of the country, including the great Indian desert as far as the valley of the Indus."

To each is annexed a Personal Narrative of the author's travels and experiences in the country. The whole is the result of twenty years' unremitting labor and observation; during which he was officially employed in the country, latterly as Political Agent from the British government to the Western Rajpoot States.

"When the progress of British influence," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "brought us into contact with the very remarkable races, the Rajpoots, who inhabit the north-west of Hindostan, between the course of the Jumna and Malwa to the east and south, and the desert which reaches to the Indus on the west, our intercourse with this gallant feudal chivalry of India was entrusted to Colonel Tod. We have high authority for the extraordinary influence which he obtained over all the various tribes, and the strong personal attachment which was entertained towards him throughout the province. Many traits of this ardent feeling are struck out incidentally in the separate portions of the Personal Narrative, which form the close of each of these volumes, equally honorable to the high-spirited Rajpoots, and to the gener-

ous, frank, and conciliating demeanour of the British officer. In justice to his warm-hearted friends they could not have been suppressed by Colonel Tod, and they are related in a manner so modest and unaffected, as still further to raise the character of the author in the reader's estimation. That the impression was deep and permanent we learn from Bishop Heber.

"All the provinces of Mewar were, for a considerable time after the connexion with the British government, under the administration of Captain Tod, whose name appears to be held in a degree of affection and respect by all the upper and middling classes of society, highly honorable to him and sufficient to rescue these poor people from the often repeated charge of ingratitude. Here and in our subsequent stages, we were continually asked by the cutwals, &c., after Tod Sahib, whether his health was better since he returned to England, and whether there was any chance of their seeing him again? On being told that it was not likely, they all expressed much regret, saying, that the country had never known quiet till he came among them, and that everybody, whether rich or poor, except thieves and Pindarries, loved him. He, in fact, Dr. Smith told me, loved the people of this country, and understood their language and manners in a very unusual degree. He was on terms of close friendship with Zalim Singh of Kotah, and has left a name there as honorable as in Oodeypoor." — *Heber's Journal*, Vol. ii. p. 42, 4to. Edition.

Of the sources from which any thing to be considered as historical information concerning the history of the Rajpoot states is to be derived, we find but imperfect accounts. Those described appear entitled to little historical credit. After the Mahometan conquest, assistance, such as it is, is furnished by Mahometan historians. The Quarterly Reviewer says:

"The native annals of India seem to present one great mythic period; in all their vast literature, history, properly speaking, has hitherto appeared almost unknown. Among her Homers and Platos no Herodotus arose, to collect from the records of her priesthood, or her living traditions, a consistent and harmonious narrative of the rise and progress of her various races. We are left to trace the shadowy outline of her earlier fortunes in the marvellous legends of the Puranas, or the wild creations of the two great epic poems, authorities, which being far more mythic and imaginative, are less capable of furnishing even the groundwork for a credible history of India, than Homer and the Cyclic poets for that of Greece. Nor does this cloud of fable brood only over the most remote and inaccessible regions of her antiquity; the same spirit haunts the whole course of her annals: when we hope to be in some degree disembarassed from this intimate association of things divine and human, to have reached the domain of unmingled mortal men, some fresh Avatar or incarnation of the Deity breaks forth; and we encounter a new race of mythological personages — a Crishna, or a Rama, or a Budh, with all their attendant demi-gods. Even more substantial beings, of whose actual existence we can scarcely doubt, — kings and founders of regular dynasties, — the poets themselves, Valmiki and Vyasa, the

authors of the Ramayana and Mahâ-bârat, — are, as it were, unrealized, and refined into creatures of an intermediate order between gods and men. In short, all is, in Indian phrase, *mava*; poetic illusion floats over the whole: if 'truths severe' do indeed lie hid under the allegorical veil, they are so fantastically 'in fairy 'fiction drest,' that we almost despair of ever discovering their hidden secrets, or of obtaining the key to their vast system of poetical hieroglyphics.

"The only work which can be called history, in the European sense of the word, is the Râjâ Taringini, the Annals of Cashmir; of which we have an abstract, by Mr. Horace Wilson,* in the fifteenth volume of the 'Asiatic Researches.' Even this work, although its chronology, at least traced back to a certain period, is consistent and satisfactory, and its regular succession of kings has every appearance of historic authenticity, wanders at times into poetic legend; and some of those events, which are of the most striking importance and interest — the religious revolutions — assume something of an allegoric or mythological form. Notwithstanding, however, this drawback, and although the history of Cashmir, for the most part, confines itself within the narrow limits of that kingdom — though its long line of kings pass over the mind, and disappear from the remembrance, almost as rapidly as the crowned forms which the witches conjure up before the bewildered eyes of Macbeth — the Râjâ Taringini is not only intrinsically curious and valuable; but, as it shows that historical composition was not altogether unknown in India, almost warrants the hope, that still richer treasures may yet reward the research of Sanscrit scholars. On this subject, Colonel Tod is sanguine; he believes that Europeans are yet only on the threshold of Indian science; that there are immense libraries which have escaped the Omars, whose Mahometan bigotry warred not only on the liberties, but on the literature of India, — royal collections, in parts of the country never entirely subdued, and among the religious communities, particularly of the Jains, who preserved their consciences unviolated, and their temples unplundered, by the intolerant and rapacious Moslemin."

Again;

Amid the scenes which he describes Col. Tod "collected the materials for his book; he set the most learned Pundits to work

"*The election of this gentleman to the Sanscrit Professorship at Oxford reflects the highest credit on that learned body, and is of the fairest promise to the cultivation of Oriental literature. In every branch of Hindu knowledge, in poetry, in philology, in history, Mr. Wilson is equally distinguished; and among our younger Indian scholars, unquestionably stands preëminent and alone. Oxford has at once set itself at the head of this branch of literature, cultivated, as we have shown in a former article, with so much zeal and activity in many of the foreign universities. All that is valuable in Sanscrit antiquities will now issue, under the ablest auspices, from the Clarendon press, instead of being brought back to this country from Bonn, and Berlin, and Paris."

to trace the genealogies of the tribes, either in the sacred volumes or from records preserved in the temples; he copied inscriptions which threw light on the chronology of the period; he obtained the works of their older bards, particularly of Chund, of whose national epic we shall gladly hear more, when our author shall send out his promised abstract or translation of this Indian Ariosto; he listened to the legendary songs of the last minstrels of the royal races; he traced the memorable sieges of their cities around their walls, and pitched his tent in the Thermopylæ and Marathons of their great war of independence against the Moslem invader. And if, thus environed with all that could kindle the enthusiasm of a generous and somewhat romantic mind — drinking the glorious associations of the descendants of the sun and the moon from the very fountain, our author may have over-calculated the interest of Europeans about the earlier history of India — we cannot wonder that he should be disinclined to part with any portion of lore, acquired in a manner so full of excitement and interest, and with such intense labor; or to surrender to utter oblivion that which, if not perpetuated in his collection of original records, in half a century might be sought, even on the spot, in vain."

In this extract we find inscriptions mentioned as guides in the composition of Indian history. We have supposed, however, that there are none which now admit of explanation, of great antiquity. Col. Vans Kennedy in his late valuable work on Ancient and Hindoo Mythology, says, "There appear to be no inscriptions of an older date than the ninth century; or if there are, they are written in a character which cannot now be deciphered."* Of the works of Chund, which Col. Tod seems to have used as a principal authority, we find the following account in "The Quarterly Review."

"The reign of Samarsi, A. D. 1150, is immortalized in the epic of the poet Chund, an universal history of the period in which he wrote: —

"In the sixty-nine books," says Col. Tod, "comprising one hundred thousand stanzas, relating to the exploits of Pirthi Raj, every noble family of Rajast'han will find some record of their ancestors. It is accordingly treasured amongst the archives of each race having any pretensions to the name of Rajpoot. From this he can trace his martial forefathers, who 'drank of the wave of battle' in the passes of Kirman, when 'the cloud of war rolled from Himachil to the plains of Hindusthan.' The wars of Pirthi Raj, his alliances, his numerous and powerful tributaries, their abodes and pedigrees, make the works of Chund invaluable as historic and geographical memoranda, besides being treasures, in mythology, manners, and the annals of the mind. To read this poet well is a sure road to honor; and my own Gooru was allowed, even by the professional bards, to excel therein. As he read, I rapidly translated about thirty thousand stanzas. Familiar with the dialects in which it is written, I had fancied that I seized occasionally the poet's spirit; but it were presumption to suppose that I embodied all his brilliancy, or fully comprehended the depth of his allu-

* Page 151.

sions. But I knew for whom he wrote. The most familiar of his images and sentiments I heard daily from the mouths of those around me, the descendants of the men whose deeds he rehearses. I was enabled thus to seize his meaning, where one more skilled in poetic lore might have failed, and to make my prosaic version of some value."

"In these prosaic days," says the Reviewer "when epic poems and Oriental literature are equally appalling to the rapid and compendious taste of the generality of readers, we dare scarcely promise that the Indian Ariosto will even 'fit audience find though few.' We can only pledge our own insatiate interest in the characteristic national poetry of all countries, to receive with avidity whatever portion of his thirty thousand stanzas our indefatigable author may think fit to present to the public. Perhaps before long it may be as impossible to retrieve the bard himself, as those whose deeds he sung, from total oblivion."

"In the second and more modern part of his history," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, "beginning with the invasions from Ghazni, the author has the advantage of frequently correcting the dates and the facts of his chronicles by the authority of the Musulman historians. He has judiciously given us the current of events, as related by the native writers, nearly in their own words, by which means we learn the degree of credit to be attached to them, and the kind of materials that he has been compelled to use. To account for their frequent violent anachronisms, Colonel Tod very charitably resorts to the excuse of interpolation; but we are much more disposed to refer their numerous errors to the ignorance of the writers. No chronicles founded, as these must be, on romantic ballads and on tradition, can be accurate. Accuracy begins with contemporary historians. The writers of the chronicles to which we allude, evidently lived in the seventeenth century, and though they might know pretty correctly the succession of the family or race whose annals they record, had evidently no distinct notions of external or foreign history. The deeds of romantic valor which they celebrate, whether critically true or not, are of not the less value as pictures of manners. That such histories were related, and written, and formed the delight of the people in that age, is a proof that they were in unison with the feelings and spirit of those to whom they were addressed, and the tone of sentiment could not be low: it accords with all that is related by contemporary historians and travellers; and as the later events come close on the times of the chroniclers, the narrative is probably substantially correct in the facts as well as spirit. The Rajpoots have been fortunate in Colonel Tod as an historian. He seems to have identified himself with the race, loves their character, enjoys their ancient romance and modern fame, and enters with enthusiasm into all that concerns them. The reader is no loser by this temper. He knows when allowances are to be made for the partiality of an admirer, and gains much information that a cold enquirer never would have obtained for him."

Notwithstanding the praises bestowed upon Col. Tod's work, it would seem, that a history composed from such documents cannot possess great value ; and the interest of his book must be confined very much to the accounts of facts and scenes which fell within his personal knowledge. It may be worth while to know the fables which prevail among a people, and their mode of representing past events. But in the economy of time which the shortness of life demands, this information may be purchased too dearly. The value of the knowledge which it affords of the manners and character of a nation must depend upon the importance of that nation in the scale of civilization, or the illustration of human nature which striking, *well authenticated* peculiarities are adapted to afford. Oriental history often bewilders us with strange names to which no associations readily attach themselves, with monstrous stories, part fact and part fable, resembling the subjects of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* before the transition from one state to another was completed, and with characters at which our feelings revolt, from their depravity, from their obvious incredibility, or from our own incapacity to comprehend them. These remarks, however, if just, apply only to the historical portion of these volumes. Of the Personal Narrative of the author, it is said in "The Eclectic Review" :

"The view of Hindoo society which the copious and minute details of the narrative afford, seems to transport us to the days of chivalry and romance ; and in the pages of Col. Tod, we seem to be listening to another Froissart. No chronicler of the olden time ever entered with more zest than he has done into his tale of knightly feats, baronial feuds, the pomp of courts, the picturesque array of marshalled camps ; nor could any native bard discover more enthusiasm in celebrating the virtues and glories of this Indo-Gothic race, than their present Historian, the 'bracelet-bound brother' of three Rajpoot Queens. From the period when he first put his foot in Mewar, as a subaltern of the then Resident's escort, to the date of this personal narrative (1820-1), fourteen years after, his whole thoughts, he tells us, became occupied with the history of that and the neighbouring states. His attachment to the natives was gratefully and honorably rewarded with their affectionate loyalty ; and Tod Sahib will for ages be remembered as an incarnation of Vishnoo."

The allusion to Col. Tod as the "bracelet-bound brother of Rajpoot Queens," is thus explained.

"This able and amiable man seems, indeed, to have secured the partiality of every one with whom he became even remotely connected. There exists, in Rajpootana, a singular custom which permits a female of rank to bind by a tie resembling some of the simple pledges of the tales of chivalry, a cavalier to her service. The gift of a bracelet, costly or unexpensive ac-

according to circumstances, accepted and returned by the present of a silken or gold-embroidered corset, confers upon the chosen knight the title and honor of a *Rakhi-bund-Bhaé*, or 'bracelet-bound brother.' There is no ill-meaning in this connection; the parties have probably never seen, and may never see each other; but it confers a distinction upon the individual, and has not unfrequently secured valuable gifts or services to the lady. When the Princess Kurnavati sent her bracelet to the accomplished son of Baber, that monarch was so much gratified by the appeal, and so much 'pleased with this courteous delicacy in the customs of Rajast'-han,' that he marched his armies in aid of her infant son."

"Many romantic tales," says Colonel Tod, "are founded on the gift of the *Rakhi*. The Author, who was placed in the enviable situation of being able to do good, and on the most extensive scale, was the means of restoring many of these ancient families from degradation to affluence. The greatest reward he could, and the only one he would receive, was the courteous civility displayed in many of these interesting customs. He was the *Rakhi-bund-Bhaé* of, and received 'the bracelet' from three Queens of Oodipoor, Boondi, and Kotah, besides Chund Bae, the maiden sister of the Rana, as well as many ladies of the chieftains of rank, with whom he interchanged letters. The sole articles of 'Barbaric pearl and 'gold,' which he conveyed from a country where he was six years supreme, are these testimonies of friendly regard. Intrinsically of no great value, they were presented and accepted in the ancient spirit, and he retains them with a sentiment the more powerful, because he can no longer render them any service."

Of the history contained in these volumes we will now give two specimens, which as we find them quoted in different reviews are probably among the most striking to be produced. The epithets 'interesting' or 'pleasing,' it will be seen, would be out of place. During the struggles between the Rajpoots and the Mahometan power, about the close of the thirteenth century; "the infant Rana Lakumsi, was seated on the throne of his ancestors in Cheetore the capital of Mewar, under the protectorate of his uncle Bheemsi, when Alla-o-din, the Pathan emperor, moved his countless hosts against Mewar. He came not for the mere pride of conquest, or the lust of plunder, — but as Agramant before Albracca, 'to win the fairest of her sex, Angelica.'"

"The Angelica of Cheetore was the wife of the Protector Bheemsi, the cause of unnumbered woes to the Sesodias. Her name was Pudmani, a title bestowed only on the superlatively fair, and transmitted with renown to posterity by tradition and the song of the bard. Her beauty, accomplishments, exaltation, and destruction, with other incidental circumstances, constitute the subject of one of the most popular traditions of Rajwarra. The Hindu bard recognises the fair, in preference to fame or conquest, as the motive for the attack of Alla-o-din, who limited his demand to the possession of Pudmani; though this was after a long and fruitless siege. At length he restricted his desire to a mere sight of her extraordinary beauty, and acceded to the proposal of beholding her through the medium of mirrors. Relying on the faith of the Rajpoot, he entered Cheetore, slightly guarded, and having gratified his wish returned. The Rajpoot, unwilling

to be outdone in confidence, accompanied the king to the foot of the fortress, amidst many complimentary excuses from his guest at the trouble he thus occasioned. It was for this that Alla risked his own safety, relying on the superior faith of the Hindu. Here he had an ambush; Bheemsi was made prisoner, hurried away to the Tartar camp, and his liberty made dependent on the surrender of Pudmani.

"Despair reigned in Cheetore when this fatal event was known; and it was debated whether Pudmani should be resigned as a ransom for their defender. Of this she was informed, and expressed her acquiescence. Having provided wherewithal to secure her from dishonour, she communed with two chiefs of her own clan, her uncle Gorah, and his nephew, Badul, who devised a scheme for the liberation of the prince, without hazarding her life or fame. Intimation was despatched to Alla, that on the day he withdrew from his trenches, the fair Pudmani would be sent, but in a manner befitting her own and his high station, surrounded by her females and handmaids; not only those who would accompany her to Delhi, but many others who desired to pay her this last mark of reverence. Strict commands were to be issued to prevent curiosity from violating the sanctity of female decorum and privacy. No less than seven hundred covered litters proceeded to the royal camp. In each was placed one of the bravest of the defenders of Cheetore, borne by six armed soldiers disguised as litter-porters. They reached the camp. The royal tents were enclosed with *kanats* (walls of cloth); the litters were deposited, and half an hour was granted for a parting interview between the Hindu prince and his bride. They then placed their prince in a litter, and returned with him, while the greater number (the supposed damsels) remained to accompany the fair to Delhi. But Alla had no intention to permit Bheemsi's return, and was becoming jealous of the long interview he enjoyed, when, instead of the prince and Pudmani, the devoted band issued from the litters: but Alla was too well guarded. Pursuit was ordered, while these covered the retreat, till they perished to a man. A fleet horse was in reserve for Bheemsi, on which he was placed, and in safety ascended the fort at whose outer gate the host of Alla was encountered. The choicest of the heroes of Cheetore met the assault. With Gorah and Badul at their head, animated by the noblest sentiments, the deliverance of their chief, and the honor of their queen, they devoted themselves to destruction, and few were the survivors of this slaughter of the flower of Mewar. For a time Alla was defeated in his object, and the havoc they had made in his ranks, joined to the dread of their determined resistance, obliged him to desist from the enterprise.

"Mention has already been made of the adjuration 'By the sin of the sack of Cheetore.' Of these sacks they enumerate *three and a half*. This is the half; for though the city was not stormed, the best and bravest were cut off. It is described with great animation in the *Khoman Râsa*. Badul was but a stripling of twelve, but the Rajpoot expects wonders from this early age. He escaped, though wounded, and a dialogue ensues between him and his uncle's wife, who desires him to relate how her lord conducted himself ere she joins him. The stripling replies, 'He was the reaper of the harvest of battle: I followed his steps as the humble gleaner of his sword. On the gory bed of honor he spread a carpet of the slain; a barbarian prince his pillow, he laid him down and sleeps surrounded by the foe.' Again she said, 'Tell me, Badul, how did my love (*peear*) behave?' 'Oh, mother! how further describe his deeds, when he left no foe to dread or admire him?' She smiled farewell to the boy, and adding 'My lord will chide my delay,' sprung into the flame.

"Alla-o-din having recruited his strength, returned to his object, Cheetore. The annals state this to have been in A. D. 1290, but Ferishta gives a date thirteen years later. They had not yet recovered the loss of so many valiant men who had sacrificed themselves for their prince's safety, and Alla carried on his attacks more closely, and at length obtained the hill at the southern point, where he entrenched himself. They still pretend to point out his trenches; but so many have been formed by subsequent attacks, that we cannot credit the assertion. The poet has found in the disastrous issue of this siege admirable materials for his song. He represents the Rana, after an arduous day, stretched on his pallet, and during a night of watchful anxiety, pondering on the means by which he might preserve from the general destruction one at least of his twelve sons; when a voice broke on his solitude, exclaiming, '*Myn bhooka ho*,' (I am hungry), and raising his eyes, he saw by the dim glare of the cheragh (lamp), advancing between the granite columns, the majestic form of the guardian goddess of Cheetore. 'Not satiated,' exclaimed the Rana, 'though eight thousand of my kin were late a sacrifice to thee.' 'I must have regal victims; and if twelve who wear the diadem bleed not for Cheetore, the land will pass from the line.' This said, she vanished.

"On the morn he convened a council of his chiefs, to whom he revealed the vision of the night, which they treated as the dream of a disordered fancy. He commanded their attendance at midnight, when again the form appeared, and repeated the terms on which alone she would remain amongst them. 'Though thousands of barbarians strew the earth, what are they to me? On each day enthrone a prince. Let the kirnia (the parasol), the chehra (the red umbrella), and the chamra (the flowing tail of the wild ox, set in a gold handle) proclaim his sovereignty, and for three days let his decrees be supreme; on the fourth let him meet the foe and his fate. Then only may I remain.'

"Whether we have merely the fiction of the poet, or whether the scene was got up to animate the spirit of resistance, matters but little — it is consistent with the belief of the tribe; and that the goddess should openly manifest her wish to retain as her tiara the battlements of Cheetore, on conditions so congenial to the warlike and superstitious Rajpoot, was a gage readily taken up, and fully answering the end. A generous contention arose among the brave brothers who should be the first victim to avert the denunciation. Ursi urged his priority of birth; he was proclaimed, the umbrella waved over his head, and on the fourth day he surrendered his short-lived honours and his life. Ajeysi, the next in birth, demanded to follow, but he was the favorite son of his father, and at his request he consented to let his brothers precede him. Eleven had fallen in turn, and but one victim remained to the salvation of the city, when the Rana, calling his chiefs around him, said, 'Now I devote myself for Cheetore.' But another awful sacrifice was to precede this act of self-devotion, in that horrible rite, the Johur, where the females are immolated to preserve them from pollution or captivity. The funeral pyre was lighted within the 'great subterranean retreat,' in chambers impervious to the light of day; and the defenders of Cheetore beheld in procession the queens, their own wives and daughters, to the number of several thousands. The fair Pudmani closed the throng, which was augmented by whatever of female beauty or youth could be tainted by Tatar lust. They were conveyed to the cavern, and the opening closed upon them, leaving them to find security from dishonor in the devouring element. A contest now arose between the Rana and his surviving son; but the father prevailed, and Ajeysi, in obedience to his commands, with a small band, passed through the enemy's lines, and reached Kailwarra in safety. The Rana, satisfied that his line was not extinct,

now prepared to follow his brave sons ; and calling around him his devoted clans, for whom life had no longer any charms, they threw open the portals, and descended to the plain, and with a reckless despair, carried death or met it in the crowded ranks of Alla. The Tatar conqueror took possession of an inanimate capital, strewed with brave defenders, the smoke yet issuing from the recesses where lay consumed the once fair object of his desire ; and since this devoted day the cavern has been sacred ; no eye has penetrated its gloom, and superstition has placed as its guardian a huge serpent, whose venomous breath extinguishes the light which might guide intruders to 'the place of sacrifice.'"

During the reign of the emperor Baber in the fifteenth century, Cheetore was again sacked under similar circumstances.

"There was the same stern determination to fall with the fortress ; the infant prince was placed in safety ; the fatal sacrifice of the *Johur* was consummated ; the Rajpoots put on the saffron robe, and the chief who had assumed the garb and ensigns of royalty, rushed forth at their head to battle and welcome death. Baber had previously encountered a fearful example of the devotedness of these intrepid men. His memoirs give sufficient evidence of the difficulties to which he had been reduced by the valor of the 'Rana Sanka (Sanga) the Pagan.' Sanga was one of the bravest of the brave series of the Seesoodia monarchs ; and had not his life been cut short by domestic treachery, Baber might yet have found Hindustan no resting-place. The Rana had been strongly curtailed of his fair proportion by his frequent exposure to the casualties of battle. In his own person, he was well-set and muscular ; but, in addition to the loss of an eye and an arm, he was lame from the effects of a broken leg, and his body retained the scars of eighty wounds received in close fighting, from the sword or lance. His brother, Pirthi Raj, who was assassinated previously to his father's death, seems to have been a perfect model of a turbulent and daring Rajpoot ; and we shall extract the curious description of his bearing and behaviour in a dangerous feud. His uncle, Soorajmul, aided by a chief named Sarungdeo, and by the king of Malwa, was in rebellion ; and during a battle, in which the Rana, covered with wounds, was nearly defeated, Pirthi Raj came up with a reinforcement to the assistance of his father, and singled out his uncle, whom he wounded severely in several places. The fight ceased for the day from the mere exhaustion of both parties, and they bivouacked in sight of each other.

"It will shew the manners and feelings so peculiar to the Rajpoot, to describe the meeting between the rival uncle and nephew : unique in the details of strife, perhaps, since the origin of man. It is taken from a MS. of the I'hala chief who succeeded Soorajmul in Sadri. Pirthi Raj visited his uncle, whom he found in a small tent reclining on a pallet, having just had 'the Barber' (nâe) to sew up his wounds. He rose and met his nephew with the customary respect, as if nothing unusual had occurred ; but the exertion caused some of the wounds to open afresh, when the following dialogue ensued :

"*Pirthi Raj.* 'Well, uncle, how are your wounds?'

"*Soorajmul.* 'Quite healed, my child, since I have the pleasure of seeing you.'

"*Pirthi Raj.* 'But, uncle (*kaka*), I have not yet seen the *Dewanji*.* I first ran to see you and I am very hungry; have you any thing to eat?'

"Dinner was soon served, and the extraordinary pair sat down and 'ate off the same platter': nor did *Pirthi Raj* hesitate to eat the '*pan*'† presented on his taking leave.

"*Pirthi Raj.* 'You and I will end our battle in the morning, uncle.'

"*Soorajmul.* 'Very well, come early.'

"They met, but *Sarungdeo* bore the brunt of the conflict, receiving thirty-five wounds. During 'four guries,‡ swords and lances were plied, and every tribe of *Rajpoot* lost numbers that day;' but the rebels were defeated, and fled to *Sadri*, and *Pirthi Raj* returned in triumph, though with seven wounds, to *Cheetore*. The rebels, however, did not relinquish their designs, and many personal encounters took place between the uncle and nephew; the latter saying he would not let him retain 'as much land of *Mewar* as would cover a needle's point'; and *Soojoh* (a familiar contraction of *Soorajmul*) retorting, that 'he would allow his nephew to redeem only as much as would suffice to lie upon.' But *Pirthi Raj* gave them no rest, pursuing them from place to place. In the wilds of *Baturrho*, they formed a stockaded retreat of the *Dho-tree*, which abounds in these forests. Within this shelter, horses and men were intermingled: *Soojoh* and his coadjutors communing by the night-fire on their desperate plight, when their cogitations were checked by the rush and neigh of horses. Scarcely had the pretender exclaimed, 'This must be my nephew!' when *Pirthi Raj* dashed his steed through the barricade, and entered with his troops. All was confusion, and the sword showered its blows indiscriminately. The young prince reached his uncle, and dealt him a blow which would have levelled him, but for the support of *Sarungdeo*, who upbraided him, adding that 'a buffet now was more than a score of wounds in former days;' to which *Soojoh* rejoined, 'Only when dealt by my nephew's hand.' *Soojoh* demanded a parley; and calling on the prince to stop the combat, he continued, 'If I am killed, it matters not; my children are *Rajpoots*, they will run the country to find support; but if you are slain, what will become of *Cheetore*? My face will be blackened, and my name everlastingly reprobated.' The sword was sheathed; and as the uncle and nephew embraced, the latter asked the former, 'What were you about, uncle, when I came?'—'Only talking nonsense, child, after dinner.'—'But with me over your head, uncle, as a foe, how could you be so negligent?'—'What could I do? You had left me no resource, and I must have some place to rest my head.'"

"On the following day, while sacrificing to *Cali*, *Pirthi Raj* picked a quarrel with *Sarungdeo*, and after a severe contest slew him, and placed his head on the altar."

"The great charm of these volumes," says the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, "does not so much arise from the accessions to history and geography which they afford, as from the brave and romantic character of the *Rajpoot* himself, to whom they relate. The *Rajpoots* have long been situated very much as the northern invaders were among the old *Provincials*, or the *Normans* in *England*. They were a conquer-

* 'Regent,' the title the *Rana* is most familiarly known by."

† This compound of the betel, or areca-nut, cloves, mace, terra japonica, and prepared lime, is always taken after meals, and has not unfrequently been a medium for administering poison."

‡ Hours of twenty-two minutes each."

ing tribe, who vanquished the ancient inhabitants many centuries ago, and seated themselves, in very inferior numbers, in a new country. The necessity under which they must originally have been of providing for mutual defence, naturally bound the higher and lower classes of the conquerors to one another. The cultivators of Rajapootana are chiefly the Jits, the old inhabitants, and most numerous part of the population. Every Rajpoot, however poor, where the national feeling has not been broken down by the recent anarchy, finds himself of consequence, sees large bodies of men his inferiors, is a soldier and a gentleman, brave, idle, attached to the head of his tribe or clan, and ready to give him his time or his life. As the country is broken down into little chiefships, in which every chieftain has his castle for defence, and his tribesmen, who share in all his feelings, and conceive his honor to be their own; and as these neighbouring chiefs are sometimes friends and sometimes foes, the importance of each depends on the number of followers he can bring to support his pretensions. This peculiar position, so much resembling that of the different classes in ancient feudal times, is quite sufficient, without going farther, to account for a great part of the resemblances which certainly exist between some of the institutions of that period and those of the modern Rajpoots.

"Among a half-civilized race of men we may expect to meet with ferocious deeds and atrocious crimes; and unfortunately there is no want of them among the Rajpoots. This natural tendency is much increased by their immoderate use of opium. Even their sense of honor is often capricious, and frequently untractable, though flowing from a high-toned mind, in spite of all its vices, teeming with the seeds of the nobler virtues. This character does not belong to individuals only; it is the attribute of the whole dominant class; and their annals present instances of self-devotion and of heroism that would do honor to any age. They delight in the songs of their bards, whose favorite subject is the exploits of their ancestors; and their decidedly military turn of mind gives the Rajpoots a species of romantic poetry little known in the rest of India, where, in general, the actions of the gods are the chief or only subject of verse. This lofty spirit is not confined to the men. The females of Rajast'han have never been known to decline death, when it was necessary to preserve their honor, or escape the contamination of servitude.

"But an example will show the stern force of soul of this hardy race better than any description. When the Emperor Jehangir, to whom Sir Thomas Roe was sent as ambassador, was overrunning their country, and the army of Mewar was in the field, a dispute arose between two clans, the Chondawuts and Suktawuts, for the honor of leading the van. The sword was about to decide the contest, when the Rana exclaimed, 'The *herole* (van) to the clan 'which first enters Ontala.' Ontala was a frontier fortress, with only one gate, and at some distance. The two clans moved off at the same time some hours before daybreak.

"The Suktawuts," says Colonel Tod, "made directly for the gateway, which they reached as the day broke, and took the foe unprepared; but the walls were soon manned, and the action commenced. The Chondawuts had traversed a swamp, which retarded them, but through they dashed, fortunately meeting a guide in a shepherd of Ontala. With more foresight than their opponents, they had brought ladders. The chief led the escalade, but a ball rolled him back amidst his vassals: it was not his destiny to lead the *herole*. Each party was checked. The Suktawut depended on the elephant he rode, to gain admission by forcing the gate; but its projecting spikes deterred the animal from applying his strength. His men were falling thick around him, when a shout from the other party made him dread their success. He descended from his seat, placed his body on the spikes, and commanded the driver, on pain of instant death, to propel the elephant against him. The gates gave way, and over the dead body of their chief the clan rushed to the combat! But even this heroic surrender of his life failed to purchase the honor for his clan. The lifeless corpse of his rival was already in Ontala, and this was the event announced by the shout which urged his sacrifice to honor and ambition. When the Chondawut chief fell, the next in rank and kin took the command. He was one of those arrogant, reckless Rajpoots, who signalized themselves wherever there was danger, not only against men, but tigers, and his common appellation was the *Benda Thacur* (mad chief) of Deogurh. When his leader fell, he rolled the body in his scarf, then tying it on his back, scaled the wall, and, with his lance, having cleared the way before him, he threw the dead body over the parapet of Ontala, shouting, 'The vanguard to the Chondawut! we are first in!' The shout was echoed by the clan, and the rampart was in their possession nearly at the moment of the entry of the Suktawuts. The Moguls fell under their swords; the standard of Mewar was erected on the castle of Ontala, but the leading of the vanguard remained with the Chondawuts." — Vol. i. p. 150.

"Their military spirit necessarily leads them to violent exercises, and they delight in the chase. The spring hunt is one of their annual festivals.

"With the sovereign and his sons all the chiefs sally forth, each on his best steed, and all animated by the desire to surpass each other in acts of prowess and dexterity. It is very rare, that in some one of the passes or recesses of the valley, the hog is not found; the spot is then surrounded by the hunters, whose vociferations soon start the *dhokra*, and frequently a drove of hogs. Then each cavalier impels his steed, and, with lance or sword, regardless of rock, ravine, or tree, presses on the bristly foe, whose knowledge of the country is of no avail when thus circumvented; and the ground soon reeks with gore, in which not unfrequently is mixed that of the horse or the rider. On the last occasion there occurred fewer casualties than usual, though the Chondawut Hamira, whom we nicknamed *Red Reaver*, had his leg broken, and the second son of Sheodan Sing, a near relation of the Rana, had his neighbour's lance driven through his arm. It would appal even an English fox-hunter to see the Rajpoots driving their steeds at full speed, bounding like the antelope over every barrier — the thick jungle covert, or rocky steep, bare of soil or vegetation — with their lances balanced in the air, or leaning on the saddle-bow, slashing at the boar." — p. 565.

"Such a pleasure-party of Hindus does not certainly correspond with the ideas generally entertained of their character.

"Their wild courage is sometimes influenced by a barbarous superstition. Kesuri Sing, Raja of Khundaila, gains possession of the whole of that territory by the murder of his younger brother, Futteh Sing, who shared it with him. He is attacked by the Visier of Delhi, and, in the battle that ensues, is deserted by several of his allies, at the moment when victory seems to incline in his favor. In the bitterness of his despair he could not help exclaiming, 'If Futteh Sing had been here, he would not have deserted me'! He disdained, however, to give way, and prepared to meet his fate like a true Rajpoot. Sending for his only surviving brother, Oodey Sing, who still maintained the fight, he prevailed upon him to quit the field, that there might not be an end of their line. Attempts were made to turn Kesuri also from his purpose.

"No!" replied the chief, 'I have no desire for life; two black deeds press upon me—the murder of my brother, and the curse of the Charuns of Bikaner, whom I neglected at the distribution of the nuptial gifts. I will not add a third by a dastardly flight.' As Oodey Sing reluctantly retired while the swords rung around him, Kesuri made a hasty sacrifice to *awini-mata*, (mother-earth,) of which flesh, blood, and earth, are the ingredients. He cut pieces from his own body, but as scarcely any blood flowed, his uncle, Mokum Sing, of Alloodah, parted with some of his, for so grand an obligation as the retention of Khundaila. Mixing his own flesh and his uncle's blood with a portion of his sandy soil, he formed small balls in *dan* (gift) for the maintenance of the land to his posterity. The *dhomb* (bard) who repeated the incantations, pronounced the sacrifice accepted, and that seven generations of his line should rule in Khundaila. The brave Kesuri was slain, the town taken, and Oodey Sing carried to Ajmer, where he remained three years in captivity."—Vol. ii. p. 398.

"Finally, however, he recovered Khundaila, though the family has since been expelled in the fifth descent, so far falsifying the prophecy of the seer.

"One is surprised to find the visitings of remorse so frequent and so powerful among a race, by whom atrocious crimes are committed in the first instance with apparently so little compunction. An instance occurs in the story of Omeda, Raja of Boondi, whose history affords a good picture of the varieties of Rajpoot life. His father, Boodh Sing, had gained great military distinction under the Emperor Behadoor Shah. After the death of that prince, Boodh Sing retired from court. He had married a sister of the celebrated Jey Sing, Raja of Amber. By this princess he had no children for several years, but had two sons by another of his wives. On his return from court he visited Amber, where his princess presented to him a son, whom, as it would appear, with some justice, he was inclined to treat as supposititious, and 'took an opportunity,' says the author, 'to reveal her conduct to her brother, by whom the lady, who was present, was instantly interrogated; but exasperated either at the suspicion of her honor, or the discovery of her fraud, she snatched her brother's dagger from his girdle, and rating her husband as 'the son of a tailor,' would have slain him on the spot; had he not fled from her fury.'"—p. 485.

Raja Jey Sing eagerly embraced the opportunity offered by this incident, of gratifying his own ambition under pretence of revenging the insult offered to his sister. He resolved to reduce Boondi to the situation of a tributary state, and offered the principality to Deo Sing, Lord of Indergurh, who, from whatever cause, refused it. It was, however, accepted by Duleel Sing, another chieftain. Boodh Sing, made aware of his danger, secretly left the capital of his perfidious brother-in-law, and, with three hundred faithful followers, hastened to Boondi. He was overtaken by a much superior force, and in the action that ensued most of his adherents were slain. Finding it no longer prudent to push for his capital, he retired to the native place of the mother of his two sons, while the usurper occupied Boondi. Boodh Sing died in exile, leaving two sons, of whom Omeda was the eldest. These boys were soon driven from the refuge of their mother's house also, and forced to wander in the wilds and mountains.

"No sooner, however, did Omeda, then in his thirteenth year, hear of the death of his enemy, Jey Sing, (A. D. 1744,) than he collected a few adherents, and regained some towns of his hereditary dominions. His subjects, the Haras, flocked to his standard. The Meenas, a mountain race, the aborigines of the country, from whom the Haras had conquered it some centuries before, won by the youthful valor of Omeda, joined him with five thousand bowmen. Assisted by them he attacked the enemy, and defeated them with great slaughter, taking their kettle-drums and standards. A new army of eighteen thousand men, sent to replace the former, was bravely attacked by Omeda, who cut his way through it; but the broken enemy formed again, and the sword of the Rajpoots was unavailing against the deadly showers of cannon-shot which poured into their compact masses, and mowed them down. His uncle and his bravest adherents fell. His own horse was wounded. Seeing that all was over, his chieftains hurried him reluctantly from the field; he gained the pass which leads to Indergurh, when, on dismounting to breathe his horse, as he loosened the girths, it expired. Omeda sat down and wept for the faithful friend of his need. This was not merely a transient feeling of gratitude, for his first act, when he recovered the throne, was to erect a statue to the faithful steed which had borne him so nobly on that eventful day. Omeda reached Indergurh on foot, but the chief of that place, gained by the invader, not only refused his prince a horse in his adversity, but warned him off the domain, asking "if he meant to be the ruin of Indergurh as well as Boondi." "Disdaining to drink water within its bounds, the young prince, stung by this perfidious mark of inhospitality, took the direction of Kurwor." — (p. 489.) Here he was hospitably received, dismissed his faithful adherents to meet him at a more propitious moment, and once more took refuge among the precipitous ravines of the Chumbul.

"The Prince of Kotah, who, like Omeda, had suffered from the ambition of the Raja of Amber, was now induced to support his cause, and sent his army, led by a bhat (or bard), to reinstate the fugitive. Boondi was taken, and though the bard fell in the storm of the citadel, Omeda was seated on the throne of his ancestors for a moment; but the overwhelming armies of Amber again appeared, and Omeda became once more a wanderer, and overran as a robber the domains which he was forbidden to rule as a prince.

"In one of these excursions he fell in with the widow of his father, the cause of all his miseries, who had retired disgusted with herself and the world, lamenting, when too late, the ruin she had brought upon her husband, herself, and the family she had entered. Omeda paid her a visit, and the interview added fresh pangs to her self-reproach. His sufferings, his heroism, brightened by adversity, originating with her nefarious desire to stifle his claims of primogeniture by a spurious adoption, awakened sentiments of remorse, of sympathy, and sorrow. Determined to make some amends, she adopted the resolution of going to the Dekhan to solicit aid for the son of Boodh Sing. When she arrived on the banks of the Nerbudda, a pillar was pointed out to her on which was inscribed a prohibition to any of her race to cross this stream, which, like the Indus, was also styled *atoc*, or 'forbidden.' Like a true Rajpootni, she broke the tablet in pieces, and threw it into the stream, observing, with a jesuitical casuistry, that there was no longer any impediment when no ordinance existed. She proceeded to the camp of Mulhar Rao Holcar. The sister of Jey Sing, the most potent Hindu prince of India, became a suppliant to this *goatherd* leader of a horde of plunderers, nay, adopted him as her brother, to effect the redemption of Boondi for the exiled Omeda."

"Under the baleful influence of these conquerors, Omeda (A.D. 1749) regained his patrimony after fourteen years of exile. He found it stript of many of its most valuable domains, and miserably ruined and impoverished. The influence and neighbourhood of the Mahrattas was not likely to remedy any of these evils.

"But," as Colonel Tod observes, "the hold which the Mahrattas retained would never have acquired such tenacity, had the bold arm and sage mind of Omeda continued to guide the vessel of the state throughout the lengthened period of his natural existence."—"An act of revenge stained the reputation of Omeda, naturally virtuous, and but for which deed we should paint him as one of the bravest, wisest, and most faultless characters, which Rajpoot history has recorded."—p. 494.

"We have seen that Deo Sing, Lord of Indergurh, had refused Omeda admittance into his castle, when retreating from the field of battle. Eight years had elapsed since Omeda had recovered his dominions, and the injury seemed forgotten; but Deo Sing hated the man whom he had injured.

"Omeda had sent the cocoa-nut, the symbol of matrimonial alliance, to Madhu Sing (Raja of Amber), in the name of his sister. It was received in a full assembly of all the nobles of the court, and with the respect due to one of the most illustrious races of Rajpootana. Deo Sing was at that time on a visit at Jeipoor, and the compliment was paid him by the Raja,

of asking 'what fame said of the daughter of Boodh Sing.' His reply was an insulting innuendo, leading to doubts as to the purity of her blood. The cocoa-nut was returned to Boondi, an insult never to be forgiven by a Rajpoot. In A. D. 1757, Omeda went to pay his devotions at the shrine of *Beeja-seni Mata* (the mother of victory). Being in the vicinity of Indergurbh, he invited its chief to join the assembled vassals with their families, and, though dissuaded, Beeja Sing obeyed, accompanied by his son and grandson. All were cut off at one fell swoop, and the line of the traitor was extinct. As if the air of Heaven should not be contaminated by the smoke of their ashes, Omeda commanded that the bodies of the calumnious traitor and his issue should be thrown into the lake. Indergurbh was given to his brother." — "Fifteen years elapsed, during which the continual scenes of disorder around him furnished ample occupation for his thoughts. Yet, in the midst of all, would intrude the remembrance of this single act—though no voice was lifted up against the deed, though he had a moral conviction that a traitor's death was the due of Deo Sing, his soul, generous as it was brave, revolted at the crime, however sanctified by custom, which confounds the innocent with the guilty. To appease his conscience, he determined to abdicate the throne, and pass the rest of his days in penitential rites, and traversing, in the pilgrim's garb, the vast regions of India, to visit the sacred shrines of his faith." — p. 945.

"In 1771, this extraordinary man resigned in favor of his son, and, retiring to a sacred valley, one of his amusements was to cultivate and naturalize the plants of foreign lands.

"It is curious," says his historian, "even to him who is ignorant of the moral vicissitudes which produced it, to see the pine of Thibet, the cane of Malacca, and other exotics, planted by the hand of the princely ascetic, flourishing around his hermitage, in spite of the intense heats of this rock-bound abode." — "When Omeda resigned the sceptre of the Haras, it was from the conviction that a life of meditation alone could yield the consolation, and obtain the forgiveness, which he found necessary to his repose. But in assuming the pilgrim's staff, he did not lay aside any feeling becoming his rank or his birth. There was no pusillanimous prostration of intellect, but the same lofty mind which redeemed his birthright, accompanied him wherever he bent his steps, to seek knowledge in the society of devout and holy men." — p. 496.

"He visited all the holy places celebrated in the religious legends and classical epics of his country. The picture drawn of him setting out on this tour, is such as can hardly be paralleled since the days of the Crusades, or of the flower of Spanish chivalry.

"In this determination," says Colonel Tod, "he was perhaps somewhat influenced by that love of adventure in which he had been nurtured, and it was a balm to his mind when he found that arms and religion were not only compatible, but that his pious resolution to force a way through the difficulties which beset the pilgrim's path, enhanced the merit of his devotion. Accordingly, the royal ascetic went forth on his pilgrimage, not habited in the hermit's garb, but armed at all points. Even in this there was penance, not ostentation, and he carried or buckled on his person one of every species of offensive or defensive weapons then in use—a load which would oppress any two Rajpoots in these degenerate times. He wore a quilted tunic, which would resist a sabre-cut; besides a matchlock, a lance, a sword, a dagger, and their appurtenances of knives, pouches,

and priming-horn, he had a battle-axe, a javelin, a tomahawk, a discus, bow, and quiver of arrows; and it is affirmed that such was his muscular power, even when threescore and ten years had blanched his beard in wandering to and fro thus accoutred, that he could place the whole of this panoply within his shield, and, with one arm, not only raise it, but hold it for some seconds extended."—p. 496.

"During a series of years, he continued to traverse India in every direction, attended by a small escort of his gallant tribe.

"And whenever he revisited his paternal domains, his return was greeted, not only by his own tribe, but by every prince and Rajpoot of Rajwarra, who deemed his abode hallowed if the princely pilgrim halted there on his route. He was regarded as an oracle, while the treasures of knowledge which his observation had accumulated, caused his conversation to be courted, and every word to be recorded. The admiration paid to him while living cannot be better ascertained, than by the reverence manifested by every Hara to his memory. To them his word was a law, and every relic of him continues to be held in veneration. Almost his last journey was to the extremity of his nation."—"As he returned by Dwarica he was beset by a band of Kabas, a plundering race, infesting those regions. But the veteran, uniting the arm of flesh to that of faith, valiantly defended himself, and gained a complete victory, making prisoner their leader, who, as the price of his ransom, took an oath never again to molest the pilgrims to Dwarica."—p. 497.

"The death of his son, who, like himself, was involved in the guilt of murder, engaged him for a moment in the politics of Boondi. Having arranged the affairs of his infant grandson, he continued his wanderings until within a few years of his death, when the feebleness of age confined him to his hermitage. All the self-denial of Omeda could not, however, secure him from that jealousy with which every prince, who has abdicated the throne, has been regarded by his successor. The venerable warrior became an object of distrust to his grandchild, whose advisers persuaded him to send a message to Omeda, prohibiting his return to Boondi, and recommending to him 'to eat sweetmeats and tell his beads at Benares'; the messenger adding, that his ashes should not mingle with those of his fathers. The news was received with indignation by the surrounding princes, who sent the venerable exile the most earnest invitations, offering to replace him on his throne. This he decidedly refused. The Raja of Amber negotiated a meeting between the parties.

"It was," says our author, "such as might have been expected between an ill-advised youth and the venerable chief who had renounced all feelings of this world but affection for his offspring. It drew tears from all eyes. 'My child,' said the pilgrim-warrior, presenting his sword, 'take this, apply it yourself, if you think I can have any bad intentions towards you; but let not the base defame me.' The young Rao wept aloud as he entreated forgiveness. Omeda refused, however, to enter the halls of Boondi during the remainder of his life, which ended about eight years after this event, when his grandchild entreated 'he would close his eyes within the walls of his fathers.' A remnant of that feeling, inseparable from humanity, made the dying Omeda offer no objection, and he was re-

moved in a litter to the palace, where he breathed his last. 'Thus,' continues Colonel Tod, 'in A. D. 1804, Omeda Sing closed a varied and chequered life; the sun of his morning rose amidst clouds of adversity, soon to burst forth in a radiant prosperity; but scarcely had it attained its meridian glory ere crime dimmed its splendor, and it descended in solitude and sorrow.'—p. 500.

"We have given the story of Omeda at some length, and nearly in Colonel Tod's own words, both from its intrinsic singularity, and from a persuasion that one such detailed sketch will convey a better notion of the manners and history of the Rajpoots, than any dry outline of the various dynasties which have ruled over them,—a detail that could leave no distinct impression on the memory."

Our limits allow us only to give further some of the general estimates expressed of Colonel Tod's work. The following are from the Quarterly Review.

"In the costly and beautifully embellished volumes of the 'History of Rajast'han,' Colonel Tod has given ample evidence of his reciprocal love for this remarkable people. With the most enthusiastic ardor, he has labored to bestow an European immortality on the glory of their 'royal races.' The size of his quartos will no doubt appal the degenerate race of modern readers; and it must be acknowledged, however striking many of the incidents, however curious the general character of the people, the feuds of the mountain chieftains of the Arivulli, and the raids of the borderers of the Boondi and Marwar, cannot but exhaust the wearied and distracted attention. Some reasons may, however, be suggested, besides the almost national zeal of the author for the brethren of his adoption, to account for the interminable length into which he has drawn out their annals. The materials of the work are such as could not have been collected under any circumstances, except those under which Col. Tod was placed; every year, at least every generation, a considerable portion would have disappeared. Since, then, few historical facts are not worthy of preservation, and it is impossible to calculate how far the most minute incidents, or even the floating traditions of different races, may be of value to the future *historian* of India, Colonel Tod has acted not unwisely in thus placing the annals of Rajast'han, however barbarous and perplexed with the wars and conflicting politics of so many petty tribes, upon record, as it were, among the treasures of European knowledge; in securing all of their story which he could collect from that utter oblivion, into which the affairs even of some of the more distinguished Asiatic monarchies have for ever fallen."

"The reader will have discovered from our copious extracts, not only that Colonel Tod deserves the praise of a most diligent and industrious collector of materials for history, but that his own narrative style in many passages displays great freedom, vigor, and perspicuity. Though not always correct, and occasionally stiff and

formal, it is not seldom highly animated and picturesque. The faults of his work are inseparable from its nature : it would have been almost impossible to mould up into one continuous history the distinct and separate annals of the various Rajpoot races. The patience of the reader is therefore unavoidably put to a severe trial in having to reascend to the origin, and again to trace downward the parallel annals, of some new tribe, — sometimes interwoven with, sometimes entirely distinct from, those which have gone before. But, on the whole, as no one but Colonel Tod could have gathered the materials for such a work, there are not many who could have used them so well. No candid reader can arise from its perusal without a very high sense of the personal character of the author, — no scholar, most certainly, without respect for his attainments, and gratitude for the service which he has rendered to a branch of literature, if far from popular, by no means to be estimated, as to its real importance, by the extent to which it may command the favor of an age of duodecimos."

The Edinburgh Reviewer says: "Colonel Tod may be charged with occasional diffusion of language and defect of arrangement ; but when men employed in active life communicate their researches to the public, and enrich our literature by a large addition of new and valuable matter, which they alone have had the means of collecting, we are not much disposed to quarrel with them as to the manner ; especially where the style has so many spirited and characteristic traits as in the work before us. We would always rather see the thoughts of such persons in their original dress, than cut and fashioned, and perhaps distorted by a professional bookmaker. In this instance, the whole is evidently 'a labor of love.' Colonel Tod is partial to the Rajpoots, and has a high idea of their character and their capabilities. Well might Dr. Smith tell Bishop Heber on the spot, that Colonel Tod 'loved the people of 'this country.'* The spirit of affection breathes in every page of his work, and nothing less could have produced the warm and undiminished attachment and regret with which he, on his part, is still regarded by every native of Rajast'han. Perhaps such partiality was necessary to induce him to devote so large a portion of his time and fortune to the valuable and laborious work which he has now brought to a close ; and which we recommend to public notice, as filling up a large blank in the history and geography of India ; as full of interesting sketches both of scenery and manners ; and as the only source that we know from which an acquaintance with the varied relations of the British interests and policy in the north-west of India can be drawn."

* Heber's Narrative, Vol. II. p. 456, 8vo. edit."

[From "The Westminster Review, No 34."]

[Of the work of Mrs. Gore, which is the subject of the following article, it is said in "The New Monthly Magazine"; "These volumes consist of a number of Tales illustrative of the situations, follies, and vices of high life. The author has attained much popularity as a fashionable novelist, yet we are tempted to regret that she persists in still wearing what has now become almost a threadbare garment. Until some miraculous revolution produces a total change in the *beau monde*, there can be nothing new to say about it. And, indeed, as it is at present constituted, the less that is said of it the better. While, however, we thus slight the class of works to which they belong, we are willing to render due homage not only to the industry and the talent displayed in these volumes, but also to the object by which they are principally rendered attractive, and which gives to them a character of far higher value than that of mere fashionable *historiettes*. The grace, ease, and pleasantness of the author's style are sufficiently known and appreciated. We desire again to peruse an historic novel from her pen. 'The Thuilleries,' although it had some glaring faults, afforded ample proof of what she is capable in another and a higher literary walk."]

ART. II. — *The Fair of May Fair; or the Miseries of Marriage.*

By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." 3 Vols. post Svo. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1832.

THE Honorable Mrs. Gore is evidently bent upon undermining the House of Lords; that august body could not have had a more dangerous enemy. Under the guise of a fashionable novel there is scarcely an aspect under which she has not made the peerage ridiculous. If she wants a pompous bore, he is always coronetted; if a *roué*, he is either a peer or a peer's son; if a gross epicure, he is a gouty member of the House of incurables; in short Mrs. Gore's standing *ludibrium* or social scarecrow, is a noble lord or his eldest son; as for the younger ones they are game not worth powder and shot, they are called in when an inferior person is required either for lisping absurdly, talking slang disgracefully, or otherwise acting the buffoon. Nay such a traitor is she against the very idea of privileged orders, that she has aimed at the very distinctions themselves, which, as all the world knows, so widely separate the nobility from the mobility.

Speaking of a naval captain disgusted with the ill success of an attempt upon the heart of a young lady of rank who has studied the whole art of love in Debrett's Peerage, she says;

"An application to the Admiralty, backed by the interest of his father, secured him one of the finest frigates in the service, and the Indian station; and could a more remote command have furthered his desire to absent himself from England, he would have sought it with eagerness. Already he exulted in the prospect of reaching those islands of the Indian main, — those palmy shores and wild savannahs, where lordships and ladyships, hoops and plumes, are baubles still undeveloped by the progress of civilization; — where the dignity of the order is somewhat invalidated by the tattooed aspect of the peerage; — where sovereigns, like the swinish multitude of England, wear rings through their noses, — while their grooms

of the bedchamber are feathered without the previous ceremony of tarring. He had no longer patience with the 'herald's boast, — the pomp of power,' or the frivolities of the fair of May Fair." — Vol. III. p. 177.

It is certainly not fortunate for the ranks of wealth and fashion that there is 'a chield among them taking notes' in the person of Mrs. Gore. It would be difficult to find a woman of a shrewder turn, of quicker insight into folly or hypocrisy, or who can more keenly express her contempt or her derision of the follies and vices of the great. She excels too in sharpness of point, in brilliancy of sentence, so that they who would scout the didactic are bound to read for their amusement; for the lash tickles as well as smarts. Of all the fashionable novels as they are called, Mrs. Gore's are the most palatable at the same time that they are the severest; she puts so much reality into her fiction, so much pleasantry into her satire, that the very condemned enjoy the style of their own sentence.

The great and general utility of Mrs. Gore's novels is, that they contain a practical exhibition of the miseries entailed upon every person who sacrifices substantial and elevating enjoyments for those of show. She displays in every form the folly of endeavouring to seem what you are not, of aping something which catches the fancy of the hour. Pretension of every kind is her prey, and inasmuch as pretenders abound, and the day of performance is almost gone, she revels in her plunder. In all her works too, the reader has the satisfaction of rejoicing in the ultimate triumph of sincerity and integrity, and this by the most natural and probable processes. This does not mean that the amiable and the virtuous are led through a martyrdom of sufferings in order to be grandly married or richly endowed by some fortuitous accident as a finale to the adventures of the opera. On the contrary, the loveliness of truth and honesty are shown under circumstances, where, if they do not attract applause from abroad, they fill the home with domestic sunshine.

"Marriage" is the grand subject of the various tales of these volumes; and not love, the staple of the ordinary romance. In one way or other, every tale in this collection perhaps except one, turns upon the due assortment of husbands and wives with a view to producing matrimonial bliss. "The Flirt of Ten Seasons" is a beautiful and accomplished person, educated for the purpose of attraction; a bad education of the temper, and indeed of the moral sentiments, counteracts all the gifts of nature; she is doomed in single uneasiness to witness the prosperity of a whole family of poor and neglected cousins, rich only in an earnest desire to cultivate feelings of benevolence and the talents in their possession. "The Divorcée" is a melancholy but beautiful story. It describes the result of a *mariage de convenance* falsely so called, where the daughter of a poor but genteel family, is wedded to a man of wealth and honors but unsuited to her years. From a simple and amiable girl she becomes, in honor of her new rank, a woman of fash-

ion, exposed to all the temptations and opportunities of the position, against which not having been fortified by a truly fashionable education in the course of which nature is completely subdued and artificially trained, she is unable to stand. The crime of which she is guilty is, if exposed, unpardonable. The admission of the air, as to the crumbling remains of a long buried corpse, is fatal; the whole structure powders into nothing. The unhappy offender is doomed for her transgression to infamy, indigence, and remorse. "The Separate Maintenance" is a very interesting and well-designed tale. The lady, too proud of her independence and too attentive to flatterers, separates from her husband, whom she fancies she has reason to detest; there is however on both sides a groundwork of esteem, and after some absence, accident renews the ancient flame, and presents the singular position of a gentleman courting his own wife with more than the assiduity and devotion of an ordinary lover. "The Grandmother" is a complex story, and contains a series of good and evil matches, the point of which turns upon the emptiness of aristocratical distinctions. "The Special License" is a luculent instance of the instability of the pretensions to fashion and distinction on the part of persons who might be happy and respectable without such views, and who become spectacles of disappointment and absurdity by the encouragement of them. This tale also gives to understand, that the fusion of mere wealth and mere rank and title, may be conducted on sound principles, provided there is sincerity and independence on both sides. The wealthy merchant or money-dealer is represented, perhaps for the first time in fiction, as a man of true dignity, self-respect, education, and thorough integrity, agreeable in manners, refined in tastes, and content with, if not proud of, his position in society.

So much for what may be called the moral of Mrs. Gore's novels; the grand distinction of which is, after all, the amusement to be derived from them, the droll pictures they present of character, the laughable exposure of the whims and fancies of the wealthy and the hypochondriac; and the fire of striking remark she pours upon almost every condition of life, where hollowness and unsoundness let in the light of sarcastic examination.

The theory, for instance, of fashionable education, which is almost solely confined to external bearing, is developed in the following description of the change of a young lady from the chrysalis state to the butterfly.

"In marking by lustres the progress of our heroine through the various vicissitudes of childhood, girlhood, and womanhood, we do not purpose to neglect those minor shades and gradations which intervene from year to year—from day to day—nay, hour to hour—in the picture of life; but it is necessary to establish the framework of the canvass from that happy epoch of Adela's existence which saw the harness of the governess laid aside, the Italian grammar exchanged for the Court Guide, the muslin frock expanded into the brocaded train, the flaxen ringlets raised from her shoulders and braided into a Grecian contour. Lady Germaine had resolved that her daughter should remain a child till she was almost a

woman; and now, by a transforming touch of the wand of fashion, chose that she should become a woman, though almost a child. From the hour she was presented at Court, Adela found it decreed that her laugh should subside into a smile — her natural demeanour into a graceful glide — her playful frankness into a courteous discretion. It took her full a week to make her own acquaintance after the singular metamorphosis effected by Lady Germaine's interposition.

"The 'musts' and 'must not's' of her Ladyship's tables of the law would have filled a volume; and though Adela had little difficulty in submitting to a transformation dependent rather on the art of the staymaker, shoemaker, mantuamaker, milliner, and hair-dresser, than on her own exertions, it certainly imposed a tax on her memory and her patience, when she found how many and how much she was to forget to remember, and remember to forget.

"First in the schedule attached to the commandment respecting oblivion of persons, stood the names of a family of cousins; children to a sister of Lord Germaine, who had married imprudently. Marrying imprudently implied, of course, according to the interpretation of the Germanic code, marrying for love instead of money, — for good qualities instead of good estates; — and when poor Mr. Raymond died the death of a man of low fortunes and high blood (a victim to the pestilential climate of a colony maintained by the wise policy of government, for the purpose of enabling the aristocracy to get rid of their younger sons without any necessity for a Coroner's Inquest), his honorable widow, looking down on the heads of the six little orphans whom the yellow fever had barbarously spared, might possibly be induced to admit the accuracy of the definition. Many trite proverbs were quoted for her consolation. She was reminded that large families always get on best in the world, and told that 'Providence feedeth the young ravens'; while Lady Germaine, her sister-in-law, never failed to remark in her presence upon the multitude, complication, and fatality of the diseases of childhood.

"Strange to relate, however, these little 'ravens' — these little Raymonds — grew to be full-fledged birds, and to flutter round the parent-nest, without any diminution of the covey by the attacks of measles, scarlatina, or whooping-cough. While divers of their aristocratic kindred spindled up into consumptions, they remained tough, rough, and compact; and while their little cousin Lord Germaine was crammed into a liver complaint, their homely cheeks became red as roses, their laughing eyes bright with the impulses of health. Lady Germaine was once heard angrily to declare, on quitting Mrs. Raymond's modest residence at Fulham, that 'she did really believe nothing would ever provide for one of those Raymond boys; — that even if Harry were to get his father's appointment in the West Indies, he would live for ever. Poor Mrs. Raymond was very much to be pitied; but then what could she expect in making such a connexion!'" — Vol. i. p. 4.

In a very different style, is the excellent sketch of a country gentleman and his *entourage*.

"Sir Richard Raymond and his wife (for according to the custom of the good old times they composed a single animal, and therefore need not be severally considered by the biographer) were of high respectability in their native county of Dorset, — of utter nothingness among the Stars and Garters of the metropolis. They had commenced life together by an early marriage, as a Baronet and Dame of tolerable pedigree, with a clear ten thousand per annum; and at the expiration of forty years stood pretty nearly on the spot from whence they started. Kind-hearted, simple, affec-

tionate, bountiful to their poorer neighbours, living and letting live with those of higher degree,—they were cordial and reverent with an old dunny Vicar who half starved a deserving curate,—by way of testifying their respect to the Church; and evinced unlimited submission and regard towards their colossal neighbour the Duke of Dronington, who bullied his wife and his tenants, and sneaked to his Sovereign and his Sovereign's minister,—by way of proving their reverence to the state. They intended well, however, and therefore seldom acted ill; they had a warm heart, which was sure to prevent the head from disgracing itself.

"It is wrong to assert, that *nothing* was changed at Langdale House from the period of Sir Richard's marriage and first session in Parliament, to that of the commencement of our story. He was now a father,—not like his luckless cousin, of six hungry and promising children, but of one sleek, self-satisfied, middle-aged man, whom Sir Richard and her ladyship alone regarded relatively to his position as *their* son. To all the rest of the world he was 'Burford Raymond'; a man with a name,—with a seat in the House,—chambers in Albany,—a position in society,—a being as much above the level of his country baronet of a father, in all the adventitious distinctions of life, as he was beneath him in every moral purpose, in all the best qualities of human nature.

"But though Sir Richard and Lady Raymond continually referred to him with pride and pleasure as 'my son Mr. Raymond,' certain it is that they were full of wonder at having hatched so wise a bird; and regarded him with somewhat more of awe than of parental tenderness. Perhaps, after all, the miracle was one of education; for scarcely had Master Raymond begun to trot round the hall at Langdale on his father's walking-stick, when their neighbour of Dronington, a man singularly addicted to the theoretical and practical maintenance of absolute monarchy, took it into his ducal head to investigate Sir Richard's projects of education for his heir apparent; to suggest a Reverend Nicodemus Fagg, M. A., as his private tutor, and to insist upon the paramount necessity of classical proficiency to every English gentleman of modern times. 'An English gentleman' is one of those cant phrases of the day which are introduced on all occasions to fill up deficiencies of personal definition. Poor Sir Richard had always fancied *himself* 'an English gentleman,' when, on a distant glimpse of his broad brimmed hat and white corduroys in the High Street of his county town, every head was uncovered, and

'All men cried, "God save him!"'

or when feasting his tenantry on rent-days, Christmas days, and other high-days and holidays; or, when complimented from the Treasury bench on his luminous exposition of the state of public opinion in his native county. He now found he had been mistaken. How could it be otherwise, when his very good friend the Duke of Dronington said so, or so implied? He resolved that Master Burford should have plenty of Horace and Pindar drummed into his head to compensate his father's deficiencies, and qualify the future proprietor of Langdale to become 'an English gentleman!'"—Vol. 1. p. 17.

Sometimes the authoress moralizes fancifully enough; and if she were not a little too devoted to the brilliant, many passages of this tendency would be classed with the remarks of our best writers on manners. Of this nature is the dissertation on August,—the London August.

"Many are the votaries of superstition even among the witty and the wise (with Byron as a brilliant leader of the list), who depend over

transactions effected on a Friday. For our own part we are satisfied that the year has its unlucky month as well as the week its unlucky day; and that a larger proportion of fashionable tears is wept during the month of August, than during any other thirty-one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of annual sorrow. August is a sort of harsh equator, dividing the trifter's year into grave and gay, lively and severe, pleasure and penance; it interposes a moral ha-ha between the ornate lawn of the London season, and the wilder prospects of the year, to overleap which is an exertion that startles all human beings into sobriety.

"August!—thou fearful epoch, when persons who have been living for the preceding hundred days without being many hundred minutes apart must bid a hasty adieu with the certainty of eight months of tedious absence; when hearts which have been for weeks on the eve of interchanging their tender afflictions, are suddenly chilled into prudence by the consciousness that half a step more must be decisive,—while others, who have maintained a cautious silence during the season, are moved to a rash explanation at the moment of parting such as renders that parting final:—August!—when the young sportsman, laboring prematurely in his vocation, passes the morning in pilgrimages from the arsenal of Purdey to that of Nock, of Nock to Manton,—his head charged with a copper cap, his heart quick of ignition as Battle powder: and when the anxious dowager, foiled in her campaign, retreats from the field with her baggage, appropriating the cause she has been unable to render triumphant. August:—thou month of grouse and grumbling; of moors and moroseness,—how cruelly dost thou disenchant the dream of the fashionable visionary, while teaching wisdom to the idler, and folly to the wise."—Vol. i. p. 143.

The following is the description of a sudden turn in the complaints of a hypochondriac; a poor creature who would have died, or at least have fancied death, if the open window had let in the open air upon her. The case is well known to fashionable apothecaries, and the remedy too, if they dared to recommend it.

"It was certainly Mrs. Delafield on whom he strove to direct the current of his conjectures;—Mrs. Delafield, whom he had left an infirm sufferer, reclining on the sofa with a disorder of the spine: and whose letters of querulous complaint during his absence continued to reveal the decline of her long impaired frame. When he remembered that it was now three months since he had been favored with a letter from Mortlake, Sir Henry almost trembled to approach the residence of his sister. She had lost her husband during his absence from England.—Good, easy, snoozy, boozy, featherbed Mr. Delafield had gone to sleep in the family vault among his fathers, instead of his arm-chair among his children; and there is something mournful in approaching a mansion where the funeral achievement of its master greets us on the wall, in lieu of his extended hand in the parlour. Mrs. Delafield had been nearly two years a widow; and on so feeble a constitution the inroads of affliction could not but be appalling.

"On arriving at the beautiful villa, whose lawn would have formed a park for any continental chateau from Calais to Prague, Wellwood was informed that his sister was absent: that on the receipt of the letter announcing his arrival, she had 'rode into town.'

"'Ridden into town!' mechanically reiterated Sir Henry to the grey-headed butler, who stood with smiling investigation examining his sunburnt face and toil-worn person. 'How unlucky that I did not notice the carriage!'

"My mistress was a hoss-back, Sir," replied old Drummton, "but when she larns as you have come out to visit her, no doubt she will instantly set off back again. Missus was on her bay mare, which doesn't make above an hour and ten minutes work of it from Hyde Park Corner to Richmond Hill."

"Sir Henry Wellwood looked aghast. 'Mrs. Delafield ride to London, Drummton! — Mrs. Delafield endure the fatigue of —'

"'Lor' bless you, Sir Henry,' said the old man, 'it is just that very fatigue that has set poor dear Missus on her legs again. You see, Sir, just afore Master's last illness there was a newfashioned doctor called in; and he said as all Mrs. Delafield's dispersion rose from lying on a sofa, reading o' novels, and drinking o' physic. And he ordered Missus to throw away all the draughts and the new books from the library, and to buy herself a stout hack as would trot five miles a day afore breakfast; and Lor' bless you, Sir, she's been a different thing ever since. Missus drinks a power o' porter, Sir, and she's as stout as an Irish charwoman.'

"Sir Henry could not repress a smile at this extraordinary statement. 'Poor dear' Mrs. Delafield trotting five miles on a stout hack! 'But how was my sister ever persuaded, Drummton, to make the attempt? — I should as soon have thought of her ascending Mont Blanc.'

"'Lor' bless you, Sir, so long as it was any thing ordered by a doctor, Missus was sure to take it. After she'd been a swallowing draughts of arsenic, and hemlock, and henbane, and a power of other poisons to please 'em for many a long year, sure it wasn't much worse to get on a good horse, and eat a good dinner like other people.'

"Yet not even when the copiously enlarged edition of his sister striding into the room in her riding habit, — having, according to Drummton's prediction, trotted back from town as fast as a punchy cob would carry her, — could Sir Henry Wellwood believe that he beheld the pale, tremulous, chilly, half-alive, Mrs. Delafield in the comely dame before him. He forgot the forty-horse power of quackery over a female imagination. He forgot that she had been a victim to the successively prevailing disorders of liver, spine, and digestion. He forgot, or perhaps knew not, that hard exercise and hard fare were the hobbies of Sir Jacob Collingbury, the last new fashionable Esculapius; and that half the expiring and declining fine-lady invalids in town had been suddenly torn from their pillows, seated upon high-trotting horses, and fed on barley bread and raw beef-steaks; that a few had expired in the attempt, while ninety-five per hundred recovered their health and understanding." — Vol. II. p. 55.

The ground-work of all the misery in "The Divorcée" has been alluded to. A mother disgusted with a long struggle between gentility and poverty, is determined that her daughters shall not suffer similar misery: she succeeds only in promoting one to wealth and rank; the results form the subject of a most pathetic tale, — a tale of such woe as only women are ever called upon to feel, and which a woman only could describe. The process by which the mother comes to form these resolutions, is detailed in the following passage; —

"Mrs. Kendal was well aware meanwhile of the importance attached, among the sublime and beautiful of the Bath coteries, to the designation of a 'charming young man,' whether rich or poor. She was not blind to the value of personal and mental attractions; but she saw that merit of mind and body is too often made to cloak a deficiency of estate. The prudent mother entertained a lively remembrance of the period when, as a

lovely girl in *her* teens, she had been warranted in the folly of marrying Sir Vavasor Kendal's cousin Fred (with two hundred and fifty pounds per annum in addition to her own seventy) by the superiority of *his* personal and mental attractions. *She* had married for love, — had united herself to 'the most charming, the most elegant young man about town.' Yet among the pains and penalties of adapting three hundred and twenty pounds to the maintenance of eighteen hungry and full-grown individuals, during the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, the charming young man had become a sulky brute, and the elegant young man most profanely addicted to brandy and water. She had seen him grow more and more fretful at the disappointment of every fresh application to his cousin, Sir Vavasor, for a small place, or rising clerkship; and more and more frightful when every spring a young child was added and an aged relative subtracted from the family stock, without the addition of half-a-crown to his means of maintenance, — whether by legacy, donation, or salary. She had seen Cousin Fred come to be voted a bore by the Baronet, and a bear by every one else; monopolizing the fire from his poor little red-nosed children, and swallowing five mutton chops for his own share, when there were only thirteen left for the other seventeen individuals of the family. When a rich uncle sent the thrifty mother some old Malaga during a severe illness, the charming young man appropriated it without compunction; when a kind godmother bestowed some pieces of nankeen on a fine little boy (one of their last three or four specimens of the infant Hercules), it had found its way to and fro the tailor of 'the elegant young man,' in the shape of a fashionable dressing-gown. No, no! — no more marrying for love in the family! — a comfortable home, a respectable competence, afforded the truest ground-work for wedded happiness. Having snatched, between the pauses of her stitchery, a daily hour or two to impart to her daughters those elegant accomplishments in which she had formerly been a proficient, she could not bear that their graces of mind should be benumbed by the touch of poverty, despised by a needy husband, and rendered sinful by encroaching on the duties inseparable from a growing family.

"It must be owned that the girls were, or professed to be, of the same opinion. They could not yet forget the gowns of serge, and hard fare, and hard beds, and deficiency of all means of service towards others, which had shut up the expanding impulses of their youth. They still remembered having envied the fat wife of the squire her power of distributing coals and blankets, during the winter, to individuals still nearer to freezing point than themselves; and having cried when they detected their mother weeping over her inability to procure sea-air and medical advice for a little sick brother, who seemed likely to be released by a consumption from the impending woes of starvation. Rose, Clara, Helen, and Amelia, unanimously agreed with Mamma, that comfort was a very comfortable thing; that a carriage is a mode of locomotion preferable to an umbrella and pattens in rainy weather; and competence an indispensable basis to the exercise of every Christian virtue. With that inestimable parent, indeed, fortitude and patience had been all in all; but they had no objection to display *their* excellence in some other branch of goodness. All four were accustomed to say and sing in harmonious quartette, that a love-match was a crying evil.

"The consequences of this rash judgment may easily be predicted. No sooner did they arrive at marrying years, than Cupid avenged himself by uniting Rose with a recruiting Captain of Dragoons, who was not so much as cousin to a Sir Vavasor; Helen with the grandson of a Welch Baronet, the head of the family being heir to six hundred per annum; and Clara,

the lovely Clara, with a young Clergyman, waiting for a living from an Irish Marquis, to whose whelphood he had been travelling tutor!

"Three successive springs did Mrs. Kendal renew her tears on packing up the slender *trousseau* of her misguided girls; when Captain and Mrs. Stretton set off for their quarters at Sunderland; when Mr. and Mrs. Madoc Williams departed for their cottage in Cardiganshire; when the Reverend Montagu and Mrs. Langston jingled off in a hack post-chaise to their curacy in Lincolnshire. She had very little patience with the merits of her three sons-in-law. It was enough for her that her graceful, gentle, lovely girls were gone to darn away their lives as she had done before them; to be sworn at on rainy days, and to bring forth unwelcome children.

"Amelia!" she exclaimed, on more than one occasion, to her remaining girl (her favorite if the truth must be told, — for her health had been more delicate than the rest, more resembling that of the consumptive little brother, than the robustness of Captain Kendal of the — th, or Lieutenant Kendal of H. M. S. Orion, Bob the Lombard-Street Clerk, Henry the writer at Bombay, or Vavasor or Fred, the two grammar-school urchins still in leather caps and corduroys), 'Amelia! dearest, beware of letting your feelings run away with you as your sisters have done. My sweet child, you are not strong enough to rough it like the rest of them. You are not fit for privations and fatigue. Be wise in time; do not dance so often with Bob's friend, the young ensign of the Guards. Three times I have been tormented into giving my consent against my better judgment. Amelia, I will never, *never* sanction your marriage with a man unable to maintain you. Think better of it: consider what it is to consign your youth to drudgery and mortification, unsupported by the consent and blessing of a mother. Think better of it, dearest Amelia; and do not dance with Charles Beverley again.' — Vol. III. p. 44.

If, after so much deserved eulogy, a fault might be hinted, — the authoress should be warned against an overstrained attempt at brilliancy. She need never apprehend being accused of the vice of dullness, the inextinguishable crime of fashionable writing; but she may reasonably fear the depreciation of some of her best efforts by a constant pursuit of the dazzling, the pointed, and the elaborately gay. A little more quietness of purpose, a little less glare of effort, would indicate the consciousness of power which she is entitled to feel.

[From "The Asiatic Journal, No. 36."]

[We have always felt a strong distrust of the supposed discoveries of M. Champollion. There has been such a want of all clear explanation in the accounts of them, they have been described in so excited a style, his hypotheses have so evidently rested on very slight foundations when any were provided, and so much that seemed extravagant and utterly improbable has been affirmed, while the proofs, real or imaginary, have been kept back, that not being willing to suspect him of *charlatanerie*, we have regarded him as deluded by his enthusiasm in a study to which he had devoted himself. To the obvious objection, that, supposing the hieroglyphics could be read into the language of the Pharaohs, that language itself is unknown, and we have only the most inadequate and uncertain means of conjecturing the signification of its terms, there has been

scarcely an attempt to give an answer. We are glad to see that the whole subject has been cleared up by a writer so eminently qualified as M. Klaproth.]

ART. III. — *Examen Critique des Travaux de feu M. CHAMPOLLION, sur les Hiéroglyphes*; par M. J. KLAPROTH. Ouvrage orné de trois planches. Paris, 1832. Dondey-Dupré. 1832.

IN this work M. Klaproth has investigated the results of the late M. Champollion's labours on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, in a manner so full, clear, and satisfactory, as to furnish a distinct view of the subject, and an accurate summary of what has been done in this matter, as well as an outline of what yet remains to be accomplished, in order that the progress already made in decyphering some of these signs may lead to a really useful result.

The office could scarcely have fallen into more competent hands. The philological knowledge of M. Klaproth is so vast, the tongues he has mastered are so numerous, that the hyperbolical compliment bestowed by Cowley upon Wotton is almost the language of sober truth when applied to M. Klaproth :

" Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more."

The detection of errors and false notions, in any department of science, is so much knowledge actually gained; by divesting the subject of hieroglyphics of a prodigious mass of error, and presenting it in its true character and proportions, the author of the work under consideration may, therefore, be said to have added very materially to our stock of knowledge in this branch of archæology.

In a paper printed in our sixth volume,* and which was furnished by M. Klaproth, this gentleman gave a sort of epitome of his present work, which is constructed on the principles there laid down : its object being, as he states, "to fix the opinion of the learned upon the extent of the progress hitherto made in decyphering the graphic monuments of Egypt."

M. Klaproth shows that, prior to the discovery by Dr. Young of what are termed the *phonetic* hieroglyphics, M. Champollion, like most persons who devoted their attention to the study of Egyptian cryptography, had no idea that the signs represented letters or sounds. Dr. Young's discovery, and the aid afforded by the Rosetta stone, diverted him, however, into a new course, which has enabled him to enlarge our means of interpreting the hieroglyphics to the utmost limit, we fear, which is practicable. The sanguine temper of M. Champollion hurried him, indeed, into the most extravagant notions as to the extent of his means of interpretation. He fancied that the major part of the hieroglyphical texts were phonetic, not ideographic; consequently, with the help of certain canons arbitrarily laid down he professed to give off-

* Asiatic Journal, Vol. vi. p. 273.

hand translations of inscriptions and papyri; his *discoveries* were successively promulgated to the world, and received, we are sorry to say, in this country with greedy credulity. M. Klaproth palliates this eagerness to be deceived by observing, that although the authority for these readings was not given, they were eagerly assented to, because it was supposed that the author would not fail to justify them at a future period. This important point, however, namely, the phonetic or alphabetical character of the hieroglyphics, has never been demonstrated by M. Champollion; and if, as there is every reason to believe from ancient authorities, especially Clement of Alexandria, those signs are mostly ideographical symbols, we are as far off as ever from being in a condition to read "hieroglyphical texts."

But supposing it could be clearly demonstrated that the texts consist of phonetic hieroglyphics, that is, that each sign stood for a letter or sound, it is necessary that the value of these signs should be ascertained and fixed; for as the vowels (in the cartouch proper names) are commonly omitted, and the letters are not always arranged in the same order, if a sign sometimes stands for B, sometimes for M, and sometimes for T, it is obvious that we should otherwise never be sure of the exact word.

Supposing, however, all these difficulties to be got over, "there still remains," as our author observes, "and will always remain, a difficulty which genius itself cannot overcome," namely, to discover the meaning of the words when translated from the signs. The words belong, of course, to the ancient Egyptian language, and this language is unknown to us; the Coptic, which is a relic of the ancient Egyptian, adulterated with Greek and Arabic and vitiated by time, is itself a dead language, and exists only in some fragments of a translation of the Bible and lives of the saints. In these works, all pagan expressions relative to the ancient superstitions of the country, — the very terms necessary to elucidate the hieroglyphics, — were, of course, carefully avoided by the pious editors of those Christian works. "Such is the Coptic language, the only resource we have to enable us to understand the hieroglyphic inscriptions, supposing them to be all phonetic, accurately read, and completely decyphered."

The course which M. Champollion adopted, in translating texts, was this: he rendered the signs into words, according to his table of values, which are by no means satisfactorily established, and which he varied arbitrarily; these words, furnished by him arbitrarily with vowels, were then translated through the medium of the Coptic language, and this last process, which, if fairly and scrupulously employed, would be wholly unsatisfactory, was managed in so loose and vague a manner, — senses being attributed to Coptic words which they cannot bear, others being assigned to them conjecturally, — that not the slightest confidence can be placed in the results he professed to deduce from his experiments, which by such a process might be made to yield anything required.

M. Klaproth, in fact, accuses M. Champollion, and distinctly proves his charge, of "giving to the unknown signs the value most convenient to himself, and of constructing the very language in which he wished the inscription should be written."

In his "Observations on the Phonetic Alphabet," M. Klaproth shows the uncertainty which prevails throughout all the readings of M. Champollion, as well as certain liberties most unjustifiably taken with the text. The original hieroglyphics, which are exhibited in the work before us in very elegant types, are compared with the renderings, and it is clearly shown that M. Champollion has rendered them differently in different cases, often in opposition to his own laws; that the freedoms taken with the Coptic language are such as to make that language speak any meaning: in short, that there is nothing certain, nothing credible, but the translations of the cartouches, the point from whence M. Champollion set out.

As an example, not the strongest, of the vague manner in which this Egyptologist proceeded in his interpretations, we take, at random, his explanation of a group of four hieroglyphics, which, he says, denotes "king of an obedient people"; being an abbreviation of the phonetic group yielding *stn*, 'king,' and a character purely symbolical, the *bee*, a laborious insect.

"The first objection," observes M. Klaproth, "which occurs to this specious demonstration is, that it nowhere appears that the word *stn*, which M. Champollion would have pronounced *souten*, ever had the signification of 'king' in the Egyptian language. Nothing like it is found in ancient authors; on the contrary, we know, from the historical books of the Hebrews, that *Pharaoh* was the title of the kings of Egypt. Syncellus likewise informs us that the general name of all the kings of that country was *Pharaoh*. Julius Africanus, cited by Eusebius, attests the same thing. The only term for *king*, in the Coptic language, is *ouro*, and with the article, *piouro*, *pouro*, or *fouro*.* Another difficulty which presents itself is this, that if the root *stn* signified 'king,' it could not be found in the group in question, which consists of *s* and *t*, but there is no trace of *n*."

The Egyptian mythology of M. Champollion is of the vaguest and most uncertain character. We might perhaps expect that he would find in the hieroglyphics names of deities hitherto unknown to us, but we had a right to look for more correspondence between the hieroglyphical and recorded attributes of those we did know. M. Champollion was, we believe, but an indifferent classical scholar, and was even indebted to others for his translations from the Greek.

A decided proof of the inefficacy of M. Champollion's reputed discoveries is, that he has been unable, with the help of them, and

* In the translation of the N. T. the word *Kāiour* is invariably rendered by *pouro*. Other Coptic words, belonging to the same root, are *tiouro*, 'queen'; *ariouro*, 'kingdoms'; *crouro*, 'to reign.'

with the aid of the Greek and demotic translations, to make out the hieroglyphics on the Rosetta stone. He has merely cited a few groups and very short passages. If his system was a sound one, the Rosetta inscription would naturally be the first to the test of which he would be desirous of bringing it; if otherwise, he would naturally shun it.

Upon the whole, without entering further into the subject, we recommend this volume strongly to the attention of English Egyptologists and antiquaries, as one which will afford them a firm footing for their future exertions.

[From "The Asiatic Journal, No. 36."]

ART. IV.— *Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales.* By EMMA ROBERTS. Bull. London. 1832.

THE reputation of Miss Emma Roberts, as a poetess of very considerable taste and talent, is well-established throughout British India. The specimens we have occasionally seen of her compositions, in Anglo-Indian publications, have compelled us to admire the ease and gracefulness of her versification, and especially her powers in descriptive poetry.

Bating the enfeebling influence of the climate, India is of all countries in the world the best-adapted to develop the seeds of poetry. The voluptuousness of the air, the rich and varied hues of vegetation, the local features of the country, grand, wild, terrific, or decked in all the luxuriant colors of a fairy landscape, the vast scale of objects there, the animals, the people, the costumes, the edifices, the very conflict of the elements, are poetry embodied into reality, and a portraiture of them, sketched from nature, in India, by the most matter-of-fact pencil, will rival the utmost stretch of a northern imagination, heated by an over-boiling enthusiasm. India is, therefore, a school for descriptive poets; and accordingly, most of the poetry of Anglo-Indians consists of descriptions of local scenery, with occasional sketches and tales borrowed from Eastern legends, or supplied from the fancy, which afford scope for the delineation of manners, customs, and what in other countries constitutes the subsidiary parts or costume of poetry.

But we are not criticizing Anglo-Indian poetry, but that of Miss Emma Roberts, which is among the most advantageous specimens of it we have met with. The pieces, of which the volume consists, are stated by the authoress to have been written to illustrate scenes and incidents which, during her travels in India, struck her as particularly interesting and picturesque, and to amuse an idle hour or fill a niche in a periodical. Most of them, perhaps all, have

therefore been already published in India, but they are not, on that account, less new to most English readers.

The following poem will, at the same time, illustrate our preceding remarks, and exhibit the felicitous style of Miss Roberts' versification :

“THE NORTH-WESTER.

- “Evening approaches, and the tropic sun
The western arch of ruddy heaven has won,
And, yielding to the balmy close of day,
Its scorching heat, its most oppressive ray,
Now 'mid ten thousand swiftly fading dyes
Looks smiling down from yonder roseate skies.
How beautiful, how placid, fair, and bright,
The gorgeous scene that greets its parting light !
The stately river's calm and waveless tide
In its deep slumber scarce is seen to glide ;
So tranquil is the stream, the lotus crown,
By some fond maid, or anxious lover thrown —
A bark of hope — unstirred upon its breast,
In lingering tenderness appears to rest.
The idle *goleeah*, from his flower-wreathed prow,
With careless eye surveys the flood below ;
And all the hundred oars, that proudly sweep
The polished surface of the glassy deep,
Mocked by the lazy currents, vainly seek
To urge their shallops round yon woody creek.
Its marble wings up-springing from the shade,
By the dark *peepul's* glossy foliage made,
The waving *neem*, the willow-like bamboo,
And shrubs of fragrant scent and brilliant hue,
The nazim's regal palace proudly gleams
In pearl-like splendor in the evening beams ;
While each surrounding crag and sun-kissed slope,
Crowned with the bright luxuriant mango tope —
Each vagrant creeper with its starry wreath,
Are softly mirrored in the stream beneath.
- “Where'er the wandering eyes delighted roam,
From groves embowering peeps the graceful dome
Of some small mosque, or holy brahmin's cell,
Where the lamp glances, and the silvery bell
Makes gentle music in the balmy air ;
No other sounds the listening echoes bear
On this calm eve, save snatches of sweet song,
Which rise at intervals from yonder throng
Assembled on the terraced ghaut, to fling
O'er Ganges' wave each flowery offering.
Sudden the fierce North-west breaks loose — and while
Half the bright landscape still is seen to smile,
The sultry air grows thick, the skies are dark,
The river swells, and now the struggling bark
Along the rushing wave is wildly driven,
And thunder bursts from every gate of heaven ;

O'er tower and palace, hut and holy fane,
In frantic madness sweeps the hurricane ;
And trees uprooted strew the earth ; and air
Is filled with yells, and shrieks of wild despair.

"The sun sinks down in splendor to the west,
The skies are in their richest colors drest ;
And where a blackened wreck was seen to float,
A lamp within the palm-nut's fragile boat
Glides tranquilly ; — the stars shine forth — the vale
Is vocal with the bulbul's sweetest tale ;
The air is gemmed with fire-flies ; and the breeze
Is filled with perfume from the lemon trees :
The storm has passed — and now the sparkling river
Runs calm, and smooth, and beautiful as ever."

The following is an extract from "The Taaje Mahal" :

"Of precious marbles richly blent
Shines the imperial monument ;
A gorgeous fabric, spreading wide
Its glittering pomp of colonnades,
Fit palace for the peerless bride
Reposing in its hallowed shades.
Too beautiful for mortal hands,
Its clustering cupolas and towers
Seem the light work of fairy wands,
And fashioned out of pearls and flowers,
Or moon-beams gathered in the bright
Effulgence of a cloudless night ;
And as o'er these fair spires and domes
The stranger's eye enchanted roams,
Lost in delight he almost deems
That wrought by some fantastic spell,
'T will vanish like his summer dreams,
Or cloud-encircled citadel,
Floating along the summer sky,
In evanescent pageantry.

"Beside the alabaster tomb
All richly wreathed with glittering gems,
And shining like the jewelled plume
O'er eastern monarch's diadems,
Fond lovers kneel — and as they gaze
Upon each ingot's brilliant blaze,
The bright mosaic of the floor,
Where many-colored agates vie
With onyx thickly scattered o'er,
Turquoise, and lapis lazuli ;
They dash away the rising tear,
They fear no change nor falsehood here.
Oh ! every flower-enamelled gem
Is worth a mine of gold to them ;
It tells of love divinely pure —
The record that a monarch gave,
That strong affection may endure
In human hearts beyond the grave !"

We close our extracts with the following lines suggested by a passage in Bishop Heber's *Journal*, in which he mentions the popular superstition of the Hindus, who hang *gurraks* (jars) of water upon the branches of the peepul trees, in order that the spirits of their deceased relatives, who are supposed to haunt the sacred foliage, may drink of the holy stream of the Ganges.

"THE HINDOO GIRL.

- "She sits beneath a lonely peepul tree,
Whose waving boughs shadow a fairy mound,
Her rich dark locks flow down below the knee,
Their glossy braids in mournful guise unbound.
- "No tear is springing from those sad sweet eyes,
Mute is the pensive sorrow of her breast,
It breaks not forth in anguish-breathing sighs,
Each struggling passion now has sunk to rest.
- "Yet the meek sufferer cannot long sustain,
Though deeply schooled, her self-denying part,
Hers are the lips that will not smile again,
Hers is the calmness of a broken heart.
- "No more shall menial hands each silken tress
Enwreath with freshly-gathered coronals,
No more shall gems the slender anklets press,
Ringing in music o'er the marble halls.
- "Her graceful form couched on the lonely hill,
The features cast in beauty's softest mould,
Seem like some wonder of the sculptor's skill,
Some breathing statue of a nymph of old.
- "A gurrah hangs upon the boughs above,
Brought from the distant river's sedge-crowned brink,
In the fond fancy that her spirit love,
Will stoop o'er Ganges' holy wave to drink.
- "And the desponding soul can still rejoice,
When, as the twilight air its music weaves,
She hears, or thinks she hears, a thrilling voice
Sighing amid the peepul's waving leaves.
- "Although the cold and cheerless tomb inurns
The ashes from funereal piles conveyed,
The dead, the loved, lamented one returns,
Haunting the sacred peepul's hallowed shade.
- "Few are the trees beneath an Indian sun,
Wooded by the spicy East's ambrosial kiss,
Of form and tint more beautiful — and none
Girt with such touching memories as this."

[From "The Metropolitan, No. 20."]

ART. V. — *The Life of General Sir David Baird, Baronet.*
In 2 vols. Svo. Bentley. London. 1832.

WITH a fine engraving from Raeburn of this excellent officer and truly honorable man, we are presented with a most interesting piece of biography, — interesting not merely on account of the details of the life of a veteran, than whom the British service did not boast a name, except one, more endowed with the qualifications which form a great officer, but further, by its aid in yielding additional evidence in his treatment, to that unhallowed system by which the East India Company extended their power in the East, equally regardless of justice to individuals, and of the most sacred treaties. The rights of unoffending sovereigns, when gold and territory were to be had, at times when their own safety was not at all involved in the question, were to them of no moment. The officer whose generous sympathies and indignant feelings revolted at cruelty, infamy, and injustice, whose spirit was too noble to become the tool of underlings in the work of dishonor, was destined at their hands to meet mortifications, where he should have been honored and rewarded. The acts of the Company's instruments, and their own participation in them, will one day be further unfolded to view. So uncompromising and so unerring is the spirit of justice, that the British people have neither exalted into heroes the conscience-stricken suicide Clive, nor the power-shielded Hastings. England will not identify them with her great men, and the sooner the veil of oblivion is drawn over their names the better. The more active interference of the crown with the Company during the last twenty years, and no doubt the better feelings and principles of the Company itself, have stayed the recurrence of acts at which nature shudders and humanity sickens, while the sacredness of treaties and the rights of princes, about which so much is said in Europe, in the East have been recently held in higher estimation.

Sir David Baird was born in December, 1757, and died on the 18th of August, 1829. He was the fifth child of William Baird, of Newbyth, N. B., and lost his father when he was only eight years old. He entered the army in 1772, at the age of fifteen. In figure he was tall, and well formed. His countenance, if we may judge from his portrait, marks a mind of cheerfulness, courage, intellect, and incapacity of dishonor, from the bold and open character of the features, which are also singularly agreeable. As early as 1779 he went to India. The Company and Hyder Aly were at peace. After a war of no great length and of varying success, a treaty had been concluded between the honorable Company and Hyder, when the latter might have ruined them, as he well knew. It was agreed that each party should remain as it

stood when the contest commenced, forts taken on each side to be restored, and an alliance offensive and defensive to be concluded ; it specifically laid down that if either party were attacked, the other should lend its aid. No great while after the conclusion of this treaty, Hyder was attacked by the Mahrattas. He applied for the aid guaranteed by this most solemn treaty ; the Company flatly refused it, because they feared it might bring a war upon themselves ! Hyder again and again urged them (as they would not fail to have urged him, in a like case, to the same tune) ; the treaty-breaking Company, regardless of dishonor, shrunk from the performance of their solemn pledge. Hyder made the best peace he could with the Mahrattas, and stung by the conduct of the honorable Company, became, as he was justified in becoming, their bitterest foe. It is very lamentable that brave officers personally suffered from the acts of the tiger, when the royal beast should have discriminated in his vengeance, and poured it only on the heads that merited it. The breach of honor was hardly made before the Mahrattas were upon the Company itself, and it had to meet the contest alone, a contest arising out of a more dishonorable act than even the breach of a solemn treaty. It was no less than receiving the renegade murderer of a lawful reigning prince, and promising to support him if he would cede a portion of the territory he acquired by the price of his victim's (his own nephew's) blood ! The Mahrattas, justly indignant at such indescribable turpitude, formed an alliance with Hyder, that bold, talented, but cruel prince. In the subsequent war a part of the Company's army was routed, and nearly all killed or taken. Among the prisoners was Sir David Baird, who was also wounded. He was conducted to Seringapatam, and with other officers, many of whom perished there, suffered the severest hardships for nearly four years, until the peace. To his excellent constitution Sir David owed his life, for but few survived the rigors they sustained. In such a service as that of the Company at this period, independence of mind and the strict integrity which would do right, regardless of consequences, was, of all other qualifications, the least likely to recommend to the good graces of the Company's agents. All its servants appear to have been a very different race from those of the present day, and in consequence men do not now return from India nabobs in wealth. The truth is, that the Indian army is officered by men of honor, and is not now what it was then ; and the British officers there know how to appeal at home, and be heard, even against the Company, many of whose servants then were adventurers ; they are now men of high character.

No sooner was Sir David (then Captain) Baird once more free, than he was doomed to meet the first of the many mortifications he sustained from the honorable Company. His services, his integrity, four years of cruel imprisonment, what were these ! A junior half-pay lordling was put over his head for a majority, though the majority was not actually vacant. His brother officers memorialized

home, and his lordship's appointment was very properly refused to be confirmed. Such is the advantage of a regular government that has a character at stake. It may promote a favorite; interest may cause acts of injustice; but it will not be deaf to extraordinary merit, nor will it for sordid lucre's sake dishonor itself, break treaties, and fling to the winds all character and fame. In 1787, Sir David got his majority, and visited Europe, and in 1791 returned to India a lieutenant-colonel. How many have risen to this rank without a day's active service, while all Sir David's sufferings only enabled him by purchase to obtain a lieutenant-colonelcy, after a service of nineteen years. On reaching India he was employed at Seringapatam. Tippoo was the reigning sovereign in that capital, which the Company, with their Mahratta allies, so honorably acquired, invested. This ended in the peace of 1792. Soon after, Sir David was made commander at Tanjore, after the taking of Pondicherry. Here his honorable feelings were again outraged by the conduct of the Company, which had determined to ruin the rajah, a prince of good character and high principle: a Mr. M—— was made civil resident, for the purpose of forcing this prince to give up his realm, and become their pensioner. Sir David was not a tool of the Company's, but an officer of the British army, and as such he was desired to collect the troops, and place a party of them near the palace. The object of this trick was evident, but not a word of the purpose for which they were so placed was told to their commander. To such conduct he demurred. A correspondence ensued, curious enough, and well worthy the reader's attention. This Mr. M——, in an officious letter, says he shall take care that British honor is not tarnished; — he who was then conducting a scheme of chicanery to trick a sovereign out of his dominions. Sir David's correspondence is most manly, but little suited to the atmosphere of Madras and its rulers, where Lord Hobart was president. This Mr. M—— and fear together, (to operate still stronger with the latter, was the object of making the troops appear at the palace,) obtained the reluctant signature of the innocent, unoffending, and honorable rajah to the management of his dominions by the Company. The rajah stated that he was so alarmed with threats, and so grossly deceived by misstatements, that he resolved to appeal to the governor-general for the restoration of his rightful domain. He did not appeal in vain. Sir John Shore ordered their restitution, and the dishonest plotters were for a time baffled in their efforts to rifle the rajah of his territory. Sir David was the medium through which the scheme was rendered abortive for the present, for he sent the petitions to the governor-general himself, feeling the indignation so natural at the conduct of the Madras presidency. Sir David knew that, as far as he could be made so, he would become the victim of his conduct, but he seems to have possessed the true nobility of heart, that knows not fear when acting rightly. The pretext for the first attack upon this brave officer was his firing a royal salute

on the restoration of the territories, at the rajah's desire, salutes having always before been fired at his highness's request. The resident named M — had delayed the order to deliver the territories, but the poor rajah having announced that the restoration was made, feared to deceive the people, and requested the salute. This act, in which there was nothing to censure, was visited by the order of the chief of the Madras council, Lord Hobart, who had been baffled, to march immediately with the 71st regiment to Pondicherry. One of those ridiculous letters, which men crossed in their object often write, was received by Sir David soon after, and answered by him in a clear, convincing, and manly manner; it cannot be read without conviction of its being dictated by a sense of honor and justice worthy a British soldier. The order to march was a piece of spite worthy those who had plotted the downfall and ruin of an unoffending and independent prince in close alliance with the Company. The plan was to get the native princes, through fear or under some specious pretext, to admit a body of their troops, and pay them, and thus, whenever it seemed good in their eyes, upon a plausible occasion, to seize their territory and revenues, and make them its pensioners, or *de facto* its prisoners. Perhaps through the same influence, soon after, the 71st regiment which Sir David had disciplined to high perfection, was broken up by superior orders; the men cruelly drafted into the 73d and 74th, and Colonel Baird and staff ordered to England. Thanks to the Duke of York, he afterwards put an end to this system. With the thanks of his military superiors, Baird quitted India, reached the Cape, and took a command there. There he met, on his way out, Lord Mornington, whom he found far from being, like Lord Teignmouth, a protector from the injustice of Lord Hobart towards the rajah of Tanjore. It was easy to see that he was going out, among other things, with the Company's orders to deprive this unfortunate prince of his territories. Lord Hobart was after this Sir David's enemy; once baffled by his honor and integrity, he felt the shame of narrow minds consequent upon his conduct, and exerted against him every influence, no matter whether such acts were apparent or concealed. An expedition was projected against Manilla, but officers with incomplete regiments were nominated to it, and one of these was his junior, Colonel Wellesley, now the Duke of Wellington. He felt these things so much, he had been on the point of returning to Europe before his regiment was broken up.

Again Sir David was ordered back to India. There, as before, he was doomed to feel how little his principles availed him in Eastern politics. He was now appointed to a brigade, but a junior officer, Col. Wellesley, was put over his head. In vain he complained, — all was useless. After some fighting, an engagement took place, for which Colonel Wellesley has been blamed; and which, but for a change of position by the enemy, Sir David Baird must have undertaken. By a singular and most extraordinary

concatenation of circumstances, Colonel Wellesley was always coming across the path of Sir David's advancement; yet he showed no mortification. In a night attack, Colonel Wellesley missed his men, owing to their giving way in disorder, and he was obliged to grope his way to his quarters. In the morning, the attack was ordered to be resumed, but Colonel Wellesley could not be found; and the troops having waited an hour, Baird was ordered to take the command, but he said to the commander-in-chief, "Don't you 'think it would be fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of re-trying the affair of last night?" This was noble and generous, to a junior officer particularly. Colonel Wellesley now came, led the detachment, and succeeded. Colonel Wellesley had lost his way the preceding night, and proceeding to head-quarters worn out with fatigue, and finding the commander-in-chief not awake, threw himself on a table and fell asleep. This was made the ground of a hundred stories to his disadvantage; and a Colonel Beatson, with that zeal which marks the courtier, says Colonel Wellesley deferred the attack, having confined his operations to causing a diversion!

But we shall be too long on the present subject for our reader's patience. General Baird led the forlorn hope in the storming of Seringapatam; the hazard and the bloody victory on that day were his. He was no sooner in possession, and had secured his conquest, than he was ordered to deliver up the command to his junior, Colonel Wellesley; in his own words, "Before the sweat 'was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer." Ay, even before the commander-in-chief got the report from the storming officer, he who had won the city was laid by for a junior officer, who had so repeatedly been preferred before him. A little delay would have been decent. It is probable that General Harris the commander, having the fear of the governor-general before his eyes, determined to play the sycophant in obliging, as far as he could go, the image of power. Colonel Wellesley himself, we venture to say, would have rather the thing had been done in a more seemly manner. That this was his feeling may be seen by his sending the sword of Tippoo to General Baird, of which he was afterwards deprived, for a very noble purpose, — the restoring it to him through General Harris's own hand; a mortification this general well merited for his conduct to one superior to himself, in every thing but seniority.

After considerable services in India, and the command of the Anglo-Indian army which went to Egypt, where he again upheld British honor in the affair of the Beys, whom the diplomatists of the time would have abandoned to their fate, he returned to India. Colonel, now General Wellesley, who was to have been his second in command in Egypt, and did not join, was again across his way in India. He drafted away the troops under Baird's command. The latter, too, found himself so thwarted and neglected, that, knowing beyond a doubt the Madras government was at the bottom

of his unmerited treatment, he applied for leave of absence, and quitted "the land of his early sufferings and of his glory," for ever. He afterwards took the Cape of Good Hope; aided the too enthusiastic plans of Sir Home Popham; was recalled; commanded a division at Copenhagen; then a corps in Ireland; and, lastly, was second in command of the army in Spain, and finally commander-in-chief. His last command was that of the army in Ireland.

Sir David Baird was one of those great men who retain, with their other qualities, that love of justice, integrity, and humanity, together with firmness, which are rarely united. Could he have been mean and cruel, he had pleased the Madras council. Had he had less independence of spirit, he had risen quicker in his profession. In short, he was one of those ornaments of their country, who have attained eminence by no tortuous track, but by marching over the broad path of honor and rectitude. This work is very well edited. There are no political partialities displayed, though Sir David Baird was a Tory. The events and incidents are clearly laid down, and the conduct of the East India Company is well and impartially characterized.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1832."]

ART. VI. — *Letters of SIR WALTER SCOTT, addressed to the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Davies Gilbert, Esq., Francis Douce, Esq., and Others. Accompanied by an original Autobiography of Lieutenant General Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart. &c. Post 8vo. Lond. 1832. Price 5s.*

OF the long line of volumes which are probably destined to be filled with the Biography and Correspondence of Sir Walter Scott, the first in the field is a small volume of his Letters now before us. We have made the following selections.

TO THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

Castle Street, Edinburgh, 27th Jan. 1804.

SIR, — I am honored with your letter of the 16th January, and lose no time in communicating such information about Sir Tristrem as I think may interest you.*

* In a previous communication from Sir Walter (then Mr. Scott), through Dr. Carlyon, of Cornwall, dated September 1, 1803, the subject of Sir Tristrem is thus noticed.

"Mr. Scott, of Edinburgh, is preparing to republish an old metrical romance, entitled 'Sir Tristrem,' the particulars of which are, that it was written by Thomas of Erceldoune, commonly called The Rhymer, who flourished in the reign of Alexander the Third of Scotland, and is believed to have died previous to 1299. The story treats of the loves of Ysonde and Tristrem, and the scene

Tristrem (of whose real existence I cannot persuade myself to doubt) was nephew to Mark, King of Cornwall. He is said to have slain in single combat Morough of Ireland, and by his success in that duel to have delivered Cornwall from a tribute which that kingdom paid to Angus, King of Leinster. Tristrem was desperately wounded by the Irish warrior's poisoned sword, and was obliged to go to Dublin, to be cured in the country where the venom had been confected. Ysonde, or Ysende, daughter of Angus, accomplished his cure, but had nearly put him to death upon discovering that he was the person who had slain her uncle. Tristrem returned to Cornwall, and spoke so highly in praise of the beautiful Ysonde, that Mark sent him to demand her in marriage. This was a perilous adventure for Sir Tristrem; but by conquering a dragon, or, as other authorities bear, by assisting King Angus in battle, his embassy became successful, and Ysonde was delivered into his hands, to be conveyed to Cornwall. But the Queen of Ireland had given an attendant damsel a philtre, or aphrodisiac, to be presented to Mark and Ysonde on their bridal night. Unfortunately, the young couple, while at sea, drank this beverage without being aware of its effects. The consequence was the intrigue betwixt Tristrem and Ysonde, which was very famous in the middle ages. The romance is occupied in describing the artifices of the lovers to escape the observation of Mark, the counterplots of the courtiers, jealous of Tristrem's favor, and the uxorious credulity of the King of Cornwall, who is always imposed upon, and always fluctuating betwixt doubt and confidence. At length he banishes Tristrem from his court, who retires to Brittanee (Brittany), where he marries another Ysonde, daughter of the Duke of that British settlement. From a vivid recollection of his first attachment, he neglects his bride, and, returning to Cornwall in various disguises, renews his intrigue with the wife of his uncle. At length, while in Brittanee, he is engaged in a perilous adventure, in which he receives an arrow in his old wound. No one can cure the gangrene but the Queen of Cornwall, and Tristrem despatches a messenger entreating her to come to his relief. The confident of his passion is directed, if his embassy be successful, to hoist a white sail upon his return, and if otherwise a black one. Ysonde of Brittanee, the wife of Tristrem, overhears these instruc-

is laid in Cornwall. The edition in question will be made from an unique copy in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, not for the intrinsic merit of the romance as a poetical production, which certainly would never have caused its being rescued from confinement, but as a genuine record, too valuable to remain hanging by a single thread.

"This sole relic of Thomas the Rhymer's muse is the oldest specimen we possess of compositions of the kind, and one of the few that can be proved decidedly of British origin. It is referred to by Robert de Brunne, in his *Metrical Annals of England* (published by Hearne), and was translated into French verse early in the 13th century, after which probably it was dilated into a prose romance in French of considerable length in which Sir Tristrem figures as a Knight of the Round Table; whereas no mention is made of King Arthur, either by Thomas of Erceeldoune or his French translator."

tions, and on the return of the vessel with her rival on board, fired with jealousy, she tells her husband falsely that the sails are *black*. Tristrem, concluding himself abandoned by Ysonde of Cornwall, throws himself back and dies. Meantime, the Queen lands and hastens to the succour of her lover; — finding him dead, she throws herself on the body and dies also.

This is the outline of the story of Tristrem, so much celebrated in ancient times. As early as the eleventh century, his famous sword is said to have been found in the grave of a king of the Lombards. The loves of Tristrem and Ysonde are alluded to in the songs of the King of Navarre, who flourished about 1226, and also in Chrétien de Troyes, who died about 1200. During the 13th century Thomas of Erceldoune, Earlstown in Berwickshire, called the Rhymmer, composed a metrical history of their amours. He certainly died previous to 1299. His work is quoted by Robert de Brunne, with a very high encomium. For some account of this extraordinary personage I venture to refer you to a compilation of ballads, entitled the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Vol. II. p. 262, where I have endeavoured to trace his history. It is his metrical romance which I am publishing, not from a Scottish manuscript of coëval date, but from an English manuscript apparently written during the minority of Edward III. The transcriber quotes Tomas as his authority, and professes to tell the tale of Sir Tristrem as it was told to him by the author. The stanza is very peculiar, and the language concise to obscurity; in short what Robert de Brunne called, in speaking of Sir Tristrem, “*queinte Inglis*,” not to be generally understood even at the time when it was written. The names are all of British, or, if you please, Cornish derivation, as Morgan, Riis, Brengwain, Urgan, Meriadoc, &c. Tomas of Erceldoune lived precisely upon the Borders of what had been the kingdom of Strath Clud; and, though himself an English author, naturally adopted from his British neighbours a story of such fame. Perhaps he might himself be *utriusque linguæ doctor*, and a translator of British Bards.

It happens, by a most fortunate coincidence, that Mr. Douce, with whose literary fame and antiquarian researches you are probably acquainted, possesses two fragments of a metrical history of Sir Tristrem in the French, or, I should rather say, in the Romance language. One of them refers expressly to Tomas, as the best authority upon the history of Tristrem, though he informs us that other minstrels told the story somewhat differently. All the incidents of these fragments occur in my manuscript, though much more concisely narrated in the latter. The language resembles that of *Mademoiselle Marie*. Tintagel Castle is mentioned as Mark's residence, a fairy castle which was not always visible. In Tomas's Romance the capital of Cornwall is called *Caerlioun*, as I apprehend *Castrum Leonense*, the chief town of the inundated district of Lionesse, from which Sir Tristrem took his surname. The English and French poems throw great light upon each other.

When the art of reading became more common, the books of chivalry were reduced into prose, the art of the minstrel being less frequently exercised. Tristrem shared this fate, and his short story was swelled into a large folio now before me, beautifully printed at Paris in 1514. In this work the story of Tristrem is engrafted upon that of King Arthur, the romance of the "Round Table" being then at the height of popularity. Many circumstances are added which do not occur in the metrical copies. It is here that the heresy concerning the cowardice of the Cornish nation first appears; there is not the least allusion to it in the ancient poems, and it is merely introduced to give effect to some comic adventures in which Mark (*le roy coux*) is very roughly handled, and to others in which certain knights, presuming upon the universal poltroonery of the Cornish, attack Tristrem, and, according to the vulgar phrase, "catch a Tartar." This volume is stated to be compiled by Luce, Lord of the castle of Gast, near Salisbury, a name perhaps fictitious. But Luce, if that *was* his real name, is not singular in choosing the history of Tristrem for the groundwork of his folio. There are two immense manuscripts on the same subject in the Duke of Roxburghe's library, and one in the National Library at Paris, and probably many others. The *Morte Arthur*, which you mention, is a book of still less authority than the Paris folio. It is not a history of the Cornish hero in particular; but a bundle of extracts made by Sir T. Mallore, from the French romances of the Table Round, as Sir Lancelot du Lac, and the other folios printed on that subject at Paris in the beginning of the 16th century. It is therefore of no authority *whatever*, being merely the shadow of a shade, an awkward abridgment of prose romances, themselves founded on the more ancient metrical *lais* and *gests*. I suppose, however, Gibbon had not Mallore's authority for his observation; which he probably derived from the elegant abridgment of Sir Tristrem (I mean of the prose folio), published by Tressan, in "Extracts des Romans de la Chevalerie."

I would willingly add to this scrambling letter a specimen of the romance of Tomas of Erceldoune; but I am deterred by the hope of soon having it in my power to send the book itself, which is in the press.

I fear that, in wishing fully to gratify your curiosity, I have been guilty of conferring much tediousness upon you; but, as it is possible I may have omitted some of the very particulars you wished to know, I have only to add, that it will give me the highest pleasure to satisfy, as far as I am able, any of Mr. Polwhele's inquiries, to whose literary and poetical fame our northern capital is no stranger. On my part, I am curious to know if any recollection of Sir Tristrem (so memorable elsewhere) subsists in his native county, whether by tradition or in the names of places. Also whether tradition or history points at the existence of such a place as Carlioun, which Tomas thus describes:

"Tristrem's schip was yare,
 He asked his benisoun,
 To haven he gan out frere,
 It hight Carlioun;
 Nyen woukes and mare,
 He hobbled up and down,
 A winde to wil him bare,
 To a stede there him was boun
 Neighe hand,
 Deivelin hight the toun,
 And haven in Ireland."

I may just add that Tristrem is described as a celebrated musician and chess-player, and as the first who laid down regular rules for hunting.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mr. Carlyon, to whom I am much obliged for giving me an opportunity to subscribe myself, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ. F. S. A.

Edinburgh, Feb. 9, 1808.

DEAR SIR, — I have deferred from day to day returning you my best thanks for the kind and most acceptable token of your remembrance,* which I received about a fortnight since, and which, notwithstanding an unusual press of business, of various kinds, has been my companion for an hour or two every afternoon since. Every admirer of Shakspeare, and I hope that comprehends all that can read or hear reading, must be necessarily delighted with the profusion of curious and interesting illustration which your remarks contain.

I meant to have offered the few remarks that occurred to me while I was going through your volumes, which would at least have shown the attention I had paid in the perusal; but I have never had a moment's time to accomplish my purpose. In particular, concerning the Fools of Shakspeare, a subject of so much curiosity, and which you have so much elucidated, it might be interesting to you to know, that fifty years ago there was hardly a great house in Scotland where there was not an *all-licensed* fool, — half crazy and half knavish, — many of whose *bon mots* are still recited and preserved. The late Duke of Argyle had a jester of this description, who stood at the sideboard among the servants, and was a great favorite, until he got into disgrace by rising up in the kirk before sermon, and proclaiming the banns of marriage between himself and my friend Lady Charlotte Campbell. So you see it is not so very long, at least in this country, since led captains, pimps, and players, have superseded the *roguish* clowns of Shakspeare. But all this, with any other *scantlings* of information

* Illustrations of Shakspeare and of Ancient Manners.

which have occurred to me, I must now reserve till I have the pleasure of returning my thanks in person, which will probably be in the course of a few weeks, as I have some prospect of being called to London this spring.

In this hope, I am, dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant,
WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE REV. R. POLWHELE, KENWYN.

Marlowe House, Dec. 30, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR, — It was very late this season before I got to Edinburgh, and consequently before I had the pleasure of receiving your valued present, on which I have been making my Christmas cheer ever since, until an ancient and hereditary engagement brought me here to spend the holidays with my chief, the Laird of Harden. Our "Northern Antiquities," as we have ventured to christen a quarto undertaken by Mr. Weber and Mr. R. Jamieson, both friends of mine, are to contain a great deal of Teutonic lore. Much of the first volume is occupied by an account, rather protracted I fear, of the Heldenbuck, a series of romances, referring to the history of Attila and Theodoric, and therefore very curious. Theodoric was to the Germans what king Arthur was to the English, and Charlemagne to the French romancers, — a leading king and champion, who assembled at his court a body of chivalrous knights, whose various adventures furnish the theme of the various cantos of this very curious work.

This is executed by Henry Weber, who is skin-deep in all that respects ancient Teutonic poetry, and it is perfectly new to the English antiquary. Jamieson gives some translations from the Kiempe Visis, a collection of Heroic Ballads, published in Denmark, about the end of the sixteenth century. Their curiosity consists in a great measure in the curious relation they bear to the popular ballads of England and Scotland. Then I have promised to translate some Swiss war songs and other scraps of poetry. In short, our plan is entirely miscellaneous, and embraces any thing curious that is allied to the study of history, or more particularly to that of poetry. This is our plan, my good friend; and if you have any thing lying by you which you would intrust to this motley caravan, we will be much honored. But I hope soon to send you the first volume, when you will judge how far we deserve your countenance. I will take care you have it as soon as published, and perhaps you may like to review it for the Quarterly. I have little share in it, excepting my wish to promote the interest of the prime conductors, whose knowledge is rather more extensive than their financial resources.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with the best wishes of this season, your obliged and grateful humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO REV. R. POLWHELE, KENWYN.

Abbotsford, Feb. 29, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favor, and soon after your poem, reached me here when I was busy in planting, ditching, and fencing a kingdom, like that of Virgil's Melibœus, of about one hundred acres. I immediately sent your poem * to Ballantyne, without the least intimation whence it comes. But I greatly doubt his venturing on the publication, nor can I much urge him to it. The disputes of the Huttonians and Wernerians, though they occasioned, it is said, the damning of a tragedy in Edinburgh last month, have not agitated our northern Athens in any degree like the disputes between the Bellonians and Lancastrians. The Bishop of Meath, † some time a resident with us, preached against the Lancastrian system in our Episcopal chapel. The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, a Scottish Baronet, and leader of the stricter sect of the Presbyterians, replied in a thundering discourse of an hour and a half in length. Now, every body being engaged on one side or the other, I believe no one will care to bring forth a poem which laughs at both. As for me, upon whom the suspicion of authorship would probably attach, I say with Mrs. Quickly, "I will never put my finger in the fire, and need not! indeed no, 'la!" I fear many of the short-hand acquisitions will be found "in fancy ripe, in reason rotten." After all, however, this applies chiefly to the easier and higher classes; for, as to the lower, we are to consider the saving of time in learning as the means of teaching many who otherwise would not learn at all. So I quietly subscribe to both schools, and give my name to neither. I trust the *charlatanism* of both systems will subside into something useful. I have no good opinion of either of the champions. Lancaster is a mountebank; and there is a certain lawsuit depending in our courts here between Dr. Bell and his wife, which puts him in a very questionable point of view.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours ever truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

Abbotsford, Nov. 4, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have been a long and distant wanderer from home; and, though I reached this cottage six weeks ago, I only got "Isabel" yesterday. She was in my house at Castle Street, in possession of an old housekeeper; who, knowing perhaps from youthful experience the dangers which attend young ladies on their travels, kept her with some other captives until my wife, going to town to attend a grand musical festival, made a general jail delivery, and sent among many, but none so welcome packets, the fair maiden of Cotehele. What I liked so much in manu-

* "The Deserted Village School."

† Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, D. D.

script, gained of course by being made more legible; and, did it rest with me, would rank "Isabel" with "Local Attachment," that is with one of the poems of modern times which has afforded me the most sincere pleasure.

I will not fail to put into the hands of Mr. Jeffrey the copy you have sent for him, and to request him to read it with attention. The rest must depend on his own taste. But I will deliver the work with my own hand. No time is yet lost; for Mr. Jeffrey, like myself and other gaping sawnies, has for some time been in France. I am ignorant if he be yet returned; but at any rate the sitting of the courts, which calls me from my oaks of a fathom's growth, will bring him also to Edinburgh.

My stay in France, which was pretty long for a flying visit, has still more endeared my own country, and the manly rectitude of its morals and simplicity of its habits.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Your obliged and faithful servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

At an earlier period, in 1808, Sir Walter had told Mr. Polwhele: "It may be necessary to say, however, that I myself have no voice in the management of the Quarterly Review, and am only a sincere well-wisher and occasional contributor to the work. The management is in much better hands; but I am sure Mr. Gifford will be as sensible of the value of your coöperation as I should be in his situation."

We cannot conclude without observing, that, in a letter to Mr. J. B. Nichols, Sir Walter professes his "respect for the literary patriarchs, Cave and Nichols," as well as for the "Gentleman's Magazine," "from which," he says, "I have often derived and continue to derive, a quantity of literary information not to be seen elsewhere." This was written in December, 1829.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 143."]

ART. VII.—*The Spanish Novelists. A Series of Tales, from the earliest Periods to the Close of the Seventeenth Century.* Translated from the Original, by THOMAS ROSCOE. 3 vols. Price 27s.

MR. ROSCOE is to prose what Dr. Bowring is to poetry. His extensive knowledge of the languages of other lands has opened to him a rich mine, in which he may dig and delve, and from which he may bring up wealth, without the slightest dread of his store being exhausted. The Italian and the German have been here followed by the "Spanish Novelists;" and, if the rare and the curious are more desirable than the wild and the beautiful, the latter volumes will be more widely successful than the former.

Of the romantic writers of Spain, we know very little, yet are they full of humor: their adventures as singular, their descriptions as graphic, and their characters as *unique*, as any lover of the marvellous can possibly desire. To the general reader, "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote" are the only keys to the manners and people of Old Spain; but though the best, they are not alone. There are many other sources from which we may draw amusement and information. Mr. Roscoe has introduced us to such as are doubtless the most attractive; and he has administered to our gratification in no slight degree. From his abundant *matériel*, he has evidently made the most judicious selection. The Tales are all of them remarkable, and many of them admirable. We go on from "concerning what happened" to Don this, to "concerning what happened" to Don that, with exceeding delight; and feel ourselves quite at home among the cavaliers, the monks, the mendicants, the robbers, the alguazils, the duennas, and the gay knights, and black-eyed damsels with which the volumes so plentifully abound. The third volume is, however, the best. The stories are more brief and striking, the plots and incidents less scattered, and they open to us scenes and personages less familiar to our memories. On the whole, the book is one of a novel, pleasant, and profitable character; and will prove a valuable addition to our literature.

[From "The Asiatic Journal, No. 135," and "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 143."]

ART. VIII. — *Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India; comprising a full and exact Account of their various Rites and Ceremonies, from the Moment of Birth till the Hour of Death.* By JAFFUR SHURREEF (a native of the Deccan); composed under the direction of, and translated by, G. A. HERKLOTS, M. D., Surgeon on the Madras Establishment. London, 1832. Parbury, Allen, & Co.

It is not a little remarkable, that the peculiar features of the religion and domestic customs of the Musulmans of India, who form a large portion of the immense population subject to our rule, should have hitherto so little attracted the attention of writers; and it is scarcely less remarkable, that they should have recently become the subject of three works, almost simultaneously published, by individuals who were wholly unacquainted with each other's intention. M. Garcin de Tassy, the learned professor of Hindustani at Paris, first gave to the world his "Memoir on the Peculiarities of the Musulman Religion in India," in which, with much industry, ability, and accuracy, he extracted from Hindustani authors a very full account of the peculiar tenets of the Hindu Mahomedans, their festivals, saints, &c. Mrs. Hassan Ali, in her "Observations on the Musulmans of India," (which work

was reviewed in our last volume), having better resources than M de Tassy, — being the wife of a Musulman of rank and education, and an inmate of a Mahomedan family resident in India, — sketched a larger outline, and has given a complete and highly interesting picture of the Mohammedans of India, of their manners, customs, religious institutions, and opinions, though, it is but just to say, without superseding the labors of the French author. In a critical notice of this work, M. de Tassy has pronounced a sufficient eulogium upon it, by declaring that he found therein the counterpart of the very ideas which his extensive reading had suggested to him, as well as explanations of difficulties, the solution of which he had sought in vain. The work before us, which is more minute in its details than either of the preceding, consummates the history of the religion and domestic customs of the Musulmans in India; and in these three works, the student at home, but especially the public servant in India, will possess a fund of indispensable information.

The "Qanoon-e-Islam, or Rules of Islamism in the Deccan," was written by a native of Ellore, who "has, for a considerable time, been in attendance upon English gentlemen of high rank and noble mind" as a *munshi*. Of Jaffur Shurreef, Dr. Herklots says: "In all my intercourse with natives of India, I have seldom met with a man who had so much of the European mode of thinking and acting, or who was so indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge. He was penetrating and quick of comprehension." He is avowedly a *Soonnee* Musulman; Mrs. Hassan Ali's work, on the contrary, embraces the *Sheeah* doctrines. This circumstance, which ought to be constantly recollected by readers, is an advantage, inasmuch as it enables us to see in contrast the minute diversities of custom and opinion, which result from this division of the Mahomedans. "The two works," as Dr. Herklots remarks, "thus develope the conflicting opinions of the two great sects, who entertain the most inveterate hatred towards each other; and, combined, afford as complete an insight into the national character of that race as can be reasonably desired or expected." It is to be observed, moreover, that Jaffur Shurreef has confined himself to the customs of Musulmans in the Deccan.

The plan of the work is so well described in the Preface, that we cannot do better than transcribe a paragraph from it:

"He (the Author) traces an individual from the period of birth (and even before it) through all the forms and ceremonies which religion, superstition, and custom, have imposed on the Indian Moosulman. The account begins with the ceremonies observed at the seventh month of the mother's pregnancy; details the various rites performed by the parents during the several periods of the lives of their children as they grow up to maturity, and the almost endless ceremonies of matrimony. Then follow the fasts, festivals, &c., which occur in the different months of the year. These are succeeded by an account of vows, oblations, and many minor subjects, such as the pretended science of necromancy, exorcism, or casting out devils, detecting thieves, determining the most auspicious times for under-

taking journeys or other enterprises, all of which are matters of almost daily occurrence; and the whole concludes with an account of their sepulchral rites, and the visiting of the grave at stated periods during the first year after death."

The most curious portion of the work is that which relates to supernatural matters; the science of *dawut* or exorcism, including the commanding the presence of genii, as well as casting out devils; the mode of establishing friendships or procuring love by sorcery, &c. We must remark, that, under the last head, Dr. Herklots has injudiciously suffered some passages to appear (though he has covered them with the flimsy veil of a learned language) of a most disgusting and execrable character. No object whatever would have been sacrificed by the entire omission of these vile descriptions.

It is deplorable to observe, that the original author, of whose intellect and acquirements Dr. Herklots speaks in such terms of eulogy, is an implicit believer in this black art, and moreover a dabbler in it. He declares that he for a long time cherished the greatest curiosity to dive into these mysteries, and consequently associated much with proficient in them, whence he acquired his knowledge. The rules and directions he gives afford a very sorry proof of the author's sense, though they are curious as revealing the grounds of this ridiculous science. By the repetition of certain formulæ, demons and spirits become submissive to the will of the exorcist, and he states that he has endeavoured to get through them himself, but "he met with such strange sights and frightful objects as completely deterred him from concluding any one of them."

There is a singular resemblance in all the matter of this part of the work to the notable nonsense contained in the "*Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturæ Arcanis*" of Albert the Little. We have magic squares and circles, magic figures of the most demoniacal aspect, as amulets and lamp-charms, both for causing the devil's presence and casting him out, together with smoke charms, to effect the same important purposes, and formulæ of incantation of every variety of phraseology. It would seem that their thief-catchers are proficient in their art. Our candidates for Botany Bay would stand but poor chance if exposed to the method of detection by *assafetida*, or that of measuring sticks, or that of magic squares; but, above all, commend us to the following, which the author tells he has performed himself at his own house. He kindly adds, "People may believe it or not as they please." A girl had taken a nose-ornament of his sister's, hid it in a drinking-cup, and covered it with a small tray. He resolved to attempt the discovery of the thief, and accordingly assembled a number of boys, and having applied a little lamp-black to the bottom of a cup, directed them to place their hands, one by one, upon it. As soon as one of the boys in his turn had done so, the cup began to move, on which our author put his hands on those of the boy, and directed the cup

to guide them to the hiding-place of both thief and plunder, which it at once did, to the extreme satisfaction of the operator and the confusion of all skeptics. This method, indeed, we are told, is "certain." When a magic square is used, it is written on pieces of paper which are folded up and inclosed in boluses of wheat flour, and thrown into a *lota* full of water. The ticket of the thief will come up and float upon the surface.

The credulity of Jaffur Shurreef, however, has limits. In his account of the *Unjun*, or Magic Mirror, by which, it is affirmed, may be ascertained where stolen goods are deposited, or where treasure is hid, or the condition of persons possessed by the devil, or whereby a person may be rendered invisible, he treats the whole as folly and nonsense. "I myself," he says, "place no faith in such *unjuns* and *hazirats* (charm-wicks). Although born in this very country (Hindoostan), bred and educated among this (the Moosulman) race of people, through the blessing of God and the friendship of the great, by the studying of good books and the hearing of good counsel, the credibility of the existence of any such thing has been entirely effaced from my breast. Let no one imagine I assert this to flatter Europeans (may their good fortune ever continue!): God preserve me from any false assertion!"

In comparing together the minute details which are given in the work before us, and in that of Mrs. Hassan Ali, respecting the celebrated festival of the Mohurru, and other striking parts of the Mahomedan ceremonials, we find, amidst a variety of slight discrepancies, so great a conformity in their *general* character, that we feel a strong confidence in the accuracy of both. The translator, we observe in his Preface, alluding to the Hindoo customs, &c., talks of the "comparative simplicity and rationality of the Mahomedan system of religion." We cannot but consider such expressions unguarded. The terms simplicity and rationality should not be even mentioned in reference to such a complicated ritual and tissue of superstition as fetter the intellect of the Indian Moosulmans.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 142."]

ART. IX. — *Zohrah, the Hostage*. By the Author of "*Hajji Baba*." 3 vols. post 8vo.

"It is good to make a good beginning," saith the proverb; and the proof of its wisdom is before us. "*Hajji Baba*," Mr. Morier's first work, was a universal favorite; it opened a store of romance and information, of which we had no idea; it was as a well springing in the desert, an oasis in a sandy wilderness, — by him every

thing was invested with a new existence ; and we became familiarized, not only with the appearance and manners of the inhabitants of Persia, but with their domestic feelings and prejudices. The curtains of their harems were as cobwebs, things of too slight a texture to conceal their mysteries from the lynx-eyed Englishman. And we felt as perfectly at home in the divan, as if we were in a drawing-room.

The Hajji's society was sought for by every class ; and all who either pretended to or possessed taste longed for the period when Mr. Morier would again write upon a subject and a country so peculiarly his own. "The Hostage" is now with us ; and all that remains is to read and admire ; and well we may. Zohrab is in every way worthy of its predecessor. The author has most happily and ingeniously blended history and fiction. Those who wish to consult history as to the fact of Aga Mohamed Shah's existence, will do well to turn to Sir John Malcolm's Persia, where they will find the *real* tale of the Shah's wisdom, wars, and cruelties. Mr. Morier has invented a hero and heroine of the most delightful class ; the one brave, honorable, and intrepid ; the other lovely, gentle, and affectionate ; both encounter a due proportion of danger and destruction ; and both — but we leave the denouement for our readers to discover, convinced that they will derive more pleasure in finding out the mystery, than in having it told them.

Mr. Morier says, that "The Prince Fattah Ali, who is supposed to be the present king of Persia, the Vizir Hajji Ibrahim, and the slave Sadek, belong to history ; but the hump-backed barber, the ardent Zulma, the officious Shir Khan, Zaul Khan, and the Asterabadis, and Turcomans, and others, have been created to serve the purposes of my tale. The anecdote of the Shah and the bloody handkerchief in the second volume, and that of counting the eyes with the handle of his whip in the third, among others, were related to me by creditable witnesses. The mode of the Shah's death is historical ; the details fiction. It would be tedious and indeed unnecessary to define where history ends and fiction begins, in the different turns and windings which the thread of my narrative takes ; and perhaps it will be sufficient to say, that my object has been to place before the reader a succession of personages, whose manner of speech, whose thoughts and actions, and general deportment, are illustrative of Persia and the East."

We wish we had space for copious extract to show how skilfully the author has worked out his plan. While occupied in reading the volumes, we felt as if residing in Persia, and partaking of the changes and chances brought about by a capricious and despotic government, which literally having but one head places the heads of others in a very tottering situation.

The following description is given of the Shah, Aga Mohamed :

"Nature, in forming Aga Mohamed Shah, intended to have installed a mind of uncommon vigor into a body capable of seconding its energies, by making it full of activity and strength ; but the whole scheme was frustrated by the cruelty of man. Whilst the sharpness of intellect was preserved, it became diseased with ill humor and moroseness ; for every

time that his body became an object of contemplation, he entertained such disgust towards himself, that the feeling finished by placing him at enmity with all mankind. What would otherwise have been tall and erect, was now bent with the curve of apparent age; what would have been strength of muscle and breadth of shoulder, seemed blighted and shrivelled. His face, particularly in a country where beards are universally worn, appeared like a blotch of leprosy, for it was almost totally hairless; it could only boast of a few straggling bristles, which here and there sprouted at irregular distances, like stunted trees upon a poor soil. The skin which covered it resembled wetted parchment, hanging in baggy furrows down the cheeks, under the chin, and down the neck. This spectral countenance, — for so it might be called, — was, however, lighted up by a pair of small gray eyes of more than human lustre, which, from under two ragged curtains of eyelids, flashed all their intelligence abroad; and, as they expressed rage, jealousy, or cruelty, made those who were exposed to their fire feel as if they were under the fascination of some blood-seeking monster. But with all this, there were moments when this face would smile, and would even relax into looks of pity and benevolence; but so treacherous were these symptoms esteemed, that at length they were only looked upon as signals of some extraordinary disaster, or beacons to warn those in danger to be upon their guard."

Zohrab, the hero, a free Mazanderine chief, has greatly incensed the Shah, but is spared for political reasons. The following scene is a good specimen of what a tyrant dares do when he can do what he pleases :

"The chief huntsman was a heavy-headed man, with a copious appendage of black beard and mustachoes, large eyes, and shaggy brows, mounted upon Herculean shoulders. Coarse and rough in manner, he little knew the forms of a court, and although the king in the field allowed much latitude in the quantum of homage which was due to him, yet in general he was very punctilious when seated on his *musnud*, being aware that half the terror attached to his high situation, among a people greatly alive to outward show, would vanish, were he ever to allow of one step which had the appearance of intimacy. In order to comprehend the nature of the chief huntsman's present intrusion at court, the reader must be informed, that it was frequently the custom among the kings of Persia, after a great and successful hunting party, in which game of all descriptions, such as antelopes, deer, wild goats, boars, and wild asses, were slain, to erect a pillar, upon which the heads of such animals were fixed, either in niches, or on exterior hooks. There is a specimen of one such pillar now to be seen at Guladun near Ispahan, the record of a hunt of the famous Shah Ismael, which, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, still exhibits numerous skulls and horns of wild animals. Agah Mohamed Shah on this occasion had determined to leave a similar record. His hunting excursion, to the moment of Zohrab's seizure, had been extraordinarily successful; and when this unlooked-for piece of good fortune had befallen him, on the impulse of the moment, he determined to erect a pillar of skulls, a *kelleh minar*, as it is called, in order that he might place the head of his prisoner, or, as one of his courtiers had called it, of his finest head of game, on the summit, thus to commemorate the great success of this eventful day. The order was given the Shikar Bashi on the field; and not having been countermanded, was so quickly executed, that the monument had been erected, and all its niches duly filled with the heads before any fresh order on the subject could be given. An iron spike was

seen to issue from the summit, as if waiting for its last victim. As soon as the chief huntsman appeared before the Shah, he made an awkward prostration of the body, and, without taking off his boots, which, in fact, is etiquette for men of his profession, began his speech before the king had even deigned to look upon him. This want of respect put the match as it were to the still active combustion of the king's mind, and set fire to a train of angry epithets, which burst forth in the following manner:— 'Who art thou, dog? Whose cur art thou? Why dost thou stand before me with that head of thine, which ought long ago to have been food for a bomb? Must the Shah continue to partake of disrespect as if he were a Jew or a Frank? Am I no one in my own dominions? bearded by a Mazanderani boy, — now butted at by a cow who would call itself a man! Speak, *Merdiki*, speak! wherefore standest thou there?'

"The rough forester, little expecting such a reception, stood like one impaled, with his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and at first could scarcely utter beyond his '*arzi mi kunum*,' until after various attempts, fear having almost paralyzed his senses, he exclaimed, 'The pillar is ready to kiss your feet; it is ready; the skulls have all been placed; there is only one skull wanting at the top, — only one skull, by the head of the king! only one skull.' Whether acting under the influence of an eunuch's waywardness, or whether the king was struck by the coincidence of the chief huntsman's exposition, 'one skull, by the head of the king,' is not to be explained; but certain it is that he yielded at once to the temptation of spilling blood, which was circulating in the fullest vigor throughout his frame, and exclaimed, 'One head thou wantest?' 'Yes,' said the huntsman, 'yes, one head; may it so please your majesty.' 'What head can be better than thine?' roared the tyrant, in savage merriment. 'Here, off with his head. Ay, *Nasakchi*, executioner,' he exclaimed to a man of bloody deeds, who was always in attendance, 'here, go, complete the *minar*.' There was a hesitation amongst the attending officers in the execution of this atrocious deed. The man called upon to act went doggedly to work; and innocence spoke so powerfully in favor of the poor wretch, that every one present seemed to expect that so barbarous an order would be countermanded; but, no! the animal was rife for blood, and blood it was determined to have. His horrid face broke into a demoniacal expression of fury when he saw that there was hesitation in obeying his commands. The ragged skin, which fell in furrows down his cheeks, began to bloat; the eyes seemed to roll in blood; and the whole frame, from which in general all circulation seemed to fly, wore a purple hue; he would have darted off from his seat, and not only have executed the fatal sentence upon his victim himself, but would have extended his revengeful fury to those who had refused to be the ministers of it, had not the *Nasakchi* Bashi in person (worthy servant of such a master), who had just reached the scene of action, with a light and cunning step, crept behind the victim, and with one blow of his deadly black Khorassan blade, severed the unfortunate man's head from his body. The heavy corpse fell with a crash on one side, while the head bounded towards the despot, the eyes glaring horribly, the tongue protruded to a frightful length, and streams of gore flowing and spouting in all directions. The vizir, who was upon the point of again endeavouring to allay the passions of his dangerous master, had been too late to stop the executioner's hand; but well was it for him that he did delay, for nothing but the appalling scene that now presented itself could have counteracted the violence of the king. The moment he saw blood, he seemed at once to be soothed into quiet. In the most wicked of our natures there must be a revulsion

from evil to good. Conscience will raise her voice, although she may at first be refused a hearing. The lion, gorged with his spoil, at once is tamed. This was the case with the Shah. He contemplated his work with a thoughtful look, his features resumed their wonted dull and leaden expression; and then, as if his wayward nature was not satisfied with tormenting him, he turned with asperity to the Nasakchi Bashi, and accused him, in no measured terms, with having officiously interposed in what was no business of his. 'Dog and villain,' he exclaimed, 'why did you slay my chief huntsman? What demon impelled your officious hand in this deed? Well is it for you that there is such a feeling as compassion, and that the Shah can spare as well as he can spill! Go, go! clear up your work, and finish it by wiping your own self from our presence.' Although similar scenes, equally characteristic of the cruelty and caprice of its instigator, were not uncommon, still, to the horror of this scene succeeded a dread and appalling silence throughout the camp."

This is fine painting; and in the tender and more impassioned scenes, Mr. Morier is equally successful. What, then, remains for us to say of such a book? — it will speed well and speed everywhere, no matter how we treat it; but with sincere good wishes we hail it on its way, and cordially recommend it to all who put faith in our opinion.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 142."]

ART. X. — *The New Gil Blas; or Pedro of Peñafior*. By H. D. INGLIS, Author of "Spain in 1830." 3 vols. post 8vo. price 27s. boards.

MR. INGLIS is a bold man. "The New Gil Blas" is a startling title, and would lead us to expect something either very good or exceedingly bad. His book, however, is neither the one nor the other. Mr. Inglis is not *Le Sage*. Whether we refer to the person or the pun, he has not satisfied us as to the policy of so baptizing his youngest child. "Comparisons are odious," says the proverb; we shall therefore institute none, but merely observe, that the Inglis-man and the French-man are two men of different weight and metal. Having said so much in the way of censure, we are bound to speak in the way of praise. Mr. Inglis possesses very high talents; he is an accomplished, observant, and reflecting traveller. We have heretofore done, as we think, justice to his abilities; his work on Spain in 1830, is one of the most valuable publications of modern times. "The New Gil Blas" has no lack of interest; it is written in a pleasant style, full of characteristic sketches, and abundant in excellent and striking descriptions. Its humor is also good, and its moral unexceptionable. These are qualities of no ordinary kind, and entitle Mr. Inglis once again to our thanks for the enjoyment and information we have received at his hands.

[Compiled.]

[The "Sháh NámeH," the famous work of the Persian Poet, Ferdáusí, has hitherto been known to English readers principally by report. Sir William Jones, whose enthusiasm for Oriental literature detracts from the deference which might otherwise be paid to his judgment, has spoken of it with the highest praise in his *Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii*, where he gives a Latin translation of some passages; and in his *Traité sur la Poésie Orientale*. In the latter work he furnishes a brief analysis of it, with a general account of its character. A translation in heroic rhyme of the first part of it was published by Joseph Champion, in 4to, at Calcutta, in the year 1785. This translator did not possess, in a high degree, the requisites of a poet. His style resembles that of Hoole, the translator of Tasso, with less freedom and correctness. Sir William Jones, himself, proposed to treat of this work in a separate volume; and perhaps to give a translation of it, if we may so understand the words, "*Fortasse etiam totum opus in lucem proferam*." What follows is principally taken from two articles, one in "The Monthly Review," and the other in "The Asiatic Journal." —EDD.]

ART. XI. — *The Sháh NámeH of the Persian Poet Firdausí, translated and abridged in Prose and Verse, with Notes and Illustrations.* By JAMES ATKINSON, Esq., of the Bengal Medical Service. 8vo. pp. 608. London. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. Sold by Murray; and Parbury, Allen, & Co. 1832.

WE observe with the greatest satisfaction the active exertions of a Society, which has been for some time in operation, and the object of which is to cause to be published, in the English and French language, translations of all such portions of Oriental literature, as can be supposed, in their opinion, to possess any claims to general attention. They have been working hitherto in comparative obscurity; and if, from the very nature of their labors, they are never likely to attract great popularity, this is an additional reason why we should pay them the humble tribute of our praise. They have already been the means of introducing into the English and French languages no fewer than twenty-seven different volumes, including specimens of almost every class of Asiatic composition, — Travels, Memoirs, Drama, Military and Civil History, Romance, Poetry, Biography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Buccaneerism, and Antiquities. Among the most important of these works, are the "Travels of Maccarnius, Patriarch of Antioch, "written in Arabic by his attendant, Archdeacon Paul, of Aleppo;" a Chinese tragedy, a Chinese romance, entitled "The Fortunate Union"; two Cingalese poems, the first descriptive of the Ceylon system of demonology, the other of a curious series of characters, assumed by natives of Ceylon, in a masquerade. To these are added, "Memoirs of a Malayan Family," written by themselves; "A History of the early Sovereigns of Persia;" "Annals of the Turkish Empire for upwards of a Century;" and the Poems of "Sháh NámeH," now before us.

The list of works in the press, patronized by the Society,

embraces nine other volumes. Several of these are curious, particularly the Japanese history of the ecclesiastical emperors of Japan, from the year 600 before Christ; the history of Morocco, from the Arabic, which traces the establishment of the Mahomedan power in the Barbary states, and in Spain, from the eighth to the fourteenth centuries; the celebrated epic poem by Kalidasa, which is to be accompanied by the Sanscrit text; and the Bibliographical Dictionary of Haji Khalifa, which formed the groundwork of D'Herbelot's well known and much admired "Bibliothèque Orientale." Besides these, the Society have issued a long catalogue of other works, which they, or able men in their employment, are preparing for publication.

Mr. Atkinson has been long known to Oriental scholars as a proficient in the language of Firdausi, and his occasional poetical publications have taught English readers to appreciate his taste and acquirements in English poetry.* He tells us, in his preface, that twenty-five years ago he contemplated such an abstract of the "Sháh Náme" as the present, which he brought to a conclusion in 1829. It will not be displeasing, therefore, to our readers to have his opinion of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Persian Homer :

"The 'Sháh Náme' is indeed a history in rhyme. It comprises the annals and achievements of the ancient kings of Persia, from Kaiúmers down to the invasion and conquest of that empire by the Saracens, in 636, an estimated period of more than 3,600 years! It was finished early in the eleventh century, gathered from the tales and legends for ages traditionally known throughout the country, and, in accordance with that origin, it abounds in adventures of the most wild and romantic description, in prodigious efforts of strength and valor, and there are heroines to be met with in the Persian bard as intrepid and beautiful as ever vanquished heart or wielded sword in western poetry. It is, in fact, considered one of the finest productions of the kind which Oriental, or rather, perhaps, Mahomedan nations can boast; and though the general character of Persian composition is well known to be excess of ornament and inflation of style, the language of Firdausi is comparatively simple, and possesses a greater portion of the energy and grace of our own poets than has been commonly admitted, as will be seen from the copious notes and illustrations at the end of this work. His verse is exquisitely smooth and flowing, and never interrupted by inverted and harsh forms of construction. He is perhaps the sweetest as well as the most sublime poet of Persia. In epic grandeur he is above all, and he is, besides, one of the easiest to be understood."

Firdausi has been regarded as the Homer of the East. "It is not to be pretended," says Sir William Jones, "that the Persian poet is equal to the Grecian, but certainly there is a great resemblance between the works of these two extraordinary men. Both drew their images from nature herself, not catching them only as reflected, nor painting, as modern poets, the likeness of a likeness; and both possessed in the highest degree that fruitful

* See his translation of "The Rape of the Bucket" of Tassoni, a highly creditable specimen of skill in a very difficult department of verse.

"invention, that creative genius, which is the soul of poetry." But the poem of Firdausí, in its want of unity, in the description of manners, in the character of its marvels, and in the introduction of demons, giants, enchanters, and dragons, has a greater resemblance to the romances of chivalry, than to the works of Homer. No respect is paid in it to geography or chronology. Firdausí's principal hero is Rustem, and we know not how many centuries he lived. The Spanish prayer of kindness, "May you live a thousand years," would have been no boon to Rustem, whose career might have been limited rather than enlarged by that period. He is the Persian Hercules.

The Preface of Mr. Atkinson, which is an enlargement of that prefixed to his translation of the episode of Sohrab, published in 1814, contains a biography of Firdausí; if the scanty and unsatisfactory details to be gleaned from Eastern authors respecting his history, can be so called. It is narrated of him that he was born at Tus, a city of Khorassan, about the year 950. His father, Ishak Sherif Shah, worked on the domain of the governor of Tus as a gardener. The last king of the Sassanian race having collected all the chronicles, histories, and traditions, connected with Persia, from the earliest period to the accession of Khosraus, had them digested under the general title, "*Bastan Nameh*." This chronicle was afterwards continued, and, in the tenth century, ordered to be versified. A small part, however, was reduced to distichs, until the eleventh century, when the literary characters of the court were directed to prepare a history of the kings of Persia, from all accessible records. The "*Bastan Nameh*" was then discovered amongst other compilations; and from this work the reigning Sultan, Mahmood, selected seven stories, which he delivered to seven poets, to be reduced to verse, in order that he might be able to judge of their poetical pretensions respectively. A bard named Unsari gained the palm, and he was accordingly engaged to arrange the whole history in verse. At this period Firdausí was in his native city; and having heard of the wish of Mahmood, that the history should be versified, he succeeded in procuring a copy of the "*Bastan Nameh*." He turned a portion of it into verse, which was so much admired, that he was immediately invited to the Sultan's court, where he speedily produced another poetical version of a part of the same chronicle. Mahmood, delighted with the composition, commanded him forthwith to complete the "*Sháh-Námeh*"; ordered him a liberal pension; and, at the same time, conferred upon him the surname of Firdausí, which signifies Paradise; because that he had diffused the delights of that region of bliss over his court. The progress of his work was witnessed with envy by many, but generally with admiration; and presents were showered upon him from every quarter. The composition, consisting of sixty thousand couplets, cost him the labor of thirty years. At its conclusion Mahmood ordered an elephant-load of gold to be presented to him, but the gift was intercepted

by a malignant vizier, who had it exchanged for a contemptible gift in silver. The poet, mortified at the insult, wrote a bitter satire against the Sultan, and fled to Bagdad. He lived to a good old age; but before he died, the Sultan discovered the treachery of his vizier, and, anxious to compensate Firdausí, sent him a magnificent present, which found the Eastern Homer on his death-bed. His tomb is in his native city, and much frequented by pilgrims.

So popular is the "Sháh NámeH" in Persia, that copies of it are innumerable, some of which are beautiful specimens of ornamental writing, enriched with colored drawings exquisitely finished, and illustrative of the most prominent incidents of the poem; others, splendidly illuminated and sprinkled with gold, are said to be worth a hundred guineas each. The work is much prized, not only in Persia but in Hindostan, and the southern regions of the East. It is perhaps most known by an epitome of it, written by Shumshir Khan, in the year 1063 of the Mahommedan era.

The extreme length of the poem precludes an entire translation of it. Sixty thousand couplets could not, probably, be rendered into English verse in much less than a quarter of a million of lines, which, reckoning the same number per page as in the work before us, would fill seventeen tolerably thick octavo volumes. The work is abridged by Mr. Atkinson into a readable form in the following manner. The historical and traditional matter is condensed into a summary, more or less detailed, of the substance; the splendid passages are translated fully in verse. By this means the reader has a connected view of the whole poem, its characters, the battle-scenes, the romantic incidents, and the historical events of the thirty-six centuries. The invocation, which contains the remarkable compliment to King Mahmood, composed by the poet in the royal presence, at his first introduction, is given by Mr. Atkinson fully in rhyme, which in elegance and closeness to the original, affords a very favorable specimen of his skill. The translation of the beautiful episode of Sohrab, which is abridged in the body of the work, and now revised and augmented, is inserted at the end.

We may here observe, that Firdausí's verse is uniformly the same, consisting of eleven syllables, like that of Anstey's "Bath Guide"; but Mr. Atkinson, judiciously, we think, in order to introduce an agreeable variety, has adopted different metres, as well as both rhyme and blank verse.

Having thus briefly stated the plan of the work, from which it will be seen, that it is intended not for the Oriental scholar alone, but for general perusal, we proceed to give a few specimens of its execution. We begin with a short extract from the story of Jemshíd, so renowned for his learning and wisdom.

"After the lapse of seven hundred years, however, inordinate ambition inflamed the heart of Jemshíd, and, having assembled all the illustrious personages and learned men in his dominions before him, he said to them: 'Tell me if there exists, or ever existed, in all the world, a king of such

magnificence and power as I am?' They unanimously replied: 'Thou art, alone, the mightiest, the most victorious; there is no equal to thee!' The just God beheld this foolish pride and vanity with displeasure, and, as a punishment, cast him from the government of an empire into a state of utter degradation and misery.

"All looked upon the throne, and heard and saw
Nothing but Jemshid, he alone was king,
Absorbing every thought; and in their praise
And adoration of that mortal man,
Forgot the worship of the great Creator.
Then proudly thus he to his nobles spoke,
Intoxicated with their loud applause:
'I am unequalled, for to me the earth
Owes all its science; never did exist
A sovereignty like mine, beneficent
And glorious, driving from the populous land
Disease and want. Domestic joy and rest
Proceed from me; all that is good and great
Waits my behest; the universal voice
Declares the splendor of my government,
Beyond whatever human heart conceived,
And me the only monarch of the world.'
— Soon as these words had parted from his lips,—
Words impious, and insulting to high heaven,—
His earthly grandeur faded:—then all tongues
Grew clamorous and bold. The day of Jemshid
Passed into gloom, his brightness all obscured.
What said the Moralist? 'When thou wert a king
Thy subjects were obedient, but whoever
Proudly neglects the worship of his God,
Brings desolation on his house and home.'
— And when he marked the insolence of his people,
He knew the wrath of Heaven had been provoked,
And terror overcame him."

Jemshid was dethroned by Zohák, a king of Arabia, who had entered into a compact with Eblis the Persian Satan, through whose temptation he caused the death of his own father, that he might succeed to his kingdom. Jemshid now became a wanderer, and Zohák, having usurped the throne, sent spies, in every direction, to intercept the unfortunate prince, which was at last effected.

"When Zohák received intelligence of the apprehension of his enemy, he ordered him to be brought before the throne, that he might enjoy the triumph.

"All fixed their gaze upon the captive king,
Loaded with chains; his hands behind his back;
The ponderous fetters passing from his neck
Down to his feet; oppressed with shame he stood,
Like the narcissus bent with heavy dew.
Zohák received him with a scornful smile,
Saying, 'Where is thy diadem, thy throne;
Where is thy kingdom, where thy sovereign rule;
Thy laws and royal ordinances,—where,
Where are they now? What change is this that fate

Has wrought upon thee?' Jemshid thus rejoined:
 'Unjustly am I brought in chains before thee,
 Betrayed, insulted, — thou the cause of all:
 And yet thou wouldst appear to feel my wrongs!'
 Incensed at this defiance, mixed with scorn,
 Fiercely Zohák replied, 'Then choose thy death;
 Shall I behead thee, stab thee, or impale thee,
 Or with an arrow's point transfix thy heart?
 What is thy choice?' — 'Since I am in thy power,
 Do with me what thou wilt, — why should I dread
 Thy utmost vengeance, why express a wish
 To save my body from a moment's pain?'"

Jemshid was accordingly put to a cruel death by Zohák, who, according to Ferdausi, was the inventor of some of those barbarous modes of execution which have so long been practised in Persia. The poet exclaims:

"Why do mankind upon this fleeting world
 Place their affections? Wickedness alone
 Is nourished into freshness; sounds of death, too,
 Are ever on the gale to wear out life.
 My heart is satisfied; — O Heaven! no more,
 Free me at once from this continual sorrow."

Zohák, as we have said, was in compact with Eblis. On one occasion Eblis asked as a boon that he might kiss his shoulders. Instantly

"— from his shoulders grew
 Two snakes of monster size,
 Which ever at his head
 Aimed eager their keen teeth
 To satiate raving hunger with his brain."*

While he was thus suffering, Eblis appeared to him in disguise, and informed him that his distress could be alleviated, and the rage of the serpents appeased only by furnishing them daily with the heads of two human victims. The tribute required for this purpose, and his other cruelties, rendered him utterly odious to his subjects.

"The serpents still on human brains were fed,
 And every day two youthful victims bled;
 The sword, still ready, — thirsting still to strike,
 Warrior and slave were sacrificed alike."

"At that period there lived a man named Gavah, a blacksmith, remarkably strong and brave, and who had a large family. Upon the day on which it fell to the lot of two of his children to be killed to feed the serpents, he rose up with indignation in presence of the king, and said:

"'Thou art the king, but wherefore on my head
 Cast fire and ashes? If thou hast the form
 Of hissing dragon, why to me be cruel?
 Why give the brains of my beloved children
 As serpent-food, and talk of doing justice?'"

* Southey. Thalaba, book. v.

"At this bold speech the monarch was dismayed,
 And scarcely knowing what he did, released
 The blacksmith's sons. How leapt the father's heart!
 How warmly he embraced his darling boys!
 But now Zohák directs that Gavah's name
 Shall be inscribed upon the register.
 Soon as the blacksmith sees it written there,
 Wrathful he turns towards the chiefs assembled,
 Exclaiming loud: 'Are ye then men, or what,
 Leagued with a Demon!' All astonished heard,
 And saw him tear the hated register,
 And cast it under foot with rage and scorn.

"Gavah having thus reviled the king bitterly, and destroyed the register of blood, departed from the court, and took his children along with him. After he had gone away, the nobles said to the king:

" 'Why should reproaches, sovereign of the world,
 Be thus permitted? Why the royal scroll
 Torn in thy presence, with a look and voice
 Of proud defiance, by the rebel blacksmith?
 So fierce his bearing, that he seems to be
 A bold confederate of this Feridún.
 Zohák replied: 'I know not what o'ercame me,
 But when I saw him, with such vehemence
 Of grief and wild distraction, strike his forehead,
 Lamenting o'er his children, doomed to death,
 Amazement seized my heart, and chained my will.
 What may become of this, Heaven only knows,
 For none can pierce the veil of destiny.'

Gavah, meanwhile, with warning voice set forth
 What wrongs the nation suffered, and there came
 Multitudes round him, who called out aloud
 For justice! justice! On his javelin's point
 He fixed his leathern apron for a banner,
 And, lifting it on high, he went abroad
 To call the people to a task of vengeance.
 Wherever it was seen crowds followed fast,
 Tired of the cruel tyranny they suffered.

'Let us unite with Feridún,' he cried,
 'And from Zohák's oppression we are free!'
 And still he called aloud, and all obeyed
 Who heard him, high and low. Anxious he sought
 For Feridún, not knowing his retreat;
 But still he hoped success would crown his search.

The hour arrived, and when he saw the youth,
 Instinctively he knew him, and thanked Heaven
 For that good fortune. Then the leathern banner
 Was splendidly adorned with gold and jewels,
 And called the flag of Gavah. From that time
 It was a sacred symbol; every king
 In future, on succeeding to the throne,
 Did honor to that banner, the true sign
 Of royalty, in veneration held."*

[* It has been pretended in later times, that the leathern apron of Gavah, enriched with jewels, continued to be the royal standard till it was taken by

We shall next quote an account of the discovery, by Rustem, of Kai-kobád, the rightful heir of the throne of Persia, who had been driven from it by a neighbouring prince, Afrásiyáb. Rustem was sent for this purpose by his father Zál.

"He accordingly mounted Rakush, and, accompanied by a powerful force, pursued his way-towards the mountain Alberz; and though the road was infested by the troops of Afrásiyáb, he valiantly overcame every difficulty that was opposed to his progress. On reaching the vicinity of Alberz, he observed a beautiful spot of ground studded with luxuriant trees, and watered by glittering rills. There too, sitting upon a throne, placed in the shade on the flowery margin of a stream, he saw a young man, surrounded by a company of friends and attendants, and engaged at a gorgeous entertainment. Rustem, when he came near, was hospitably invited to partake of the feast; but this he declined, saying, that he was on an important mission to Alberz, which forbade the enjoyment of any pleasure till his task was accomplished; in short, that he was in search of Kai-kobád: but upon being told that he would there receive intelligence of him, he alighted and approached the bank of the stream where the company was assembled. The young man, who was seated upon the golden throne, took hold of the hand of Rustem, and filling up a goblet with wine, gave another to his guest, and asked him at whose command or suggestion he was in search of Kai-kobád. Rustem replied, that he was sent by his father Zál, and frankly communicated to him the special object they had in view. The young man, delighted with the information, immediately discovered himself, acknowledged that he was Kai-kobád, and then Rustem respectfully hailed him as the sovereign of Persia.

"The banquet was resumed again, —
 And, hark, the softly warbled strain,
 As harp and flute, in union sweet,
 The voices of the singers meet.
 The black-eyed damsels now display
 Their art in many an amorous lay;
 And now the song is loud and clear,
 And speaks of Rustem's welcome here.
 "This is a day, a glorious day,
 That drives ungenial thoughts away;
 This is a day to make us glad,
 Since Rustem comes for Kai-kobád;
 O, let us pass our time in glee,
 And talk of Jemshid's majesty,
 The pomp and glory of his reign,
 And still the sparkling goblet drain. —
 Come, Saki, fill the wine-cup high,
 And let not ev'n its brim be dry;

the Arabs, when the caliph Omar gained the decisive battle of Cadesia (A. D. 636.) Gibbon says; "The standard of the monarchy was overthrown and captured in the field,—a leathern apron of a blacksmith, who, in ancient times, had been the deliverer of Persia; but this badge of heroic poverty was disguised and almost concealed by a profusion of precious gems." He refers to D'Herbelot as his authority. But it is to be remembered, that the story of Gavah belongs to fable alone, and that he is supposed to have lived long before the first glimmering rays of truth fall upon the history of Persia. That any standard, such as is supposed, with any similar story connected with it, was ever used as the royal standard, is probably nothing more than a very questionable tradition.]

For wine alone has power to part
 The rust of sorrow from the heart.
 Drink to the king, in merry mood,
 Since fortune smiles, and wine is good ;
 And ever choose those things divine,
 Night, and a mistress, lights, and wine.
 The Heavens may oft our choice condemn,
 But be not thou displeased with them.
 Quaffing red wine is better far
 Than shedding blood in strife, or war :
 Man is but dust, and why should he
 Become a fire of enmity ?
 Drink deep, all other cares resign,
 For what can vie with ruby wine ! ”

Such is the morality of Ferdausi. Many years after these events, occurred one of the exploits of the warrior Gíw. He had been on a similar mission to that of Rustem, and was returning with the young prince Kai-khosráu and his mother Ferangís.

“ At the period when Gíw arrived on the banks of the Jihún, the stream was very rapid and formidable, and he requested the ferrymen to produce their certificates to show themselves equal to their duty. They pretended that their certificates were lost, but demanded for their fare the black horse upon which Gíw rode. Gíw replied, that he could not part with his favorite horse ; and they rejoined, ‘ Then give us the damsel who accompanies you.’ Gíw answered and said, ‘ This is not a damsel, but the mother of that youth ! ’ — ‘ Then,’ observed they, ‘ give us the youth’s crown.’ But Gíw told them that he could not comply with their demand ; yet he was ready to reward them with money to any extent. The pertinacious ferrymen, who were not anxious for money, then demanded his armour, and this was also refused ; and such was their independence or their effrontery, that they replied, ‘ If not one of these four things you are disposed to grant, cross the river as best you may.’ Gíw whispered to Kai-khosráu, and told him that there was no time for delay. ‘ When Gávah, the blacksmith,’ said he, ‘ rescued thy great ancestor, Feridún, he passed the stream in his armour without impediment ; and why should we, in a cause of equal glory, hesitate for a moment ? ’ Under the inspiring influence of an auspicious omen, and confiding in the protection of the Almighty, Kai-khosráu at once impelled his foaming horse into the river ; his mother, Ferangís, followed with equal intrepidity, and then Gíw ; and notwithstanding the perilous passage, they all successfully overcame the boiling surge, and landed in safety, to the utter amazement of the ferrymen, who of course had expected they would be drowned.

“ It so happened, that, at the moment they touched the shore, Afrásiyáb with his army arrived, and had the mortification to see the fugitives on the other bank, beyond his reach. His wonder was equal to his disappointment.

“ ‘ What spirits must they have to brave
 The terrors of that boiling wave,—
 With steed and harness riding o’er
 The billows to the further shore ! ’
 — It was a cheering sight, they say,
 To see how well they kept their way ;

How Ferangís impelled her horse
Across that awful torrent's course,
Guiding him with heroic hand,
To reach unhurt the friendly strand.

"Afrásiyáb continued for some time mute with astonishment and vexation, and when he recovered, ordered the ferrymen to get ready their boats to pass him over the river; but Húmán dissuaded him from that measure, saying that they could only convey a few troops, and they would doubtless be received by a large force of the enemy on the other side. At these words, Afrásiyáb seemed to devour his own blood with grief and indignation, and immediately retracing his steps, returned to Túrán.

"As soon as Gíw entered within the boundary of the Persian empire, he poured out thanksgivings to God for his protection, and sent intelligence to Káuś of the safe arrival of the party in his dominions. The king rejoiced exceedingly, and appointed an honorary deputation under the direction of Gúdarz, to meet the young prince on the road. On first seeing him, the king moved forward to receive him, and, weeping affectionately, kissed his eyes and face, and had a throne prepared for him exactly like his own, upon which he seated him; and, calling the nobles and warriors of the land together, commanded them to obey him. All readily promised their allegiance, excepting Tús, who left the court in disgust, and repairing forthwith to the house of Friburz, one of the sons of Káuś, told him that he would only pay homage and obedience to him, and not to the infant whom Gíw had just brought out of a desert. Next day the great men and leaders were again assembled to declare publicly by an official act their fealty to Kai-khosráu, and Tús was also invited to the banquet, which was held on the occasion, but he refused to go. Gíw was deputed to repeat the invitation; and he then said, 'I shall pay homage to Friburz, as the heir to the throne, and to no other.

" 'For is he not the son of Kai-káuś,
And worthy of the regal crown and throne?
I want not any of the race of Poshung,—
None of the proud Túránian dynasty.—
Fruitless has been thy peril, Gíw, to bring
A silly child among us, to defraud
The rightful prince of his inheritance!'

"Gíw, in reply, vindicated the character and attainments of Khosráu; but Tús was not to be appeased. He therefore returned to his father and communicated to him what had occurred. Gúdarz was roused to great wrath by this resistance to the will of the king, and at once took twelve thousand men and his seventy-eight kinsmen, together with Gíw, and proceeded to support his cause by force of arms. Tús, apprised of his intentions, prepared to meet him, but was reluctant to commit himself by engaging in a civil war, and said, internally:

" 'If I unsheath the sword of strife,
Numbers on either side will fall,
I would not sacrifice the life
Of one who owns my sovereign's thrall.

"My country would abhor the deed,
And may I never see the hour
When Persia's sons are doomed to bleed,
But when opposed to foreign power!

"The cause must be both good and true,
And if their blood in war must flow,
Will it not seem of brighter hue,
When shed to crush the Tartar foe?"

We will now quote two accounts of the adventures with dragons to which we have referred. A hero, of the unpoetical name of Sam, thus magnifies his services on one of those occasions.

"I am thy servant, and twice sixty years
Have seen my prowess. Mounted on my steed,
Wielding my battle-axe, o'erthrowing heroes,
Who equals Sam, the warrior? I destroyed
The mighty monster, whose devouring jaws
Unpeopled half the land, and spread dismay
From town to town. The world was full of horror.
No bird was seen in air, no beast of prey
In plain or forest; from the stream he drew
The crocodile; the eagle from the sky.
The country had no habitant alive,
And when I found no human being left,
I cast away all fear, and girt my loins
And in the name of God went boldly forth,
Armed for the strife. I saw him towering rise
Huge as a mountain, with his hideous hair
Dragging upon the ground: his long black tongue
Shut up the path; his eyes, two lakes of blood;
And, seeing me, so horrible his war,
The earth shook, with affright, and from his mouth
A flood of poison issued. Like a lion,
Forward I sprang, and in a moment drove
A diamond-pointed arrow through his tongue,
Fixing him to the ground. Another went
Down his deep throat, and dreadfully he writhed.
A third passed through his middle. Then raised
My battle-axe, cow-headed, and with one
Tremendous blow, dislodged his venomous brain,
And deluged all around with blood and poison.
There lay the monster dead, and soon the world
Regained its peace and comfort. Now I am old,
The vigor of my youth is past and gone,
And it becomes me to resign my station,
To Zál, my gallant son."*

[* We give the following rendering of the same passage by Champion, as affording an opportunity of comparing the two translators.

"Though time has silvered o'er my aged hairs,
I mount my horse and wing thy martial cares:
And still devoted bind my girdle round,
Still active in the field and still renowned.
I spring in arms upon my bounding horse,
And guide the fiery stallion to the course.
No mortal e'er my furious steed could rein,
Or lead intrepid o'er the hostile plain.
The fierce Mazinderan, her warlike race
I led in triumph, covered with disgrace.
Were I not active, desolating trains
Had marked with blood Irania's rich domains.

Another of the minor heroes of Persia was Isfendyar, who was a great slayer of wild beasts. His combat with a huge dragon, while

The winding serpent once spread wide dismay,
Stretching from town to town his horrid way.
High as the mountain, at whose hideous sight
Hope fled the world, and set in endless night.
No bird could safely wing the aerial sky,
No beast could move. The kergush darting high
Sunk at his breath; e'en the interior ground
Foamed at his motion, trembling at the sound.
The water dragon frightened fell his prey,
And the black eagle drooped with sad dismay.
Mankind with terror saw whole cities fall,
And the world yielded to the serpent's call.
When this I knew I felt the hero's glow,
God gave me force to dare the serpent foe:
In his high name my girdle on I bound,
Sprung on my horse, nor feared the hostile wound.
Now on my saddle blazed my cow-graved blade,
My bow and arrows o'er my arms were laid.
With rapid speed, as water dragons fierce,
I lance my javelin and my arrows pierce.
The crowds beheld me all appalled and low,
And thought fate certain from the dreadful foe.
When near I came, and saw the monstrous sight,
Rising terrific as a mountain's height.
While o'er the ground far winds his circling mane,
As toils to catch; the sure, the mortal bane!
As the black tree when issuing from its veins
A mortal juice, thus with malignant stains
Hoarse sounds his voice, while stagnant on his lips
Hangs the dark foam, which deadliest venom dips.
When his blood-darting eye beheld me near,
He roared indignant, and I waved my spear.
I thought, O king! emitting from his frame
Around there issued pestilential flame.
As the smooth surface of a summer's stream
Nature was hushed; I heard no distant theme.
Like a black cloud his dreadful foam arose,
The wide earth trembled while his nostril blows.
The world all shook as when the dreadful roars
Of seas contending rush on China's shores.
I raised my voice, and with a lion's sound,
As suits a warrior, dared him to the ground.
Steel-pointed arrows from my bow I drew,
Aimed the unerring shaft; it swiftly flew,
Tearing his hair, and passing through his throat,
Lodged in his brain, and life seemed all afloat.
Another follows, when his venomous tongue
Foaming with blood and deadliest poison hung;
Another piercing through the throat, once more
Laid him in anguish, weltering in his gore.
He writhed his body, when I raised my steel,
Spurred my fierce courser; heaven applauds my zeal!
The cow-graved sword impels the mortal blow,
Like falling mountains fell the serpent foe,
His elephantine head now shattered lies;
Rapid the poison flows, the monster dies.
Such streams of venom all the earth defile:
Vast as the flowing of the rapid Nile.

he was himself protected in a kind of tower borne by horses, is thus narrated :

" The dragon from a distance heard
The rumbling of the wain,
And snuffing every breeze that stirred
Across the neighbouring plain,

" Smelt something human in his power,
A welcome scent to him :
For he was eager to devour
Hot reeking blood, or limb.

" And darkness now is spread around,
No pathway can be traced ;
The fiery horses plunge and bound,
Amid the dismal waste.

" And now the dragon stretches far,
His cavern throat, and soon
Licks in the horses and the car,
And tries to gulp them down.

" But sword and javelin, sharp and keen,
Wound deep each sinewy jaw ;
Midway, remains the huge machine,
And chokes the monster's maw.

" In agony he breathes, a dire
Convulsion fires his blood ;
And struggling, ready to expire,
Ejects a poison flood !

" And then disgorges wain and steeds,
And swords and javelins bright :
Then, as the dreadful dragon bleeds,
Up starts the warrior-knight.

" And from his place of ambush leaps,
And, brandishing his blade,
The weapon in the brain he steeps,
And splits the monster's head.

" But the foul venom issuing thence,
Is so o'erpowering found,
Isfendyar, deprived of sense,
Falls staggering to the ground."

One or two passages more will conclude our extracts. The following is the description of a garden :

" It is a spot beyond imagination
Delightful to the heart where roses bloom,

Mankind reposes, for the neighbouring hill,
Men, women, and the serpent captives fill.
Crowds came to bless me, and the joyful throng
Hailed me in grateful rapture ! ' Saum the strong.'"]

And sparkling fountains murmur, where the earth
 Is rich with many-colored flowers ; and musk
 Floats on the gentle breeze, hyacinths
 And lilies and their perfume, golden fruit
 Weighs down the branches of the lofty trees,
 The glittering pheasant moves in stately pomp,
 The bulbul warbles from the cypress bough,
 And love-inspiring damsels may be seen,
 O'er hill and dale, their lips all winning smiles,
 Their cheeks like roses, — in their sleepy eyes
 Delicious languor dwelling. Over them
 Presides the daughter of Afrāsiyāb,
 The beautiful Manijeh ; should we go,
 ('T is but a little distance,) and encamp
 Among the lovely groupes, — in that retreat
 Which blooms like Paradise, — we may secure
 A bevy of fair virgins for the king ! ”

Sikander was a hero who almost rivalled Rustem himself in glory. After performing innumerable great achievements, he solaced himself with the hope of enjoying his fame through many years to come. There is something striking and solemn in the following account of his consulting an oracle respecting his future destiny.

“ To scenes of noble daring still he turned
 His ardent spirit, for he knew not fear.
 Still he led on his legions : and now came
 To a strange place, where countless numbers met
 His wondering view. Countless inhabitants
 Crowded the city streets and neighbouring plains ;
 And in the distance presently he saw
 A lofty mountain reaching to the stars.
 Onward proceeding, at its foot he found
 A guardian dragon, terrible in form,
 Ready with open jaws to crush his victim.
 But unappalled, Sikander him beholding,
 With steady aim, which scorned to turn aside,
 Sprang forward, and at once the monster slew.

“ Ascending then the mountain many a ridge,
 Oft resting on the way, he reached the summit,
 Where the dead corse of an old saint appeared,
 Wrapt in his grave-clothes, and in gems imbedded,
 In gold and precious jewels, glittering round,
 Seeming to show what man is, — mortal man !
 Wealth, worldly pomp, the baubles of ambition,
 All left behind, himself a heap of dust !

“ None ever went upon that mountain top,
 But sought for knowledge ; and Sikander hoped,
 When he had reached its cloudy eminence,
 To see the visions of futurity
 Arise from that departed holy man !
 And soon he heard a voice : — ‘ Thy time is nigh !
 Yet may I thy career on earth unfold.

It will be thine to conquer many a realm,
 Win many a crown: thou wilt have many friends,
 And numerous foes, and thy devoted head
 Will be uplifted to the very heavens.
 Renowned and glorious shalt thou be: thy name
 Immortal! but, alas! thy time is nigh!
 At these prophetic words Sikander wept,
 And from that ominous mountain hastened down."—

These specimens will furnish the reader with some idea of the mode of translation adopted by Mr. Atkinson, and of the amusement they will find in this popular transcript of the Persian Iliad. The entertaining notes and illustrations in the work display learning and research. The elegant translation from the "Saki-námeh" of Hafez, beginning, —

"Saki! ere our life decline,
 Bring the ruby-tinted wine,"

shows that the translator is as much at home in Anacreontic as in epic poetry. We must not omit to notice that the Oriental Translation Committee have justly considered this translation deserving of one of the royal gold medals.

[From "The Journal des Savans," for January, 1832.]

[In our last number (Part II. p. 47), we remarked upon an apparent approximation between Saint-Simonianism, and one of the later forms of German philosophy. There is a further indication of it in the article quoted below. "The Leipzig Journal for Literary Conversation" ["Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung"], for last July, contains a review of several works on Saint-Simonianism, the writer of which says, "Christianity, or rather all religion, has expired in France. This is admitted by the Saint-Simonians; the existence of the sect proves it; and hence its appearance is a phenomenon deserving serious attention. The former religion of the state has lost all credit with cultivated men; no other system has taken its place; and since the new dynasty, the government is connected with no established religion. In Germany, also, among cultivated men, scarcely any genuine belief in Christianity remains. If the latest Philosophy connect itself with Christianity, and pretend to accord with it, it is by putting a forced exposition upon its original facts, a proceeding far more injurious in its effects than a direct opposition of the understanding to the ancient mysteries of faith." Of the works reviewed, the one of most interest is by Bretschneider, "Der Simonismus und das Christenthum. (i. e. Saint Simonianism and Christianity.) Leipzig. 1832." — EDD.]

ART. XII. — *Andeutung eines Systems speculativer Philosophie.*
 Von C. F. DAUMER. Nurnberg. 8vo. 1831.
 [Sketch of a System of Speculative Philosophy. By C. F. DAUMER.]

THE author announces that the mission of the German philosophers is upon the point of being accomplished, that *absolute* religion will spring forth from *absolute* philosophy, and will realize in all its purity, in its totality, and in its absolute harmony, the truth which is as yet developed only in an obscure, fragmentary, and antagonistic manner. The German school will produce the

new principle of the new life of humanity. Although Mr. Daumer makes no mention of the Saint-Simonians of France, it appears to us that his speculative philosophy approaches theirs very nearly. We dare not however assert it, for, as yet, there exists no precise *exposé* of either the one or the other. Both affirm, promise, and predict; they proclaim their actual success and their approaching triumphs. But their language, their forms of expression, resemble each other to such a degree, that one is tempted to believe that their doctrines are the same. For example, we should be unable to prove any very marked difference between this "Sketch" of M. Daumer and the prospectus of *the Messianism*, from which we made a short extract in our number for September last. Furthermore, we willingly acknowledge, that both present results which are the fruits of the absolute philosophy taught in Germany in the eighteenth century, and imported into France in the nineteenth.

[Of the Memoirs of Madame Junot, we here give two notices; the first from "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 144," and the second from "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 19."]

ART. XIII. — *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, la Révolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Tom. I. — VI. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

[*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.* 3 vols. Colburn. London.]

THAT polished facility of style, for which the French school was formerly so celebrated, has passed away with the manners which created it. When the career of a courtier depended on the brilliancy of his conversation, every energy and accomplishment was bent on the endeavour to give to his language that easy flow and pointed epigram, in which a nothing can be most playfully said, and a repartee most aptly given. Formed by conversationalists for the purposes of conversation, the French language became so beautifully conversational, that the man of the world found, in using the language of society, he possessed the purest style that could be desired by the man of letters.

The author who was a gentleman had only to write as he talked to be classical and correct; and all that he wanted, to commence a book, was ideas. These every one could find in his own life; and of his own life almost every one was capable of making a work of interest.

The Revolution destroyed not only the old *régime*, but the language of the old *régime*: — it is completely lost.

The pompous jargon of the tribune, the bombastic style of the empire, and the doctrinal tone of the professor, have since been alternately the mode; and have now altogether introduced a style which has neither clearness, brilliancy, nor simplicity to recom-

mend it. The book before us, abounding in false aphorisms and gaudy decorations, is an apt example of the dogmatic, declamatory style of the literature, and, what is worse still, of the conversation, of the period.

But, passing over this, which is a fault not easily to be forgiven, but necessarily to be expected, these Memoirs, though written by a lady, evidently disgusted at being no longer "a personage," are still delightful from the delicious regret with which, in the decline of life, she lingers over the pleasures of her youth.

There is a richness and raciness about her pictures, — she describes all that charmed her with such a *brusque* and present energy, — that, notwithstanding the trace of disappointment that here and there appears, you see her, throughout her work, as the Allegra of Malmaison, rather than the Penseuse of Versailles. This identity with the past is no slight accomplishment in a memorialist: but this is not all; the subject-matter itself of these Memoirs is one which, if treated with common ability, could not fail to attract attention.

The youth of Napoleon, — and in his youth we include the period antecedent to his greatness, — drawn with the light touches of a female hand, and seen under those minor lights and shadows only perceptible to a female eye, forms the material of a work to which the future historian must gladly refer for information, and which we, of the contemporary day, cannot fail to regard with peculiar interest.

One of these details, — which would have escaped any but a woman, — is the great attention which the General paid to his hands and nails after his victory over the Sections. We see, in this little circumstance, the dawn of the future Emperor, — the husband of Marie Louise, — who sought to fill his ante-chambers with the rotten races of the old nobility, and who sacrificed the *prestige* of his fortune to be the son-in-law of the legitimate tyrant of Austria.

There are a thousand little traits of this description, not only of the Emperor himself, but of his family, which give an insight into the character and manners of that singular society, which seemed rather the masquerade of a court than its reality.

The Duchess d'Abrantes, moreover, is almost our *beau idéal* of the fine lady of the empire; handsome, intriguing, imperative, with dark eyes, a masculine air, and easy manners, with the courage of an Amazon on horseback, and whipping a blood-horse, in a gig, till it ran away with her; enjoying a romp of any kind, and affecting the society of men of letters; always spouting forth praises of French valor, and railing against English duplicity, — it is necessary to keep all the circumstances, which formed her character, before our eye, in order to admire or forgive it. She lays down most startling maxims with great solemnity; she indulges now and then in figures of marvellous incomprehensibility.

She makes what are meant, no doubt, to be very wise and very

deep reflections; and it is astonishing how much better she would write if she would but profess ignorance, and condescend to be simple.

For example, — “France became the rightful proprietress of all “the treasures which fell into her possession by the force of arms, “because she knew and appreciated their value!” What a most excellent theory for Jonathan Wild! — it is but to know and appreciate the value of a purse to give one a right to take whenever one pleases.

Then for the rhetoric, — “The helmet of Attila, wrested from “the museum of the Gallery of Apollo, was a booty well worthy of “the pillagers,” &c. We should recommend to Madame Junot’s earnest attention that splendid passage in a contemporary orator’s speech, which we remember producing such bursts of applause at Cambridge: — “Ere the harpies of literature had pounced upon “the yet untasted banquets of the mind;” meaning, before the Edinburgh Review was set up. But we have neither time nor space to say more than that the *Mémoires* of Madame la Duchesse are more entertaining, perhaps, than she intended them to be, but not *quite* so profound.

Thus far the writer in the *New Monthly*. The reviewer in the *Foreign Quarterly* says:

We have to apologize for our delay in noticing a work so pre-eminently distinguished amidst the swarm of pretended *Mémoires*, of *pseudo*-Autobiographies, that the Parisian press has of late years littered. Our excuse is, that we wished to review as a whole, memoirs embracing so important an epoch as that announced in the Duchess’ title-page; but when, upon closing the sixth octavo volume, we found ourselves no further advanced than the offer of the consulship for life, we felt compelled to abandon our wish as hopeless, and to make up our mind to emit our opinion of this interesting publication, — a work it has no pretension to be called, — piece-meal.

We have termed these volumes distinguished, because they bear internal evidence of authenticity, and interesting, because all authentic information touching Napoleon must be so; but in one respect the book has, we confess, disappointed us. We looked for the simple (we do not mean uncolored, that were indeed idle,) downright gossiping about an illustrious individual, that charms us in many old memoirs, male, to say truth, as well as female. But, alas for this march of intellect! where shall we now-a-days find any thing of the kind? Despite the total disregard of time and place, which frank and pleasant gossiping can only justify, the Duchess of Abrantes chooses to instruct us in politics, metaphysics, the fine arts, and what not, imperatively requiring us to accept her *ipse dixit*, amongst other matters, for Mr. Pitt’s having instigated not only every attempt upon Bonaparte’s life, but also

the murder of the Emperor Paul, and, we believe, of every soul assassinated during his ministry. Mr. Fox's denial of some of the atrocities imputed to his political rival, which she admirably records, she seems to admire merely as a patriotic falsehood.

We are indebted for these Memoirs, it should seem, to those of Bourrienne, which incensed the Duchess, both as the widow of Junot, and as, in her own proper person, an especial pet of Napoleon. For our own part we must say, that, as far as we can see, in essentials at least, these two pictures of the aspiring young Corsican adventurer, the triumphant General, and the First Consul, do not seem materially to disagree; inasmuch as the lady, even when she contradicts the gentleman, appears to us only to state the same fact with different feelings, consequently putting it in a different light. Nevertheless, he who would form to himself a correct image of Bonaparte, would do well to study him both in the pages of his discarded secretary, and in those of the widow of his once favorite aid-de-camp. If jealousy of a school-fellow immeasurably exalted, if resentment at the withdrawal of that exalted school-fellow's long confidence in the companion of his boyhood, — a withdrawal by no means satisfactorily accounted for, — darken Bourrienne's pictures of the coldly calculating selfishness, which unhesitatingly sacrificed the lives and affections of all individuals to every immediate personal interest, who so well calculated to relieve those sombre hues with the orient tints of morn, to record every symptom of kindness and sensibility, every trait of good nature and playfulness, as Madame Junot? And here we must bring back to the reader's recollection the circumstances explanatory of the lady's bias. Not only was Madame Junot's mother, Madame Permon (the daughter of a branch of the Imperial Comneni settled in Corsica), an early friend of *Madame Mère*, as Napoleon's mother was whimsically entitled, but the connexion was near being drawn yet closer, even to the substituting of the Permon to the Beauharnais family. After a hint or two, that looked to us somewhat suspicious (of course unintentionally) touching the regard that subsisted between Madame Permon and her friend's son, the Duchess tells us, that Bonaparte one day proposed to that lady, then in widow's weeds, to marry her son Albert Permon to his sister Pauline, her daughter Laure (our authoress in proper person), then a child, to one of his brothers, and to begin by bestowing her fair though matron hand, upon himself. Considerations of age, fortune, and other sundries, induced the widow to decline all these matrimonial schemes; and in a marvellously short time afterwards, we know not exactly how short, — inasmuch as our Duchess despises chronology, — the rejected lover married Madame Beauharnais.

Madame Permon, a true French woman, presently quarrelled with Bonaparte himself about a commission which he neglected to procure for some cousin of hers on the appointed day. The intimacy between the families nevertheless still continued; and when Junot, whose impassioned devotion to Napoleon could not but

command some return of affection, married Laure Permon, all the First Consul's kindness for the daughter of his lost love seems to have revived, if indeed it were not succeeded by warmer feelings. We would not be censorious, else the Duchess tells us some things that might awaken a suspicion that she does not tell all, especially as we remember Madame de Genlis's warning to memoir-writers against such silly indiscretion. We, however, who had rather be deemed credulous than censorious, are willing to believe that the First Consul visited the young bride's solitary bed-chamber at Malmaison, at early dawn, only to read his dispatches there, litter her bed with the covers, and pinch her feet through the bed clothes; as also that she designedly cured him of so awkward a habit, by one night irresistibly detaining Junot to share her couch, where Bonaparte found him next morning, when, as commandant of Paris, he ought to have returned to his post after supper. A little quarrel followed between the First Consul and the lady, but it soon blew over, and she appears to have remained a favorite. She herself professes to share her husband's enthusiasm for the hero; whilst she speaks of the usually beloved Josephine, even when praising her, in a tone that sounds very like the bitterness of rivalry, either personal or filial, and of Marie Louise with absolute detestation.

We do not propose giving much space to a book that either is, or will shortly be, in every body's hands; and having generally enounced our opinion of the character of the work, and of the authoress's peculiar fitness for writing it, we shall merely add an extract or two. And now we truly regret our delay; for those extracts we must needs take from the newest, and therefore least known volumes, which offer us nothing so impressive or entertaining as some of the earliest scenes of that well-named period, the Reign of Terror, (of the frightful influence of which upon the obscurest individuals, we, in our tranquil country, can hardly form an idea,) and others from Bonaparte's youth. We have, however, selected a couple of passages totally unconnected with politics, a subject we have no desire to discuss with the fair Duchess, and which exhibit the First Consul in his most amiable character, even whilst betraying something of the cloven foot.

One day a gentlemanly looking youth was observed lingering about the gates of Malmaison, and entreating to see the First Consul, as a matter upon which his very existence depended. Upon being closely interrogated by the aides-de-camp, it appeared that he was a candidate for admission to the Polytechnic School, but excluded even from the preliminary examination of the competitors, because he had received his instruction solely from his father, and not from any public professor.

"But," said Duroc with his accustomed mildness and civility, 'what would you have the First Consul do in the affair? This is a rule invariably observed with regard to all candidates. — What would you have of the First Consul?'

"I would have him examine me," answered the youth, with a delightful *naïveté*. "I am certain that when he shall have questioned me, he will judge me worthy to share the labors of those youths of whom he desires to make officers fitted to execute his great conceptions.

"The three comrades looked at one another. Duroc and Junot, as well as Lacuée, thought that this youth, with his burning words and glance of fire, could not but please the First Consul. Duroc repaired to his apartment. Napoleon smiled with that sweet, that luminous smile, which he had when pleased.

"And this young hair-brain wants me to examine him?" said he to Duroc. "But how should such a fancy occur to him? It is so strange." And still smiling, he rubbed his chin. "How old is he?" asked the First Consul, after walking about for some time without speaking, but in a gracious silence.

"Perhaps about seventeen, General."

"Fetch him."

The youth's appearance pleased, as had been anticipated.

"Well, young man," said the First Consul, approaching the youthful enthusiast with a gracious smile, "so you would be examined by me?"

"The poor boy, trembling with delight, could not answer. Napoleon liked neither insolent hardihood nor timid bashfulness; but what he now beheld was a silence caused by the soul's speaking too loud,—and he understood it.

"Compose yourself, my boy. At this moment you are not sufficiently collected to answer me. I will occupy myself with other business, and then we will attend to yours."

"The First Consul then led Junot to a window, where he said to him, 'Do you note that youth? Had I a thousand like him, the conquest of the world would be but a pleasant ride.'"

The examination went off happily, and the youth, at the very summit of human felicity, was dismissed with a note in Bonaparte's own hand, to order his immediate admission into the Polytechnic School; where the Duchess, though she has forgotten his name, recollects that he distinguished himself. We readily believe it.

One other scene and we have done. Two packets of MS. pamphlets, or satires against Bonaparte, had been mysteriously delivered to Madame Junot and Madame Permon; the latter had promptly thrown her packet into the fire. Bonaparte was strongly persuaded of Madame Permon's ill will towards himself, and Junot was hesitating how to act, when an express arrived from Albert Permon, then in office at Marseilles, with a similar packet sent to him in his mother's name. This reiteration decided Junot. He hastened to the Tuileries at eleven o'clock at night, and presented his brother-in-law's letter to Bonaparte, who was just going to bed. After walking about for some time, rubbing his forehead, he stood still before Junot.

"Do you give me your word of honor that your mother-in-law has no concern in all this?"

"My mother-in-law!" exclaimed Junot,—*"my mother-in-law!"* and he told the story of the burnt papers. As he spoke, Napoleon assumed an attentive air. Suddenly he began to walk rapidly about his cabinet, and his brow grew menacing. Junot stood perplexed."

Bonaparte now poured forth a *tirade* upon Madame Permon's intercourse with his enemies, which ended with,

"And you, too, great simpleton as you are, you too make friends of my enemies."

"Junot gazed with an air of stupefaction upon his general. He fancied himself in a dream, and at length asked, 'Whom can you mean, General?'"

"Whom?"—Why that M. D'Orsay.—Him whom they call the handsome D'Orsay. Was not he well nigh shot as a Clichy conspirator? Has not he been in the Temple? Fouché was telling me the other day that he was a dangerous man."

This speech produced an explosion of Junot's wrath against Fouché, to whom he gave the lie direct, and of his zeal in justification of his friend D'Orsay. His brow reeked with perspiration, his voice grew husky. Napoleon approached him, took his hand, and said,—

"Come, come, you are a mere child!—Hold your tongue!—What the devil!—I am not speaking of you, my most faithful friend. Did not you prove your attachment when I was in chains? Would you not have followed me to prison?"

"I would have followed you to the scaffold!" exclaimed Junot, striking the table with his clenched fist, so as to make every thing upon it bound off. Napoleon laughed.

"Well, then! you see it is impossible I should say a single word that can wound your heart, Monsieur Junot." As he spoke he pulled his ear, his nose, his hair (his usual marks of kindness.) Junot shrank.

"Ah, I hurt you!" said Napoleon, drawing still nearer to him; and laying his small white hand upon Junot's fair locks, he caressed him, as though he would have appeased a child. 'Junot,' he resumed, looking at him with unutterable sweetness, 'do you remember one day in the Serbelloni palace at Milan? You had been wounded there, just there,' and the small hand tenderly patted the large deep scar. 'I pulled your hair, and took away my hand, full of your blood.'

"The First Consul turned pale at the bare recollection; and repressing a shudder, he went on:—'Yes, I own it, I then felt that there is a weakness inherent in our human nature, which in women is more developed, more exquisite. I then understood that one might faint. I do not forget that epoch, friend; and from that time the name of Junot cannot unite in my mind with even the show of perfidy. Your head is hot,—too hot,—but you are an honest, excellent fellow. You,—Lannes,—Marmont,—Duroc,—Berthier,—Bessières.'—At every name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff, and walked about, occasionally pausing and smiling at the name that reminded him of a faithful servant.

"My son Eugene.—Yes, those are hearts that love me,—upon them I may rely.—Lemarrois,—there is another of the faithful.—And that poor Rapp; he has not been long about me, and yet he loves me enough to be rude.—Do you know he scolds me sometimes?"

Every shadow of dissatisfaction with Junot had now vanished, but not with Madame Permon. Another burst of anger at her enmity to himself and preference of his brothers, was only appeased by information that she was probably on her death-bed. At these words Bonaparte came close to Junot, seized his arm, and exclaimed:

" 'Corvisart must see her!'

" He rang. — 'Let citizen Corvisart be told I wish to speak with him.' And he continued to walk about in agitation. 'How! That woman, so handsome, so blooming, not fifteen months since!' (He had attended a ball she gave upon her daughter's marriage.) 'Poor Madame Permon! — Poor Madame Permon!'

" He sank into his arm-chair, covered his eyes with his hands, and remained some time silent. Then rising, he again walked about with the rapidity always observed in his movements when any thing affected him. 'Desgenettes too must see her, — and Ivan. — It is impossible but what the faculty must have some means of curing a person as healthful and blooming as a rose.'

With a little more to the same purpose the scene ends, Junot is dismissed for the night, and, for aught we are told, the strange story of the MS. satires may never have been thought of again.

And now, having exhibited Bonaparte in a somewhat more kindly light than he usually appears in, except to revolutionary eyes, which ours are not, we take our leave of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, until she shall favor us with a few more volumes.

[From "The Journal des Savans," for May, 1832.]

[In our last number we gave a translation of the Introductory Letter prefixed by M. Paris to his edition of the Romance of "Berte aus grans piés." A series of articles has been commenced by M. Raynouard in the "Journal des Savans," upon this volume, and another of a similar character. The first article appeared in the Number for June last, and the second, which leaves the plan of the writer still unfinished, in that for July. No continuation appears in the three following Numbers. The other volume referred to is entitled "Dissertation sur le Roman de Roncevaux, par H. Morin, Elève de l'École Normale." Paris. Imprimerie Royale. 1832. 8vo. There is a short notice of this in the Number for April; in which Number is also an account of the following publication of the same class; "Lai d'Ignaures, en vers du XIIe siècle, par Renaud, suivi des Lais de Melion et du Trot, en vers du XIIIe siècle; publiés pour la première fois, d'après deux manuscrits uniques, par M. L. J. Monmerqué et M. Francisque Michel." Paris. 1832. 8vo. pp. 183. Only 150 copies have been printed. The Letter of M. Paris, it will be recollected, was addressed to M. Monmerqué. Some of the opinions maintained in it have been attacked by M. Michel, joint editor of the book last mentioned, in the publication noticed below. — EDD.]

ART. XIV. — *Examen critique du Roman de Berte aux grans piés, des Notes de M. Paulin Paris, son éditeur, et de sa Lettre à M. Monmerqué sur les Romans des Douze Pairs*, par M. FRANCISQUE MICHEL. Paris. Rignoux. 1832. 8vo. 16 pp.

[*Critical Examination of the Romance of Bertha of the Great Feet, of the Notes of M. Paulin Paris, its Editor, and of his Letter to M. Monmerqué upon the "Romances of the Twelve Peers,"* by M. FRANCISQUE MICHEL.]

M. FRANCISQUE MICHEL, while he praises the labors of M. Paris, has at the same time given a criticism of them which may seem

very severe, and in some particulars liable to be controverted. But the observations of M. Michel, as well as the letter of M. Paris, imply very profound knowledge of the literature of the Middle Ages. We have already expressed a doubt whether there were then two kinds of literature, one for the use of courts and castles, the other for citizens and the populace. This doubt is shared by M. Michel. It is even certain, according to him, that the "Fabliaux," often very popular tales, were recited or sung before illustrious auditors. A multitude of romances, he says, and of other works of that period, furnish proof of it. But notwithstanding the extent and variety of the researches, of which the poetry of the Middle Ages has been the object in the last century, and particularly for some years past, perhaps it is not yet time to admit into this part of our literary history a great number of general results and positive assertions.

[From "The Asiatic Journal, No. 34."]

[There is another article upon the translation mentioned below, by M. Raynouard, in "The Journal des Savans," for last August. It will be perceived that the French and the English orthography of the Chinese title are different. — EDD.]

ART. XV. — *Hoei-Lan-Ki, ou l'Histoire du Cercle de Craie, Drame en prose et en vers.* Traduit du Chinois, et accompagné de Notes, par STANILAS JULIEN. London. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. 1832. 8vo.

[*The History of the Circle of Chalk, a Drama in Prose and Verse.* Translated from the Chinese, by STANILAS JULIEN.]

A critical account of this drama has been given by M. Klaproth, of which we subjoin an epitome.

The "Hwuy lan ke" is contained in the celebrated Chinese collection of the "Hundred Pieces," of which two have been translated by J. F. Davis, namely, "A Son in his Old Age," and more recently, "The Sorrows of Han." Each of the pieces in this collection consists of two distinct portions, a dialogue in prose and irregular verses, resembling the airs of European operas. These lyrical pieces, which the authors reserve for the most pathetic and impassioned scenes of their dramas, are often written in a very elevated strain of poetry, scarcely known in Europe. M. Klaproth censures Mr. Davis for omitting these interesting passages in his translations, inasmuch as, besides their curiosity as specimens of poetry, replete with allusions and figures of speech which are novel to Europeans, they almost invariably constitute an integral part of the dialogue; and their retrenchment, consequently, leaves chasms which embarrass the reader. M. S. Julien

has given a translation of the entire "History of the Circle of Chalk," having applied himself for some years to collecting a vast number of terms in the poetic phraseology of China, which would be vainly sought in the Chinese dictionaries in Europe. Without such knowledge, it is next to impossible to understand the difficult passages, and to feel the beauties of the romances, novels, dramatic pieces, the refined epistolary style, and elegant compositions in the Chinese language. M. Julien states, that he has collected upwards of nine thousand expressions of this kind, and expects to increase the number to twenty thousand, which, with their explanations, will form a very useful poetical dictionary.

The drama under consideration is very simple; it evinces the want of business and of just delineation of character, which seems common to all the productions of the Chinese stage. The heroine of the "Circle of Chalk" is the fair Haethang, descended from an illustrious family in distress. Her mother had obliged her to make a traffic of her charms, in order that the family might subsist upon the gains. Amongst the votaries of Miss Haethang was Mr. Ma, a man of wealth, who ultimately took her as his second wife. This marriage was eminently displeasing to Mrs. Ma, the gentleman's first or principal wife, who was so unfortunate as to have no children. Her rival soon produced a son, destined to prolong the illustrious race of the Mas.

Prior to her marriage, Miss Haethang had had a dispute with her brother Changlin, who, shocked at her mode of life, quitted his mother's house and went to reside with an uncle. At the end of five years, he returned to his native place in great distress. His mother being then dead, he had no other resource than to apply for relief to his sister, Mrs. Ma the younger, who, however, received him very ill and turned him out of doors. He there encountered Mrs. Ma, senior, who does not let slip so fair an opportunity to ruin her rival. She artfully persuades Haethang to divest herself of, and give her brother, some handsome robes and head-ornaments, which she had received from their husband, and offers to carry them to Changlin. She does convey them to him, but as presents from herself. When Mr. Ma returns home, he is surprised to see Haethang thus plainly dressed. His elder spouse gives him to understand, that her rival carries on a criminal intercourse with a stranger, to whom she had parted with her robes and ornaments. At this news, poor Mr. Ma falls into a dreadful passion, maltreats Haethang, and faints away. The elder wife desires Haethang to prepare some broth, and watching her opportunity, secretly throws poison into it, and then directs her rival to present the poisoned broth to the sick man, who soon gives up the ghost. Haethang laments most pathetically the calamity. Her cruel rival, however, executes her project; she accuses her of poisoning her husband, and claims the son of Haethang as her own, that she may get the property.

Mrs. Ma, senior, had herself kept up, for a long time, a criminal

connexion with a Mr. Chaou, registrar of the tribunal before which she drags the unhappy victim of her villany. She conspires with Chaou, suborns witnesses, and succeeds in getting Haethang condemned and the infant adjudged to herself. The wretched mother, with the *cangue*, or movable pillory, about her neck, is marched to the place of execution. On the way she meets her brother Changlin; they come to an explanation, and he undertakes her defence before the Supreme Court of Appeal. By great good luck, the president of this tribunal is a man of integrity, who revises the judgment with care. He cites the accuser of Haethang and her accomplices to appear before him. When they arrive, he resorts to an expedient similar to that employed by Solomon to determine which was the real mother of a child claimed by two women. He draws on the floor of the court, with chalk, a circle. The infant was placed in the middle of it, and he directs the two Mrs. Ma to take each a leg and to pull the child on either side; "for," said he "as soon as the real mother has seized him, it will be easy for her to draw the child out of the circle, but the false mother will never be able to do it." Haethang, fearful of harming her child, did not dare to pull hard; so that her rival drew the infant twice out of the circle. Every one believed Haethang guilty, except the judge, who pronounced her innocence, ordered the restitution of her child as well as of the inheritance, and condemned her rival and her accomplice, Chaou, to be cut into a hundred and twenty pieces each. The other agents of the criminals were punished proportionately.

"Whatever little value this Chinese piece may possess as a dramatic production," observes M. Klaproth, "M. Stanislas Julien merits not the less commendation for having undertaken its translation. It was no easy task to render accurately the verses in the original, the sense of which is obscured by a multitude of metaphorical and out-of-the-way expressions: we can conceive the unremitted attention requisite in order to avoid taking them in their habitual and vulgar sense, and to give them the figurative meaning assigned them. M. Julien has, moreover, explained happily most of the traditional and proverbial allusions which are constantly occurring in Chinese literature; he has succeeded in executing at Paris what the English, who apply themselves to the Chinese language, have not deemed themselves competent to undertake at Canton, where they have at hand all those resources which their connexion with the literati of the country affords them, as well as access to a vast number of necessary works, which are not to be met with in Europe."

NOTICES OF EMINENT INDIVIDUALS
LATELY DECEASED.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1832."]

CHARLES BUTLER.

June 2, 1832. Died, in London, aged 82, Charles Butler, Esquire, King's Counsel.

This voluminous author was of a Roman Catholic family, and was nephew to the Rev. Alban Butler, author of the "Lives of the Saints." He was educated at the Roman Catholic academy at Hammersmith, and at the English college of Douay, where he acquired a warm attachment to the beauties of classical literature. Having entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and closely pursued a course of legal study, he first appeared before the public in 1773, in an anonymous "Essay on Houses of Industry." It was written at the request of Sir Harbord Harbord (afterwards Lord Suffield) and Mr. Chad, in reply to a pamphlet recommending the Houses of Industry, the production of Mr. Potter, the editor of *Æschylus*; and had particular reference to the county of Norfolk.

His next publication was an "Essay on the Legality of Impress-
ing Seamen," 1778, which was undertaken at the request of Mr. Astle, who had been desired by Lord North to procure such a defence of the system of impressment. It was favorably received, and went through two editions; some pages in the second edition were written by the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. It was dedicated to Lord Loughborough, then Solicitor-general; whose friendship it procured for Mr. Butler; but the arguments being principally taken from a speech of Sir Michael Foster, Mr. Butler did not include it in the collection of his works, edited about 1823.

In 1779 Mr. Butler was entrusted by the Earl of Sandwich with his defence against the attack of the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords; and he prepared the speech which his Lordship delivered on that occasion.

About the same time, Mr. Butler amused himself, in conjunction with his friend the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, in an inquiry on the authorship of Junius; and having communicated the result in a letter to a friend, it was inserted, without his knowledge, in "The Anti-jacobin Review." It is reprinted with additional remarks, in his "Reminiscences," vol. i. pp. 75-114; vol. ii. pp. 120-126.

His next literary exertion was of a professional nature, the continuation and completion of Mr. Hargrave's edition of Coke upon Littleton. Mr. Hargrave had been employed on this work for eleven years, and about half the task was executed, when it was confided to Mr. Butler, on the condition of his completing it during

the ensuing four terms. This he performed in 1788. The long annotation on feuds, which was inserted in it, was an enlargement of the first literary composition he had ever sat down seriously to compose, — a "History of the Feudal Law," a succinct outline of which had been completed in manuscript before the year 1772.

In 1797 Mr. Butler first printed his "*Horæ Biblicæ*." It is divided into two parts; the first of which contains an historical and literary account of the original text, early versions, and printed editions of the Old and New Testament; the second of the Koran, Zend-Avesta, Kings, and Edda, the works accounted sacred by the Mahometans, Parsees, Hindus, Chinese, and Scandinavian nations. There have been five editions of the "*Horæ Biblicæ*"; and it forms the first volume of Mr. Butler's collected Works. It has also been translated into French.

In 1804 Mr. Butler published his "*Horæ Juridicæ Subsecivæ*"; being a connected series of notes respecting the Geography, Chronology, and Literary History of the principal codes and original documents of the Grecian, Roman, Feudal, and Canon Laws." This valuable work was reprinted in 1807, and is included in the second volume of Mr. Butler's Works.

In 1806, when the Emperor of Austria publicly renounced the empire of Germany, a question arose on its territorial extent. This led Mr. Butler to investigations, which produced his "Succinct History of the geographical and political revolutions of the Empire of Germany, or the principal states which composed the empire of Charlemagne, from his coronation in 800 to its dissolution in 1806, with some account of the Imperial house of Hapsburgh, and of the six secular Electors of Germany; and of Roman, German, French, and English nobility." Of this work there were three editions; and it forms part of the second volume of Mr. Butler's collected Works.

In 1809 Mr. Butler edited the sixth edition of Fearne's "Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises"; the study of which profound and useful work he greatly facilitated by his clear arrangement and intelligent notes.

Another of Mr. Butler's legal compositions (as he himself styles it) was a short "Essay on the Character of Lord Mansfield," written at the request of Mr. Seward, for insertion in his "Anecdotes."

Mr. Butler was a constant advocate of his own religious community; although he was in some respects so opposed to the more rigid portion of it, that Bishop Milner, on one occasion, angrily spoke of him as "a decided enemy to the hierarchy of his church." His earliest writings, connected with his religious party, were in the three Blue Books, privately circulated among the Roman Catholics in 1790 – 1792, and which were jointly written by Mr. Joseph Wilkes, a Benedictine Monk, and Mr. Butler. An historical account of the Laws respecting Roman Catholics, was published by Mr. Butler in 1795; A Letter to an Irish Nobleman on a proposed Repeal of the Penal Laws against the Irish

Catholics; and A Letter to a Nobleman on the Coronation Oath, both in 1801; A Letter to a Catholic Gentleman on Bonaparte's projected Invasion, 1803; and A Letter to an Irish Gentleman on the fifth resolution of the English Catholics, at their meeting, January 31, 1810.

In 1813, when a vigorous effort was made for the removal of the restrictive laws, Mr. Butler published an Appeal to the Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland; several thousands of which were sold or circulated. The author, in his "Reminiscences," says, that "it gave universal satisfaction to the Catholics, and did not offend Protestants. A tolerable crop of answers to it appeared; but none obtained much public attention. The ablest was published by a society of gentlemen, who styled themselves 'The Protestant Association': the late worthy and learned Mr. Granville Sharp was their president. It expressed some of the prejudices of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but was written with temper and moderation."

In 1815 Mr. Butler delivered an Inaugural Oration, on occasion of the ceremony of laying the first stone of the London Institution; it was published at the request of the managers, and he had the honor of being appointed standing Counsel to the establishment. He subsequently drew up the Act of Parliament which secured its prosperity.

He soon after published his Historical Memoirs of the Church of France, in the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth, Louis the Fifteenth, Louis the Sixteenth, and the French revolution, in one volume octavo. The same studies led him to several biographical works, which were published in the following order:

The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; to which are added the Lives of St. Vincent of Paul, and Henri-Marie de Boudon: a letter on Ancient and Modern Music; and historical minutes of the Society of Jesus. 1810. Svo.

The Life and Writings of J. B. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. 1812.

The Lives of Dom. Armand-Jean Le Bonthillier de Rancé, of the monastery of La Trappe; and of Thomas a Kempis. With some account of the principal religious and military orders of the Roman Catholic Church. 1814. Svo.

Biographical Account of the Chancellor l'Hôpital and of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, with a short historical notice of the Mississippi scheme. 1814.

Mr. Butler's subsequent works were:

An historical and literary account of the Formularies, Confessions of Faith, or Symbolic Books of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and principal Protestant Churches. 1816. Svo. Appended to this were Four Essays: An Historical Account of the Monastic Orders of the Church of Rome, respecting the general perusal of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue by the laity; On the Work intitled, "Roman Catholic principles in reference to God and the

"King," published in 1680; An Essay on the Reunion of Christians; which essay exposed him to some severe animadversions from the violent of all parties. In a letter to Dr. Parr he says, "The chief aim of all my writings has been to put Catholic and Protestant into good humor with one another, and Catholics into good humor with themselves." — "I never had any notion that the reunion of Christians was practicable."

Historical Memorials respecting the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics, from the Reformation to the Present Time. 1819. 2 vols. 8vo.

Dissertation on Mystical Devotion. 1820. (See "Reminiscences," vol. II. pp. 148 – 186.)

An Inquiry whether the Declaration against Transubstantiation, contained in Act 30 Charles the Second, could be conscientiously taken by a sincere Protestant. 1822.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn [chiefly consisting of the history of his literary labors, from which the present memoir has been derived, and additional reflections on the same subjects.] 1822, second volume 1827.

A Continuation of the Rev. Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints to the present time, with some biographical accounts of the Holy Family, Pope Pius the Sixth, Cardinal Ximenes, Cardinal Bellarmine, Bartholomew de Martyribus, and St. Vincent of Paul; with a republication of his Historical Memoirs of the Society of Jesus. 1823.

The Book of the Roman Catholic Church; in a series of Letters addressed to Robert Southey, Esq. on his "Book of the Church." 1825. 8vo.

Mr. Butler, in the second volume of his "Reminiscences," p. 59, enumerates ten replies which were elicited by this work; to which he rejoined in the two following publications:

A Letter to the Right Rev. C. J. Bloomfield, Bishop of Chester, in vindication of a passage in the "Book of the Roman Catholic Church," censured in a letter addressed to the author by his Lordship. 1825.

Vindication of the "Book of the Roman Catholic Church," against the Rev. George Townsend's "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome," with notice of some charges brought against "The Book of the Roman Catholic Church," in the publications of Dr. Phillpott, the Rev. J. Todd, the Rev. J. B. White, and in some anonymous publications; with copies of Dr. Phillpott's Fourth Letter to Mr. Butler, containing a charge against Dr. Lingard; and a Letter of Dr. Lingard to Mr. Butler, in reply to the charge. 1826. 8vo.

After the appearance of the Vindication, six additional replies were published by the writers on the Protestant side of the question (see Butler's "Reminiscences," Vol. II. p. 62) in reference to which Mr. Butler published an Appendix to his Vindication.

We proceed with our list of Mr. Butler's works:

The Life of Erasmus; with historical remarks on the state of literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth centuries. 1825.

The Life of Hugo Grotius; with brief minutes of the civil, ecclesiastical, and literary history of the Netherlands. 1826.

Reply to the Quarterly Review on the Revelations of la Sœur Nativité. 1826.

A Letter on the Coronation Oath; with a notice of the recently published letters of the late King to Lord Kenyon, and his Lordship's answers; and letters from Mr. Pitt to the King, and his answers. 1827. 8vo.

A short Reply to Dr. Phillpott's Answer (in his "Letters to a Layman") to Mr. Butler's Letters on the Coronation Oath. 1828. 8vo.

A Memoir of the Catholic Relief Bill passed in 1829, being a sequel and conclusion of the "Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics." 1829. 8vo.

Memoir of the Life of Henry-Francis D'Aguesseau; with an account of the Roman and Canon Law. 1830. 8vo.

Two works which Mr. Butler commenced and left unfinished, were a Life of Christ, or paraphrastic harmony of the Gospels; and a History of the Binomial Theorem. He mentions in his "Reminiscences," that some of his happiest hours of study were those devoted to mathematics; but that he divorced himself from them because he found that they interfered with his professional duties. M. Pelisson, in his account of M. Huet the celebrated Bishop of Avranches, observes of that prelate, that from his earliest years he gave himself to study; that, at his rising, his going to bed, and during his meals, he was reading, or had others to read to him; that neither the fire of youth, the interruption of business, the variety of his employments, the society of his friends, nor the bustle of the world, could ever moderate his ardor for study. These expressions Mr. Butler applied to his uncle Mr. Alban Butler, the author of "The Lives of the Saints," and "he believes that, with some justice at least, he may also apply them to himself"; adding, however, that his love of literature never seduced him from his professional duties. "Very early rising, a systematic division of his time, abstinence from all company and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly, — from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics, — and, above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed, have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours. His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules: to direct his attention to one literary object only at a time; to read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible; when the subject was contentious, to read the best book on each side; to find out men of information, and, when in their society, to listen, not to talk."

Some letters of Mr. Butler to Dr. Parr are printed in Parr's Life and Works, Vol. viii. pp. 505–512; followed by a long letter from

Dr. Parr to Mr. Butler, full of a variety of remarks on his "Reminiscences." The correspondence was also published in the second volume of the "Reminiscences," pp. 188-262, where some variations may be observed in Mr. Butler's letters, and there are some letters of Dr. Parr not in his Works.

Mr. Butler was in extensive practice as a conveyancer. The bar was inhibited to Roman Catholics until the passing of the relief act of 1791. He was afterwards the first barrister of his communion that has in modern days been called to the rank of King's Counsel.

Mr. Butler was married in early life; but has left no male issue. His daughter is married to Andrew H. Lynch, Esq., a native of Ireland, but a barrister at the English Chancery bar.

[From "The Legal Observer, No. 108."]

LORD TENTERDEN.

Charles Abbott, Baron Tenterden, of Hendon, county of Middlesex, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, so created 30th April, 1827, a Privy Councillor, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, an official Trustee of the British Museum, was born on the 7th of October, 1762, we believe, at Canterbury, and died on the 4th of November, 1832.

His parents were of very humble origin, and his father pursued the trade of a barber in that town. Lord Tenterden thus adds another to the long list of eminent Judges who have risen from the lowest rank of society, — a circumstance, as we think, much more to be recorded to his honor, than a title to the proudest escutcheon. He never displayed any false shame on this subject himself, or unwillingness to remember his own parentage; and we have been told, that very recently, being at Canterbury with his eldest son (now Lord Tenterden), he visited the former insignificant dwelling of his father, — a small house near the Cathedral gate-way, — in company with his son, to whom he showed it with evident satisfaction. His early ability and quickness induced his father to make every exertion to give him a suitable education, and he was sent to the Grammar-School at Canterbury, where he received his early education, and where it is a curious fact that his future clerk was his school-fellow. After remaining here for the usual period, he was sent by the foundation to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where his talents and learning soon manifested themselves. In 1784 he obtained the Chancellor's prize for his verses entitled "Globus Aërostaticus," and, in 1786, for an essay on "The Use and Abuse of Satire." And he was soon after appointed a Fellow and Tutor of that college. He remained at the University rather longer than usual, but was at last induced to turn his attention to the study of the law, and entered accordingly at the Inner Temple.

Once entered, he undertook the study of his profession with the most steady and industrious perseverance, and thus acquired those vast stores of legal learning and information which he afterwards displayed, both at the Bar and on the Bench. On being called to the Bar he joined the Oxford circuit, where he is still well remembered. He very soon became extensively employed as a junior counsel, and was as much sought for as such as any great leader of the day was as senior counsel, his judgment, learning, and reputation, being eminently serviceable in this capacity, notwithstanding his powers of oratory, although respectable, were hardly sufficient to command very great attention in addressing a jury. His opinions were also much sought after; and altogether, his practice was probably as considerable as that of any man of his day, and his income proportionably large, averaging, as we have heard, about ten thousand pounds a year. He had early acquired the friendship and good services of Mr. Justice Buller, and he subsequently obtained the still more valuable favor of Lord Ellenborough. He was taken up as junior by government in most of the public prosecutions which occurred in his day, but never obtained a silk gown, he having, we believe, declined that distinction.

His fitness for the Bench, from his learning and discrimination, had been soon remarked; and in Michaelmas Term, 1810, he was created a Puisne Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Mr. Justice Heath, but was in the following Easter Term removed to the Court of King's Bench, taking the seat vacated by Mr. Justice Le Blanc. His appointment fully justified the opinion entertained of his fitness for his office; and on the retirement of Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, he was considered to be the best successor that could be found to that eminent Judge. In this situation he remained until his death, in the seventy-second year of his age. He had been for a considerable period in a declining state of health; but his sense of duty, and his inclination for his judicial labors, induced him to continue in his situation. Very considerable symptoms of decay might however latterly be observed. He died, as perhaps he would have wished, in the discharge of his duties. He presided two or three days on the late trial at Westminster, on the prosecution of the Bristol mayor; and there is no doubt the fatigue attending that duty hastened the termination of his valuable life. How present the scene he had just left was to his mind in his last illness, is shown by a singular anecdote respecting his death, which we have heard from unquestionable authority, and it affords a new instance of "the ruling passion strong in death." He had been sinking the whole of the night before he died, but had generally retained his faculties. Towards morning he became restless and slightly delirious; all at once he sat up in his bed, and with a motion of his hand as if dipping a pen in the inkstand, as he had been accustomed to do on the Bench, said distinctly, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you are discharged." He then fell back on his bed, and almost immediately expired.

In April, 1827, Lord Tenterden was created a Peer of the Realm, by the title of Baron Tenterden of Hendon in the county of Middlesex; having once or twice before refused the honor, for which we have heard various reasons given. He was distinguished as an author, having in the year 1802 published "A Treatise on the Law relative to Merchant-Ships and Seamen," which is the standard work on the subject, and is well worthy of its author. It has reached the fifth edition, which was edited by his eldest son in 1827.

Lord Tenterden was married, in June, 1795, to the daughter of John Lagier Lamotte, Esq., a gentleman residing at Basilden in Berkshire, by whom he has left two sons, John Henry, the present Lord Tenterden and his late marshall and associate, and Charles, a lieutenant of dragoons, and also two daughters.

As a Judge, he possessed many very conspicuous qualities. He was almost equally distinguished in *Banc* and at *Nisi Prius*. In *Banc* his vast stores of information enabled him almost without effort to deal with every case which came before him. His knowledge of the laws of property was very considerable; his only heresy being that relating to the presumed surrender of terms, which, however, he recanted before his death. On cases relating to pleading and poor laws, he was generally a complete master of the subject; but in those connected with the great rules of the common law, he had no equal; expounding and illustrating the principles of the subject discussed with a learning, clearness, and discrimination never surpassed.

At *Nisi Prius* he seized at once on the real difficulties of the case, struck off all collateral issues and extraneous matter, and presented the point in dispute in a concise and intelligible form to the jury for their decision. He met and decided, without difficulty, any point which arose at the trial; and his knowledge, and his manner withal, prevented, in general, all attempts to raise useless or idle quibbles. He stopped at once all unnecessary dispute, and in doing so his manner was occasionally harsh; but it was only in this way that he was enabled to dispose of the business of his Court, with such satisfaction to the profession and the country. Neither can it be said that he was unkind or uncourteous; on the contrary, he very rarely lost his temper, and never his sense of the propriety and dignity of his office. Few judges have decided so much and so well; his rulings have rarely been disturbed; and what he has himself said of Lord Ellenborough, may with as great justice be repeated of himself, "that the wonder is, not that he was sometimes wrong, but that he was so often right."

With his character as a politician we have nothing to do. He was a Tory by education and feeling. It has been said he could not entirely divest himself of all party spirit where the interests of the Crown were in question. His leaning was unquestionably in favor of those in authority; but his decisions have never had any shade of violence or intemperance.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 145."]

SIR JOHN LESLIE.

THIS eminent philosopher was born in April, 1766, and was originally destined by his parents to follow the humble occupations connected with a small farm and mill. Before however he reached his twelfth year his fondness for calculation and geometrical exercises introduced him to the late Professor John Robison, and by him to Professors Playfair and Stewart. When they first saw him he was still a boy, and they were much struck with the extraordinary powers which he then displayed. After some previous education, his parents were induced, in consequence of strong recommendations, and of obtaining for him the patronage of the late Earl of Kinnoul, to enter him a student at the University of St. Andrew's. Having passed some time in that ancient seminary, he removed to Edinburgh, in company with another youth, destined like himself to obtain a high niche in the temple of scientific fame, — James Ivory. Whilst a student in the University there, he was introduced to and employed by Dr. Adam Smith to assist the studies of his nephew, Mr. Douglas, afterwards Lord Reston. Disliking the Church, for which, we believe, he had been intended by his parents, he proceeded to London, after completing the usual course of study in Edinburgh. He carried with him some commendatory letters from Dr. Smith, and recollected that one of the most pressing injunctions with which he was honored by this illustrious philosopher was, *to be sure, if the person to whom he was to present himself was an author, to read his book before approaching him, so as to be able to speak of it, if there should be a fit opportunity.* His earliest employment in the capital, as a literary adventurer was derived from the late Dr. William Thomson, the author of a "Life of Philip the Third." Dr. Thomson's ready pen was often used for others, who took or got the merit of his labors; and if we recollect rightly, he employed Mr. Leslie in writing or correcting notes for an edition of the Bible with notes, then publishing in numbers, under some popular theological name. Mr. Leslie's first important undertaking was a translation of Buffon's "Natural History of Birds," which was published in 1793, in nine octavo volumes. The sum he received for it laid the foundation of that pecuniary independence which, unlike many other men of genius, his prudent habits fortunately enabled him early to attain. The preface to this work, which was published anonymously, is characterized by all the peculiarities of his later style; but it also bespeaks a mind of great native vigor and lofty conceptions, strongly touched with admiration for the sublime and the grand in nature and science. Some time afterwards he proceeded to the United States of America, as a tutor to one of the distinguished family of the Randolphins; and after his return to Britain he en-

gaged with the late Mr. Thomas Wedgewood to accompany him to the Continent, various parts of which he visited with that accomplished person, whose early death he ever lamented as a loss to science and to his country.

At what period Mr. Leslie first struck into that brilliant field of inquiry, where he became so conspicuous for his masterly experiments and striking discoveries regarding radiant heat, and the connexion between light and heat, we are unable to say. His differential thermometer, — one of the most beautiful and delicate instruments that inductive genius ever contrived as a help to experimental inquiry, and which rewarded its author by its happy ministry to the success of some of his finest experiments, — was invented before the year 1800; as it was described, we think, in "Nicholson's Philosophical Journal" some time during that year. The results of those fine inquiries, in which he was so much aided by this exquisite instrument, were published to the world in 1804, in his celebrated "Essay on the Nature and Propagation of Heat." The experimental devices and remarkable discoveries which distinguish this publication, far more than atone for its great defects of method, its very questionable theories, and its transgressions against that simplicity of style which its aspiring author rather spurned than was unable to exemplify, but which must be allowed to be a quality peculiarly indispensable to the communication of scientific knowledge. The work was honored, in the following year, by the unanimous adjudication to its author, by the Council of the Royal Society, of the Rumford medals, which were appropriated to reward discoveries in that branch of science, which he had so much illustrated and extended. In the same year also the subject of our notice was elected to fill the mathematical chair in the University of Edinburgh.

In the year 1810 he arrived, through the assistance of his hygrometer, at the discovery of that singularly beautiful process of artificial congelation which enabled him to convert water and mercury into ice.

Mr. Leslie was removed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in 1819, on the death of Professor Playfair. He had previously published his "Elements of Geometry," and an "Account of Experiments on Instruments depending on the Relation of Air to Heat and Moisture." Of his "Elements of Natural Philosophy," afterwards compiled for the use of his class, only one volume has been published. He wrote, besides the works mentioned, some admirable articles in "The Edinburgh Review"; and several very valuable treatises on different branches of physics, in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His last, and certainly one of his best and most interesting compositions, was a "Discourse on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science," during the eighteenth century, prefixed to the seventh edition, now publishing, of that national Encyclopædia. He received the honor of knighthood in 1832, on the suggestion, we believe, of the Lord Chancellor.

It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind to review the labors of this distinguished man without a strong feeling of admiration for his inventive genius and vigorous powers, and of respect for that extensive knowledge which his active curiosity, his various reading, and his happy memory, had enabled him to attain. Some few of his contemporaries, in the same walks of science may have excelled him in profundity of understanding, in philosophical caution, and in logical accuracy; but we doubt if any surpassed him, whilst he must be allowed to have surpassed many, in that creative faculty, — one of the highest and rarest of nature's gifts, — which leads, and is necessary to discovery, though not all-sufficient of itself for the formation of safe conclusions; or in that subtilty and reach of discernment which seizes the finest and least obvious relations among the objects of science, — which elicits the hidden secrets of nature, and ministers to new combinations of her powers.

His reading extended to every nook and corner, however obscure, that books have touched upon. He was a lover, too, and that in no ordinary degree, of what is commonly called anecdote. Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted by a considerable degree of deafness for enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind; but it had a strongly original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information. His faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities, by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character, almost infantine, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and if, as has been thought, he generally had a steady eye, in his worldly course, to his own interest, it cannot be denied that he was, notwithstanding, a warm and good friend, and a relation, on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance could ever be placed.

In private life, no man was ever more thoroughly sincere, simple, and unaffected. There was not a shade of hypocrisy or assumption in his character: he said at all times exactly what he thought, and never dreamed of disguising or modifying any opinion. Hence he was supposed by some, who only knew him imperfectly, to have foibles of which he was quite as free as most other men; the only thing which he lacked being the art to conceal and varnish.

M. DE CHÉZY.

[Died lately at Paris, aged 69, Antoine Leonard de Chézy, one of the most distinguished of the French Orientalists. His

principal work, which appeared shortly before his death, is a translation, from the Sanscrit, of the Drama, "Sacontalá," of which we have an English translation by Sir William Jones. There is a review of it by M. Raynouard in "The Journal des Savans," for May, 1832. Some account of M. de Chézy may be found in "The Asiatic Journal, No. 36."]

INTELLIGENCE.

Among the works which we have not noticed in the preceding part of our journal, none has attracted more attention than Sarrans's "*La Fayette et la Revolution de 1830*," of which an English translation has been published. We have been less solicitous to notice it particularly, as it is well known in this country, the most remarkable passages having appeared in various publications, and a long review of it in "*The American Quarterly Review*." In "*The Westminster Review*, No. 34," it is made the foundation of an attack, in the spirit of the book itself, upon the past and present administrations in France: in "*The Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 20," on the contrary, of an able defence of Louis Philippe and his policy: and in "*The Quarterly Review*, No. 96," of a tirade of impartial abuse of the king and La Fayette, of the government and the opposition, and, in fact, of every party in France except the Carlists.

In the same number of "*The Quarterly Review*," it is proved at length and satisfactorily, that the pretended autobiographical "*Memoirs de Louis XVII*," of which six volumes, 8vo, have been published at Paris, are a forgery.

It is shown, likewise, that "*Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative*," (republished by Messrs. J. & J. Harper of New York,) is a fictitious and not a real history, a fact which, probably, most readers of it have suspected.

Miss Mitford has published a fifth volume of her "*Village*." The first three volumes have been republished by Mr. E. Bliss of New York.

We know not any writer to whom we should apply the epithet "delightful," with more hearty feeling, than to Miss Mitford. In her "*Village*," upon her own ground, she is as unrivalled as Scott or Miss Edgeworth in their peculiar departments. It is a work full of vivacity, truth, nature, wit, pathos, of characters admirably drawn, scenes beautifully described, and stories inimitably told; and over all is spread a sunny glow of the kindest and best feelings. The volumes are a permanent and most valuable accession to English literature. If there are any of our readers to whom this work is not known, we are persuaded that we are conferring an obligation upon them in bringing it to their notice.

Should the whole work, now, we are sorry to say, completed, be reprinted here, we hope it may be done in a less coarse and ordinary style, than is becoming common among us. Such a mode of printing would be unworthy of it; and we fear it is generally producing a bad effect upon the state of literature in the country. Many worthless books are republished, because it is done at so cheap a rate, that it is calculated that the sale will defray the expense; and valuable works are degraded by the dress in which they appear; for every one's feelings are, in some degree, affected by the first aspect of a volume. The copies of works which we should like to own, are often too mean to be preserved in a library. We cannot but think our publishers would find it for their interest, if they would endeavour to rival each other in correctness, neatness, elegance, completeness, and in the judiciousness of their selections, as well as in cheapness. Certainly it would be much better for the interest of the public.

Mrs. Jameson's new work, "Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical" (with fifty vignette etchings by the authoress), is highly, and, to judge from the extracts we have seen, deservedly praised. It consists of an exposition of the female characters of Shakspeare; and one must have studied Shakspeare well not to be instructed by her remarks. She writes with a fine flow of feeling, and discriminates with delicate acuteness the different indications and shades of character. We shall, perhaps, find occasion to give a fuller account of her volumes, but we have as yet seen no article upon them which we have thought worth copying.

We subjoin the titles of several other English publications, of more or less interest, which have lately appeared, with references to the journals in which accounts of them may be found.

An Investigation of the Currents of the Atlantic Ocean, and of those which prevail between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. By the late Major James Rennell, F. R. S. With an Atlas. 8vo. London. 1832.—See Westminster Review, No. 35.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture: (publishing in numbers, and said to be a useful work with excellent designs.)

The Life of Andrew Marvel; with extracts and selections from his prose and poetical Works. By John Dove. 12mo. London. 1832.—See Westminster Review, No. 35.—New Monthly Magazine, No. 142.

The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth: Anglo-Saxon Period: containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy, and the Institutions arising out of the Laws and Usages which prevailed before the Conquest. By Francis Palgrave, F. R. S. & F. S. A. London. 1832.—See British Critic, No. 35.

Customs and Manners of the Women of Persia, and their Domestic Superstitions. Translated from the original Persian Manuscript. By James Atkinson, Esq. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. London. 1832.—See Asiatic Journal, No 37.

A Memoir on Suspension Bridges, comprising their History and Application, with Descriptions of some of the most important Bridges, Experiments, and Rules for facilitating Computations relating thereto. By Charles Stewart Drewry. 8vo. London. 1832.—See Monthly Review for December, 1832.

An Historical Sketch of Sanscrit Literature, with copious bibliographical Notices of Sanscrit Works and Translations. From the German of Adeling. With numerous Additions and Corrections. [By D. A. Talboys.] Oxford. 1832. — See Asiatic Journal, No. 33. — New Monthly Magazine, No. 141.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character of the late John Mason Good, M. D. By Olinthus Gregory. 12mo. — See Monthly Magazine, No. 145.

Observations on the healthy and diseased Properties of the Blood. By W. Stevens, M. D. 8vo. London. 1832. — See Quarterly Review, No. 96.

Arlington. A novel, by the author of Granby (Mr. Lister.) 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1832. — See Edinburgh Review, No. 111. — Quarterly Review, No. 95.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D. D. illustrated principally from his unpublished Manuscripts; with a Preliminary View of the Papal System, and of the State of the Protestant Doctrine in Europe, to the Commencement of the Fourteenth Century. By Robert Vaughan. Second Edition, much improved. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1831. — See Edinburgh Review, No. 111.

Memoir and Correspondence of Sir James Edward Smith, M. D., F. R. S. President of the Linnæan Society, &c. Edited by Lady Smith. 2 vols. 8vo. With Portrait and Plates. London. 1832. — See Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 11.

An Account of the most important Public Records of Great Britain, and the Publications of the Record Commissioners: together with other Miscellaneous, Historical, and Antiquarian Information. Compiled from various printed Books and Manuscripts. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. 2 vols. London. 1832. — See British Critic, No. 23.

The Topography and Antiquities of Rome: including the recent Discoveries made about the Forum and the Via Sacra. By the Rev. Richard Burgess. 2 vols. 8vo. London. — See British Critic, No. 23.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated by J. Medwin, Esq. And, The Prometheus, by the same. — See British Critic, No. 24.

Essays, Moral and Political. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. &c. Now first collected. 2 vols. small 8vo. London. 1832.

We have been gratified to observe, that few books are spoken of with more approbation and interest in the foreign journals, than Sparks's "Life of Gouverneur Morris." It is the subject of a long notice in the 20th number of "The Foreign Quarterly Review."

At the last anniversary meeting of the Oriental Translation Fund (London, 23d June), the committee reported the publication of the following works:

1. "The Shâh-Nâmeh of Firdausi, translated by James Atkinson, Esq. "This celebrated epic poem gives the history of Persia from the most ancient times to the period of the Muhammadan conquest, apparently founded, to a great extent, on old authentic documents, in the Pahlavi language, now long since lost. The importance of this work, as a source of historical information, and its highly poetic character, are so universally acknowledged, that the publication of the present abridged translation of it by the committee will be deemed a source of real gratification to the scholar and to the general reader.

2. "The first volume of the *Siyar-ul-Mutakherin*, newly translated by Col. Briggs.

"This is a history of the latter period of the Mogul power in India, commencing from the death of the Emperor Aurungzebe, and going down to the year 1780, A. D., by Gholam Ali Hussain, the personal friend of Lord Teignmouth, and one of the most intelligent and liberal Amirs of the court of Delhi.

3. and 4. "Two geographical works of Sâdik Isfahâni, translated by J. C., and edited by Sir William Ouseley.

"The first of these treatises furnishes the latitude and longitude of a great number of places in the East; the second is more of a topographic character, but fixes also the exact pronunciation of the names of many Oriental towns and other places.

"In the same volume with these two treatises will also be found,

5. "A Critical Essay on various Oriental works, likewise translated from the Persian, by J. C., and edited by Sir William Ouseley.

"The author of this Essay notices a considerable number of works of celebrity, appreciates their merits and defects, and often points out the sources from which the information omitted by the several authors may be supplied.

6. "The *Hoei Lan Ki*, or *Cercle de Craie*, a Chinese drama, translated by M. Stanislas Julien, of Paris.

7. "The *San Kokt tsou ran* to sets, a Japanese work, being a Description of Corea and the Islands of Lieu-chieu and Jesso, translated by M. Klaproth, of Paris.

8. "The *Raghu Vansa*, a Sanscrit poem, translated by Dr. Stenzler.

"This poem gives a spirited account of the family of the Râghavas, which gave birth to Râma, the favorite hero of the Hindus. It is ascribed to the celebrated Kalidâsa, the author of *Sacotalâ*; and is written with that refined style of poetic diction and those beautiful allusions, for which the most admired productions of later epochs of Sanscrit literature are distinguished. The present translation is accompanied by an edition of the original text, founded on a careful collation of several valuable manuscripts.

9. "The first volume of the *Annals of Naima*, translated by Charles Fraser.

"This is an excellent chronicle of the Turkish empire, from the year 1591 to 1659 of the Christian era, giving an account of the wars of the Ottoman emperors with the Austrians, &c.

10. "The *Memoirs of the Emperor Humâyûn*, translated by Major Stewart.

"This unadorned narrative, written by an attendant of the emperor, cannot but please, from its unpretending character and great simplicity."

The following is a list of the works previously published.

The *Adventures of Hatim Tai*, a Romance; translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes. 4to. London. 1830.

The *Algebra of Mohammed Ben Musa*; Arabic and English. Edited and translated by Frederic Rosen. 8vo. London. 1831.

The History of Vartan, and of the Battle of the Armenians; by Elisæus; translated from the Armenian by C. F. Neumann. 4to. London. 1830.

History of the War in Bosnia during the years 1737-1739; translated from the Turkish by C. Fraser. 8vo. London. 1830.

The History of the Maritime Wars of the Turks; translated from the Turkish of Haje Khalifch, by James Mitchell; Chapters 1 to 4. 4to. London. 1831.

The Life of Hafiz Ool-Moolk, Hafiz Rehmut Khan; written by his Son, and entitled Goolistan-I-Rehmut; abridged from the Persian, by Ch. Eliott. 8vo. London. 1831.

The Life of Sheik Mohammed Ali Hazin, by himself; edited from two Persian Manuscripts, and noted with their various readings, by F. C. Belfour. 8vo. London. 1831.

The same, translated into English, and illustrated with Notes explanatory of the History, Poetry, Geography, &c. which therein occur, by F. C. Belfour. 8vo. London. 1830.

The Mulfuzat Timury, or Autobiographical Memoirs of the Mogul Emperor Timür; translated by Major Ch. Stewart. 4to. London. 1830.

Translations from the Chinese and Armenian, with Notes and Illustrations, by Ch. Fr. Neumann. 8vo. London. 1831.

Translations, Miscellaneous, from Oriental Languages. Vol. I. 8vo. London. 1831.

The Travels of Macarius written by Paul of Aleppo, in Arabic. Part II. Walachia, Moldavia, and the Cossack Country; translated by Belfour. 4to. London. 1831.

The Fortunate Union, a Romance; translated from the Chinese original, with Notes, &c. to which is added a Chinese Tragedy, by J. F. Davis. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1820.

Yakkun Nattannawa, a Cingalese Poem, descriptive of the Ceylon System of Demonology; and Kôtan Nattannawâ, a Cingalese Poem, descriptive of the Characters assumed by Natives in a Masquerade; translated by J. Callaway. With Plates. 8vo. London. 1829.

The Travels of Ibn Batuta. Translated from the abridged Arabic manuscript copies preserved in the Public Library of Cambridge. With Notes, by Rev. S. Lee, B. D. Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. demi 4to.

Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir, written by himself, and translated from a Persian Manuscript. By Major David Price. demi 4to.

Hang Koong Tsew, or the Sorrows of Han: A Chinese Tragedy, translated from the Original; with Notes. By John Francis Davis, F. R. S. &c. demi 4to.

History of the Afghans. Translated from the Persian of Naamet Allah. Part I. By Bernhard Doon, Ph. D. demi 4to.

Memoirs of a Malayan Family, written by themselves, and translated from the Original. By William Marsden, F. R. S. &c. demi 8vo.

LAWS OF MENU.—The Government Gazette at Calcutta notices the publication of an edition of the Laws of Menu in the original Sanscrit, with a Bengali and English translation, by Bishwunath Turkubhooshun and Tarachand Chukurburtee, two Hindu scholars, as “an instance of that improving spirit, which their introduction to English letters is gradually bringing about among the native population of Calcutta.” The writer observes: “The translation of Sir William Jones has been preserved entire, and the proposed alterations have been inserted in smaller type at the bottom of the page. Some of the emendations are of little consequence; others are of very material import. In the following, the alteration of the translator is a decided improvement. In the sixth verse on the creation, Sir William Jones thus renders the Sanscrit text: ‘Then the

sole self-existing power, himself undiscerned, but making this world discernible with five elements and other principles of *nature*, appeared with undiminished glory, *expanding his idea*, or dispelling the gloom.' This passage is given by Bishwunath Turkubhooshun and Tarachand Chukurbutee in these words: 'Then the supreme self-existing power, the Almighty, who is imperceptible to the external senses, directing his creating energy, became manifest, making these great elements and other *principles of nature* discernible.'

"The Italics indicate expressions not found in exact words in the text, but gathered from the comments of Culluka Bhatta.

"In v. 75 the commentator has done a service: for, without the new reading of the native translators, Sir William Jones's version would be scarcely intelligible. The former runs, — 'Intellect, called into action by his will to create worlds, performs *again* the work of creation, and thence *first* emerges the subtle ether, to which philosophers ascribe the quality of giving sound.' From the words 'and thence,' our native friends render the passage, '*emerges the principle of consciousness, thence the elementary particles, and thence the subtle ether, of which last, philosophers know sound to be the quality.*'" — *Asiatic Journal*, No. 32.

A new edition of Wetstein's New Testament has been commenced at Rotterdam. The editor is J. A. Lotze. It is publishing in numbers in large 4to; and in a handsome style. The first number (which we have seen) comprises the Prolegomena with most of Semler's notes, and some other not very important additions. That part of the Prolegomena, which contains the history of the controversies and difficulties by which Wetstein was impeded for twenty years in the publication of his work, is however (we think, improperly,) omitted, as well as some of his notes.

The work professes to be little more than a mere reprint with the correction of typographical errors, and of Wetstein's citations from the Syriac Version. Something more might have been expected from an editor of his work at the present day. Every thing in the original being preserved, it would have been desirable to renew the character which it bore on its first appearance, by adding the various readings of the New Testament discovered since that time, and thus making it a Thesaurus of all known to exist.

The work of Wetstein is exceedingly valuable, not merely as regards the criticism of the text, but for the treasure of learning contained in his notes. Copies of the original edition, though scarce, might be imported for about thirty dollars. The present publication, to judge from the size and price of the number we have seen, must be considerably more costly.

The first volume of Scholz's critical edition of the New Testament, containing the Gospels, was published at Leipsic in 1830. 4to. pp. clxx, 496. The editor had previously been engaged for years in collating

manuscripts in different libraries of Europe and Asia, "in Europæ et Asiæ bibliothecis fere omnibus," as he says. A notice of his labors may be found in the first volume of "The Christian Examiner," for 1824. As far as we have examined, we do not perceive that the new evidence collected by him much affects the state of the argument, in regard to the very few various readings of any importance which are found in the Gospels. Its principal value consists in affording new proof of the fact, that they have been exposed to very little alteration.

Kuinoel, so well known for his valuable Commentary on the Historical Books of the New Testament, has just published a Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews:—"Commentarius in Ep. ad Hebræos." 8vo. Tauchnitz. Lipsiæ. price 2 Rthlr. 12 Gr. He does not regard St. Paul as the author of the Epistle. He says: "Certum esse videtur, Paulum non esse auctorem epistolæ habendum, sed eam scripsisse Christianum Alexandrinum, Pauli discipulum, quocum quod ipsa doctrinæ Christianæ capita attinet, quæ in hac epistolâ vel pertractavit vel attigit, omnino consentit."

A new Introduction to the New Testament has been published in Germany: "Isagoge historico-critica in Libros Novi Fœderis sacros. Scripsit D. H. A. Schott, Theol. Prof. Ord. in Acad. Jenensi." 8vo. It is said to be "a very complete work, which thoroughly treats its subject in its fullest extent."

The following work has attracted considerable attention in Germany: "Geschichte und Kritik der Mysticismus."—"A History and Examination of Mysticism in all Nations and Ages." By Dr. J. C. A. Heinroth.

Among the theological journals published in Germany, one of the most valuable appears to be that entitled, "Theologische Studien und Kritiken; herausgegeben von Ullmann und Umbreit," of which the following is the full title in English; "Theological Literature and Criticism; a Journal relating to all the Departments of Theology;" containing contributions from Dr. Geiseler, Dr. Lücke, and Dr. Nitzsch: edited by Dr. C. Ullmann, and Dr. F. W. C. Umbreit, Professors in the Universities of Halle and Heidelberg: published at Hamburg by Perthes.

To the many Ecclesiastical Histories which Germany has produced, another has lately been added, "Geschichte der Christlichen Religion, von Carl Friedrich Hempel," extending to the year 1830. 2 vols. 8vo. Leipsic. 1830. It is intended for the use of well informed readers who have paid no particular attention to theology, and is said to be simple, intelligible, and comprehensive, written in an agreeable style and without partiality, a proper moral and religious aim being kept in view. We have no general work on ecclesiastical history in our language answering to this character.

Professor Matter, of Strasburg, has published a History of the Church, "Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise Chrétienne." He is known by his "Histoire critique du Gnosticisme," a work written with talent, vivacity, and even eloquence; but in which imagination predominates over facts.

There has appeared, "Beitrage zur ältesten Kirchengeschichte. Von Dr. Lobegott Lange." Full title; "Contributions to the earliest Ecclesiastical History. An attempt to throw further Light upon the History of the oldest Heretical Sects, and upon Circumstances concerning the Writings of the New Testament. By Dr. L. Lange, Private Teacher of Theology in the University of Jena." 2 vols. 8vo. Leipsic. 1827-1831. The first volume has the separate title; "The Ebionites and Nicolaitans of the Apostolic Age, and the References to them in the Writings of the New Testament, historically and critically illustrated." The second volume; "History and Doctrine of the Unitarians before the Council of Nice, considered critically and philosophically."

The author pursues the path which was opened by Priestley in his "History of Early Opinions concerning the Person of Christ."

A publication is in progress, entitled "Bibliotheca sacra Patrum Ecclesiæ Græcorum." It contains the Greek text without notes, in 12mo volumes. The copies on the best paper are neat. It commenced with Josephus. Then followed the works of Philo in eight volumes. This is the only complete manual edition of Philo, and contains, besides his Greek works, the Latin translations, by Aucher, of those extant only in an Armenian version, which were first published, by Aucher, with the Armenian text, in 4to. The typography of Philo cannot, however, be praised for its correctness. These publications are to be considered as preliminary to the series of the Greek Fathers; which has now been commenced with the works of Clement of Alexandria.

The following work on Clement, if well executed, may be of value.

De *græcorum* Clementis Alexandrini et de vestigiis Neoplatonicæ philosophiæ in eâ obviis Commentatio; ab A. F. Dähne. Lipsiæ. 8vo. 1331. pp. 126.

It is said to be "a learned, sensible, and well written dissertation, defended by Dr. Dähne upon obtaining his degree of Doctor in Theology from the University of Halle, which was conferred upon him by a very honorable diploma."

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES AT LEYDEN.—The King of the Netherlands purchased of M. d'Anastasy, the Swedish Vice-Consul at Alexandria, his rich collection of Egyptian Antiquities, which reached Leyden on the first of January, 1830. Though not so considerable as that of Drovetti at Turin, it is not inferior to that of Salt, the late English Consul, which formed the foundation of the new Egyptian Museum of Charles the Tenth, at Paris. Of large monuments, it contains a *sacellum monolithum*, several statues, sarcophagi, steles, mummies, &c., and a great number of smaller antiques of every known kind, particularly one hundred and thirty-two manuscripts, more than one hundred of them of papyrus, properly so called, (of which twenty are Greek and three bilingual,) besides contracts, in which the Greek translation stands by the side of the demotic writing, and Greek inscriptions on monuments of different kinds. The Chevalier

d'Anastasy, after the terms of purchase were concluded, enlarged the collection with some other articles. Among these, is a Greek manuscript on papyrus, in the form of a book, and a fragment of a bilingual papyrus, which he purchased from the Arabs, who, in their usual fraudulent manner, had separated this portion from the principal part, in order to make a greater profit by the separate sale of each. The collection of Anastasy, added to some articles previously purchased, forms an Egyptian museum, which will compare with the first in Europe. Of Papyri alone, it contains one hundred and forty-seven specimens, of which fifteen are entirely Egyptian. Some account of these antiquities is given in the following work:

Lettres à M. Letronne, Membre de l'Institut et de la Légion d'honneur, Inspecteur général de l'Université de France, &c. sur les Papyrus bilingues et Grecs, et sur quelques autres Monumens Gréco-Egyptiens du Musée d'Antiquités de l'Université de Leide, par C. J. C. Reuvens, Prof. d'Archéologie et Directeur du Musée, Membre de l'Institut Royal des Pays-Bas, &c. pp. 295. 4to. With an Atlas, containing one copper and five lithographic plates. 12 rix dollars.

The following work is in a course of publication in folio numbers:

Antike Bilderwerke zum ersten Mahl bekannt gemacht; i. e. Antique Sculptures, for the first time published, by Edward Gerhard. Stuttgart and Tubingen. Cotta. 1830. Large folio.

The following is publishing or published, in parts:

Reisen und Untersuchungen in Griechenland; u. s. f. Travels and Researches in Greece, with figures and explanations of many newly discovered monuments of the Grecian style, and a critical survey of all undertakings of this kind, from Pausanias till our own times. Dedicated to his Majesty the King of Denmark, by Dr. P. O. Brondsted, member of the University of Copenhagen, &c. Large 4to; with many engravings, partly colored. Paris, printed by Didot. 1830. Stuttgart. Cotta.

Most of our readers may recollect the account of the excavation of a great collection of Etruscan vases at Viterbo, on grounds belonging to the estate of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. The following publications have appeared concerning them.

Catalogo di scelte Antichità Etrusche, trovate negli Scavi del Principe di Canino, 1828, 1829, in Viterbo. 4to. 1829.

Muséum Étrusque de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino. Vases peints avec inscriptions. 4to. 1829, (with 41 lithographic prints. And a second part of the same work in 1830.)

At the end of the year 1829, the number of vases found amounted to 2500; of these, 1900 are painted, and 253 have inscriptions upon them. The lithographic prints contain fac-similes of the inscriptions.

ERRATA.

First Part, page 262, line 34, for No. 34, read No. 20.
 Second Part, " 83, " 27, Schiller was born in 1759.
 " 102, " 46, for 836, read 636.

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AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY JARED SPARKS.

It being now more than five years since this work was first announced for publication, some apology may seem necessary from the Editor to the public for so long a delay. On this point, however, he thinks it necessary to remark only, that, during this period, he has been favored with opportunities and made acquisitions, which have rendered him better qualified to do justice to the task he has undertaken. His researches in the public offices in London, Paris, Washington, and all the States, which formed the confederacy during the Revolution, as well as the access he has gained to valuable private papers in different parts of the country, have brought into his hands a mass of materials, original and important in their character, which, he trusts, will be found to have contributed essential aid in enabling him to execute with more accuracy and completeness his main purpose, and thus to have compensated in some degree for the time and labor they have cost.

The work is to consist of the writings of Washington, selected from the voluminous papers left by him at Mount Vernon, which have all been in the possession of the Editor for six years. The object has been to gather from the whole of

these papers, amounting to more than sixty folio manuscript volumes, the best portions of Washington's writings, and to combine them into a methodical arrangement, accompanied with explanatory notes, and historical elucidations. They will be published in the following order.

- I. Letters and other Papers relating to Washington's early military Career in the French War, and as Commander of the Virginia Forces.
- II. Letters, Instructions, Addresses, and other Papers relating to the American Revolution.
- III. Private Correspondence from the Time of his resigning the Command of the Army to the Beginning of the Presidency.
- IV. Public and private Letters, Instructions, and other Papers from the Time of his Inauguration as President to the end of his Life.
- V. Messages to Congress and Public Addresses.

The whole number of volumes cannot be precisely ascertained, but it will not be less than eight, nor more than twelve. The work will be printed in the octavo form, and executed in the best manner, each volume averaging more than five hundred pages. It will be embellished with an accurate engraving of Stuart's original portrait and Houdon's bust, as also with a series of plans and sketches, illustrating the important military operations in which Washington was concerned.

One volume will consist of a *Life of Washington*, written with a view to his personal acts and character.

It is expected, that two volumes will be published in the autumn, and the others at the rate of three or four a year, till the work shall be completed.

The price will be *two dollars and fifty cents* a volume in boards. Copies on paper of a larger size will be sold for *three dollars* a volume.

Boston, April 1st, 1833.

HILLIARD, GRAY, & CO. WILL SHORTLY PUT TO PRESS,
THE
LIBRARY
OF
AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.
CONDUCTED BY
JARED SPARKS.

It is the design of this work to publish from time to time a series of volumes, comprising historical and private Memoirs of persons, who have rendered themselves eminent or remarkable in America, from the first discovery of the New World to the present day. Several gentlemen, whose names are well known to the literary public, have cheerfully agreed to co-operate with the Editor in this undertaking, and he flatters himself, that the results of their united labors in a department of literature, highly interesting to all classes of readers, and valuable equally for instruction and entertainment, will be such as to meet with an adequate patronage.

The lives will be written, as far as each case will admit, from original materials, and special care will be given both to the literary execution and the accuracy of facts. The nature of the work will not allow of a rigid method, either in the selection or arrangement, as the lives must be published nearly in the order in which they can be prepared by the writers, but an index at the close of the whole will remedy any inconvenience, that may attend this feature of the plan. A biographical dictionary is not contemplated, but only a collection of the most prominent names. The lives will vary in length according to the amount of materials, which can be obtained, and the comparative importance of the individual. The author's name will be prefixed to each life.

Such a series of memoirs, it is believed, if properly executed, will develop many new and curious particulars in re-

gard to the history of the country, the advancement of society, the progress of literature, science, and the arts, and presents examples of character and enterprize, of genius successfully struggling with difficulties, and industry triumphing over obstacles, which will afford a salutary incitement to the young, and communicate profit and pleasure to readers of every age.

The volumes will be published in a duodecimo form at different periods, on an average of about four a year.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED,
COMMENTARIES
ON THE
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES,
WITH A PRELIMINARY REVIEW OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY
OF THE COLONIES AND STATES BEFORE THE ADOPTION
OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOSEPH STORY, LL. D.
Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University.

In three Volumes 8vo.

The work is contained in three volumes, and is divided into three books. The first comprehends a sketch of all the charters, and the constitutional and juridical history of all the colonies down to the time of the Revolution. The second comprehends the origin and grounds of the Revolution, and a sketch in the political and constitutional history of the National Government during the revolutions and the rise, progress, decline, and fall of the confederation. The third comprehends the history of the origin and adoption of the present constitution of the United states; and then proceeds to give an analytical exposition of all its provisions in the manner in which they stand in the constitution, with a perpetual commentary, stating the reasons on which they are founded, the objections made to them, and such illustrations drawn from contemporaneous comments, and the subsequent operations of the Government, as may enable the reader to ascertain their true import and object, and the manner in which they have been interpreted.

PROSPECTUS
OF
A NEW PERIODICAL WORK,
TO BE ENTITLED
THE SELECT JOURNAL
OF
FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE design of this work is to give a selection of the most interesting articles and the most important information contained in the principal foreign literary journals; a design which, it is hoped, may contribute to promote the literature of our country, even if but imperfectly executed.

The extent and influence of periodical literature is one of the characteristics of our age, and has been attended with important effects, good and evil. Information on many topics, which might otherwise have been slowly diffused, has thus been made accessible and popular. The wide circulation of some of the principal periodical works has led men of the highest powers to make use of them as vehicles for their opinions and sentiments. They have been among the chief means of enlarging the sphere of men's thoughts, and calling their attention to some of the most important subjects of policy and humanity. They have served to bind the different classes of society together, strengthening their influence upon each other, and producing a community of sympathy and interests; as the improved modes of travelling in our age have brought into close union parts of the same country before almost unknown to each other. They have furnished, as it were, steam-engines and rail-roads for transmitting the produce of mind. By their means, the professional student may find a relaxation from his labors, and be enabled to keep up a general

acquaintance with the subjects of interest among his fellow-men. Nor is it to be forgotten, that, by the entertainment they afford, and the taste for literature they excite, they must tend to banish grosser and less innocent gratifications.

But, on the other hand, periodical literature is, for the most part, professedly anonymous; and, this being the case, even if the writer do not seek concealment, he often seems to think himself entitled to the privileges usually conceded to one wearing a mask. Much is said rashly, flippantly, harshly, without thought or examination, and with no proper feeling of responsibility. Even in the most able articles on important subjects, we not unfrequently find the exaggerated tone of animated conversation, a style very different from that in which a writer addresses the community, who, by giving his name, makes himself individually answerable for his assertions and language. When reviews of books were first established in England, and for half a century afterwards, there was a fiction of a body of reviewers sitting in conclave to decide upon the merit of a work. The manner in which such reviews, and the very different class of publications bearing the same name to which they have given birth, are now conducted, is well understood; yet the important *We* still continues to retain much of the character formerly ascribed to it, and many an individual says under its cover what he would not venture to say, if he were confined to the use of the singular pronoun. It is to be regretted that the general reputation of a periodical work tends to give an undue authority to many worthless and ill-judged articles, which are admitted among its miscellaneous contents.

In the lighter class of periodical works, there is much that is offensive to good morals and good taste. They live upon popularity; and, their design not being to raise the character of the community, they are in general only a reflection of it with its vices and follies. In the struggle to acquire notice, almost any extravagance is admitted, with the hope of producing something novel and exciting, something, at least, which will be talked about. Yet from many of these may be selected what will afford an hour's amusement, and even productions of superior genius; for, literature having become, as it ought to be, a means of support, such productions are purchased.

In works of a higher class, there is, not unfrequently, what is called a leading article in a number, on which its reputation is expected principally to depend; and often but two or three of much ability or extensive interest. The amount of matter required for a periodical work consisting of original articles is so great, that a large portion of it must be of inferior quality, or of but temporary and local value. In foreign journals many subjects are introduced with which we in this country have little concern. Only two of these works are reprinted among us, the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*; and these afford no history and but imperfect notices of the progress of literature even in England. Most other foreign journals, especially those of the continent of Europe, are with difficulty accessible to a majority of readers. From their cost, from the number of their volumes, and from the character of their miscellaneous contents, a complete set of any one of them is rarely preserved in a select library.

But from these various works a selection may be made of general interest and permanent value. It may afford a much more extensive view of the opinions and feelings of men upon important subjects than can be derived from any single work, which usually presents those only of a party. It may furnish much more important literary information than can easily be derived from any other source; and, the choice being so extensive, it ought not to be incumbered with matter of inferior value.

One object of the work proposed will be to give the most able articles on different sides of important questions. A discussion or an essay may be selected merely for the information which it contains respecting the principles or sentiments of a party. Though the Editors, therefore, may occasionally insert remarks of their own, yet, whether they do so or not, it is to be understood that they make themselves in no degree responsible for the opinions or language of the articles selected.

The selection will not be confined to English journals, but translations will be furnished and information collected from those of the continent of Europe. The most interesting and important parts of articles which it may not be advisable to publish entire, will be given. Means will be taken to obtain the journals used, by the earliest opportunities.

In proposing this work, the Editors look for no reputation to themselves; but the public should have such a pledge for their endeavouring to execute it faithfully, as may be afforded by giving their names.

ANDREWS NORTON.
CHARLES FOLSOM.

Cambridge, October, 1832.

CONDITIONS.

The work will be published in quarterly numbers, making two volumes a year, of about 500 pages each. The first number will appear on the first of January, 1833.

The price will be \$5 per annum, payable by new subscribers in advance, and afterwards, on the delivery of the second number.

Subscriptions will be received and the numbers delivered by any of the agents for the North American Review.

CHARLES BOWEN, *Publisher.*

Boston, October 1st, 1832.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN addition to what has been said in the Prospectus, it may serve to illustrate still further the design of the present publication, to explain the principles on which the articles in this Number have been selected.

The first article has been taken, because we consider it the most powerful and eloquent which has for some time appeared in the Edinburgh Review, one well worthy of being read and preserved. The author does not, indeed, write like a philosophical historian, who, in estimating the demerit of individuals, compares them with the moral standard of their times, and takes into view the inveterate prejudices, the false sentiments, and the traditionary errors and vices, to which they were exposed. He, on the contrary, in his expressions of censure, judges in the abstract, bringing the culprit before the bar of his moral sentiments alone, and admitting of no palliations. He pours out the first natural expression of honest indignation. Of Hampden, as he was in the latter part of his life, he has given a noble portrait, perhaps somewhat *idealized*, but possessing, we may believe, a strong likeness.

The next article, on Dumont's "Recollections of Mirabeau," is a very full account of a work, which has, perhaps, excited more attention, and been received with more general praise and approbation, than any other published during the past year.

The importance of the subjects treated of, the well known name of Dr. Chalmers, and the worth of Miss Martineau's little volumes, will explain our selection of the third article. Dr. Chalmers's work has been reviewed, also, in the 23d number of the Westminster and the 111th of the Edinburgh Reviews.

The Letter of M. Paris, which follows, on the Early French Romance, presents new views concerning a subject of literary curiosity and interest, and this in a manner adapted to engage the attention of readers, not previously interested in its topics. We have the advantage of presenting a translation, with notes, from the able pen of Professor Longfellow.

Of the poetry by Mrs. Hemans, it is unnecessary to speak. That we have not selected more freely from the English Magazines is to be ascribed to the character of their contents. The fictitious narratives, and the articles intended to pass for witty or humorous, are, in general, got up only for a temporary market, and very poorly manufactured. The prevailing character of these works seems to us below the level of public taste in England. We should be sorry to think otherwise.

We have in the "Notices of Books" endeavoured to select such articles, as would make our readers acquainted with some of the most pleasing, important, or remarkable works which have lately appeared, and of which an account has not been given in the preceding part of the number. Several articles we have abridged, not merely for the sake of admitting a greater variety, but because, in most cases, the half was better than the whole. A review might often be shortened with benefit to the reader.

Each number, like the present, will be divided into two parts. In the first part, it will be our intention to place those articles, which owe their principal or sole merit to the ability or genius of the writer, or which are elaborate reviews of important works. The proposed character of the second part will appear from a glance at its contents in the present Number. In both together, we hope to furnish notices of the principal foreign works of general interest to American readers which may appear in the course of each year. This purpose is not accomplished by any other publication, and the want of such a periodical work has, we think, been felt. In a selection from the accounts given of different books, some acquaintance with the subject and some discrimination are necessary. Many of those which come to us from England are but booksellers' advertisements in a different form, or the panegyrics of partial friends; and deserve little more consideration than the certificates of the efficacy of a patent medicine. Others, again, are strongly discolored by party prejudice, or by the spleen of the individual writer.

The "Notices of Eminent Individuals lately deceased" will, we think, be an interesting part of our work. Of "Intelligence," it was our intention to give a larger amount, but we found ourselves pressing both upon the limits of our Number and the time for its publication.

Our general plan will be sufficiently apparent from the present Number, except that from an unexpected difficulty and delay in procuring some of the principal journals from the continent of Europe, we have not been able to make such use of them in this Number as we may find occasion to do hereafter.

Our desire is to produce a work, not intended merely for literary men, but such as may serve, in connexion with others, to spread useful knowledge and a relish for literary pleasures through the community; a work not to be looked over and then thrown by, but worth preservation. We have endeavoured to consult the general taste of our countrymen, who take pleasure and find profit in reading; and if, for our very humble labor, we could choose the praise which would gratify us most, it would be that uttered by the family fireside, of having put together a useful and pleasant book.

THE EDITORS.

